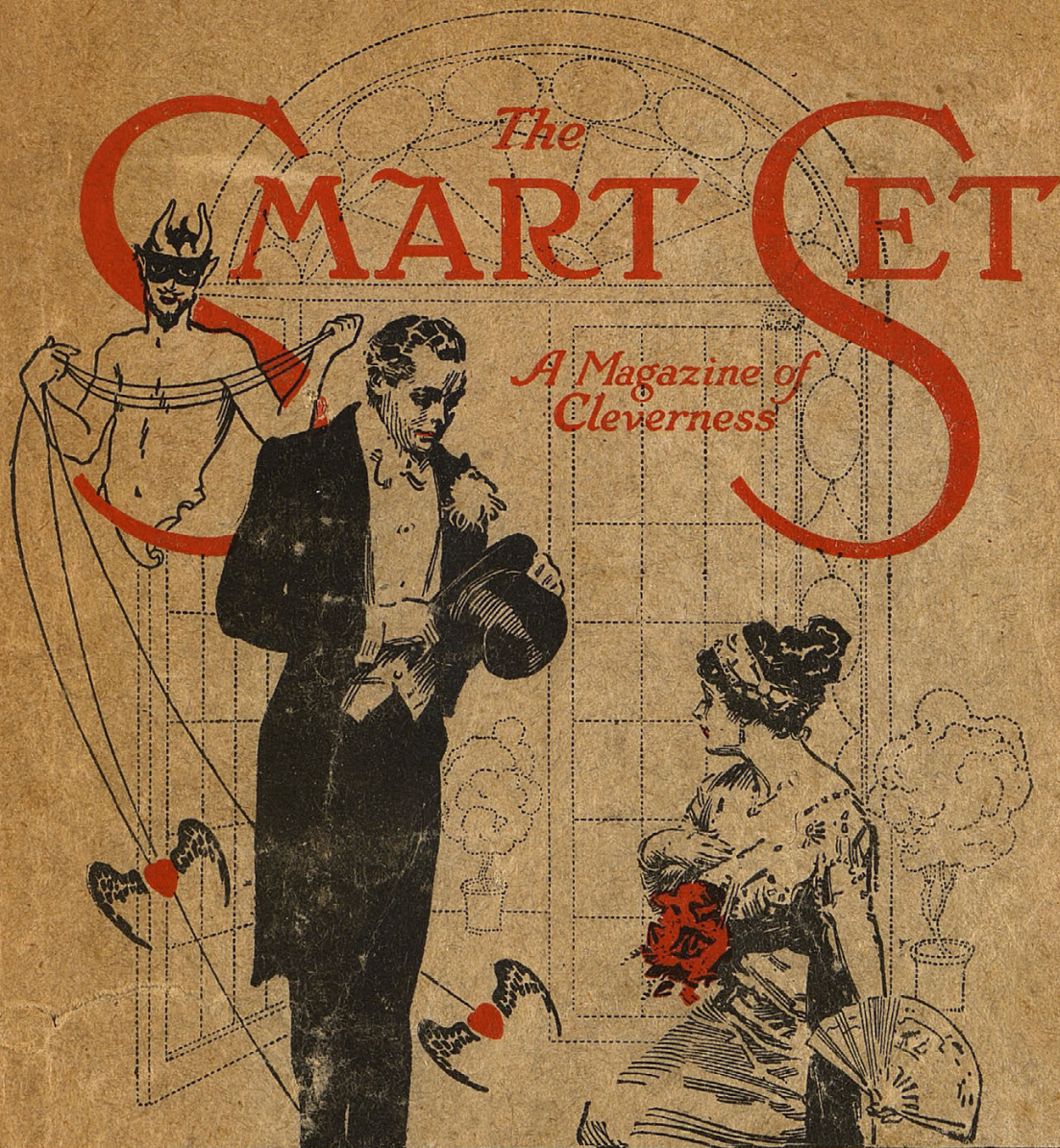


A NOVEL COMPLETE NOVEL, "THE FUNERAL KING," *by Robert Vale*



A Few Things in This Number

MEMOIRS OF THE DEVIL—*pages from his secret book*

THE LAST ADVENTURE OF CRAIG KENNEDY—*a detective burlesque*

THE MISTRESS—*the story of the outlawed woman*

SOME THOUGHTS ON LOVE—*just what is it, anyway?*

and

Lord Dunsany, Theodore Dreiser, Daniel Carson Goodman and others

JANUARY, 1915

HOLIDAY NUMBER

25 CENTS



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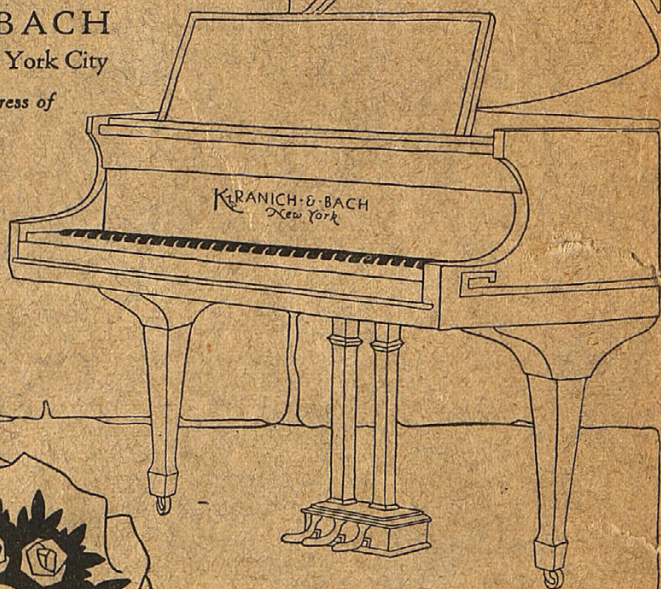
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Small Grand Piano	. . .	\$700
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237 East 23d Street New York City

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our nearest agency.*





Vol. XLV

JANUARY, 1915

No. 1

# THE SMART SET

Edited by  
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

and  
H. L. MENCKEN

Manuscripts must be addressed, "Editors of THE SMART SET"

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HALF A HUNDRED BURLESQUES, EPIGRAMS, POEMS, SHORT SATIRES, ETC.

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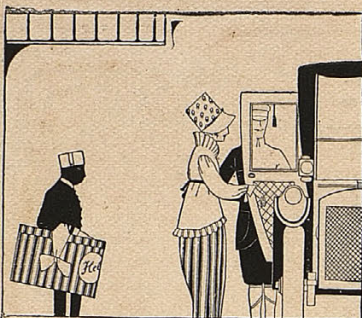
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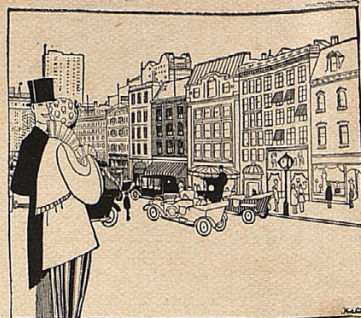
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# IN THE SHOPS OF THE SMART SET



## Antiques

### THE ANTIQUE FURNITURE EXCHANGE

The most attractive antique shop in town.

Largest collection and lowest prices.

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Distinctive gifts in hand-wrought jewelry, silver, Byrdcliffe pottery and copper bowls lined with brilliantly colored enamels. 15-17 East 40th St. (Fifth Floor).

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## Florist

**SEND FLOWERS TO YOUR FRIENDS** in New York or elsewhere. Quick deliveries whatever the distance: Perfect condition guaranteed. Max Schling, 22 West 59th St. (near Plaza Hotel), New York. Tel. Plaza 1241.

## Kodak Developments

### ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS KODAK ENLARGEMENTS

8 x 10 mounted 25c. Send only negative. Mail 10c and film roll (any size 6 or 12 expos.) We will develop film and make 6 prints. Roanoke Cycle Co., Roanoke, Va.

## Pianos

**HAVE \$100 CREDIT** at one of Fifth Avenue's best piano show rooms (all makes). Transferable. Will sacrifice for \$50 cash. Write X. Y. Z., Smart Set, N. Y. City.

## A "Taxi" Without the "Meter"—

That's What This Page Means To You. It takes you to the doors of fine little places with no usurious "meter" to appease. Another thing. If you do wish to, you needn't stir from your writing desk, as

## Our Shopping Service

is at your disposal free of charge. We will purchase anything for sale in New York City upon receipt of a sum to cover its retail price, or, if the cost of any article is unknown to you, we will price the same and hold it for you until the requisite amount is received.

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**CALIFORNIA FRUITS GLACÉ**, in 1, 2 and 5 lb. boxes at \$1, \$1.75 and \$3.50. Delicious California prunes stuffed with tangerines—an unusual delicacy at 75c a box. Home-made fudges. Emma Bruns, 8 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

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**SACHETS FOR EVERY PURPOSE**—lingerie, layettes, trousseaux, gifts, et cetera, of any scent desired at \$7 the hundred (50 sachets for \$3.50) in satin, lace and batistes. (continued.)

**INDIVIDUAL POWDER PUFF BAGS** (50 puffs) of net, lace and French trimmings \$4.50 (these are very new). Same in satin and gold lace, \$3.25. McKey Novelty Co., Westbourne Rd., Newton Center, Mass.

### THE MODERN TROUSER RACK

Keeps your trousers creased. Holds six pairs; each easily removed. Send anywhere in U. S. for \$1.00.

Modern Specialty Co., 51 East 42nd Street, N. Y. C.

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### EXHIBITION OF REAL TOYS

playroom equipment and furnishings. Educational and entirely new. A distinct opportunity for those in search of the unusual for children. Visit our

**WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS ROOM** with its wealth of beautiful toys. Basket Wagons, Doll Houses and furniture. Persistent Parrots. Miniature Construction Materials. Fascinating Beads. **CHILDREN'S GIFT SHOP**, 7-11 West 45th Street, New York City.

*In answering advertisements, please mention THE SMART SET*



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Surf Bathing    Sailing    Fishing  
Tennis    Golf    Court Golf  
Polo    Pony Racing    Dancing  
Cycling    Driving    English Rugby

All Winter Long!

in  
**Nassau-Bahamas**

Accommodations to suit all tastes and purses.  
Steamer Service under American Flag.  
Three days from New York—seventeen  
hours from Miami, Florida.

Winter temperature averages 72 degrees.  
World's most equable climate—unequalled as  
a health resort. For beautiful booklet write

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## Furs Before Christmas at After Christmas Prices

Béchoff-David, Bernard, Ruzé, Fourrures  
Max and other couturiers have contributed  
to our collection of decidedly superior im-  
ported models,—distinctive both in quality  
of fur and style of cut.

Our entire stock, including these coats,  
muffs, neck pieces and others of our own  
make, are being offered at considerable  
price concessions, at the sale now in prog-  
ress.

We invite comparison.

**Klugman's Furs**  
NONE BETTER MADE.

28-30 West Thirty-eighth Street  
New York City



**HEADACHE?  
BROMO-SELTZER**



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**Mr. JOHAN BEETZ in  
New Modern Black-silver Fox Ranch  
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They are all pedigreed foxes, extra fine stock, very care-  
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relationship avoided.

**THE MOST PERFECT AND UP-TO-  
DATE FOX RANCH in the WORLD.**

Partner will get the benefit of 20 years' scientific and thor-  
ough experimenting in the breeding of the black fox in  
captivity. This is an unequalled opportunity to invest  
money in the profitable industry of fox farming with the  
most successful breeder.

For those wishing to establish ranch of their own in home  
vicinity we can supply PURE JOHAN BEETZ BLACK-  
SILVER FOXES at reasonable prices.

Fox breeders, if you will succeed, buy "JOHAN BEETZ"  
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For particulars and full information apply to:

**HENRY LAUREYS, 185 Laurier Ave. (West), Montreal, (P.Q.)**



Victor Record  
of "Celeste Aida"  
sung by Caruso

Caruso  
as Rhadames  
in Aida

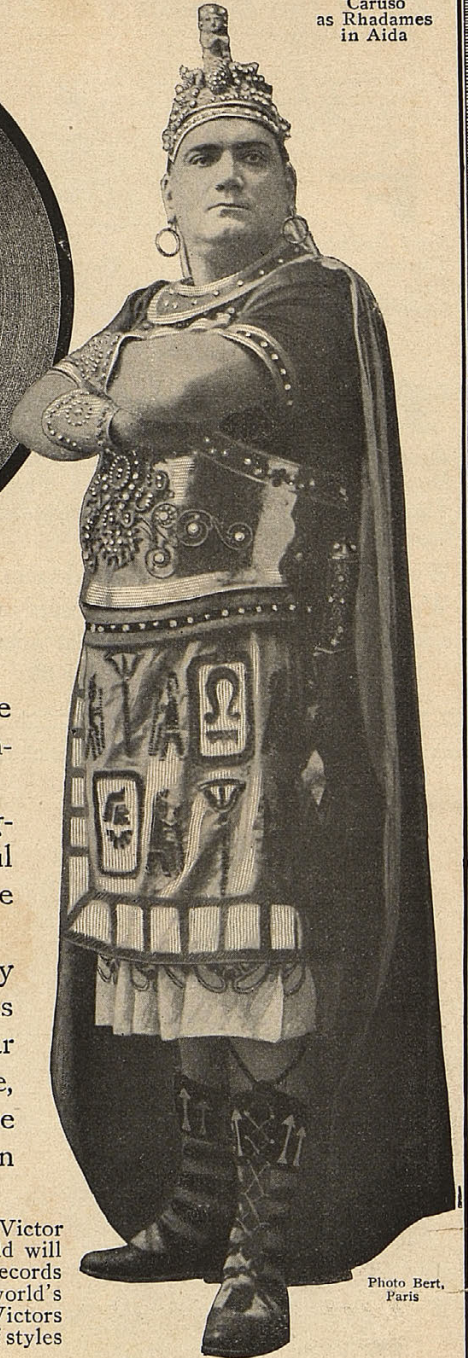


Photo Bert,  
Paris

## Both are Caruso

The Victor Record of Caruso's voice is just as truly Caruso as Caruso himself.

It actually *is* Caruso—his own magnificent voice, with all the wonderful power and beauty of tone that make him the greatest of all tenors.

Every one of the hundred and twenty Caruso records brings you not only his art, but his personality. When you hear Caruso on the Victrola in your own home, you hear him just as truly as if you were listening to him in the Metropolitan Opera House.

The proof is in the hearing. Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play for you Victor Records by Caruso or any other of the world's greatest artists. There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$200.



Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the combination. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.

**Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**  
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

In answering advertisements, please mention **THE SMART SET**



# THE SMART SET

*No Smart Set author has ever lectured at a chautauqua.*

## THE CABARET

By Marjorie Benton Cooke

GREEN trees and artificial leaves,  
Cunningly lighted by artificial lamps,  
Make a simulated woodland grove,  
A travesty of Nature,  
Reeking with sandalwood and other perfumes,  
The odor of rich foods, and many people.  
The tables are so close that the waiters  
Must weave in and out in their hasty going and coming.  
The candles on the tables throw strange shadows,  
Play tricks with the eye—here a youth's leering face,  
Apparently floating in air: there, a woman's sensual, red-lipped mouth,  
Like a red streak unrelated to a head:  
Eyes, clear, innocent, wondering,  
Frightened, fascinated eyes:  
Lost now behind a man's outstretched hand, beringed and hairy:  
A puffy neck, blousing over a collar,  
A Jew feeding hideously,  
Such sights as only French Futurists are supposed to see!  
The warm, odorous air vibrates with sound,  
Harsh voices, raised in pitch,  
The popping of corks from bottles,  
The rattle of dishes,  
Shrill laughter, due to wine,  
The noise of many people eating.  
Two women, in the grotesquerie of modern fashion,  
Make their way alone down the room, smiled at, stared after.  
A violin tunes up: bored-looking musicians take their places  
Before a foliage-embowered stage,  
And a hush falls for an instant, as the music starts,  
Then the din goes on again.  
A youth comes out and plays a violin,  
Like a wood thrush chirping in a jungle.  
No one listens. One after another  
Men and women come and go,  
Offer their songs and their stories,



But the crowd waits for the real sensation—  
 A girl, young, lithe as a python,  
 Bows to a storm of applause,  
 Her face is as ingenuous as a child's, until she smiles—  
 And then one shudders.  
 A pasty-faced youth, with long straight black hair, rat's eyes and a thin mouth,  
 Follows her and shares the crowd's welcome.  
 The music begins a slow, sensuous dance,  
 And these two, enlaced so close one marvels how they breathe,  
 Weave to and fro with slow, salacious movements,  
 In the dance of the dives of Barbary Coast,  
 And the low French haunts of the Apaches.  
 The music tantalizes, almost ceases  
 So that you hear the loud, passion-stirred breathing of the crowd.  
 Eyes glisten in the half light,  
 Tongues wet dry lips;  
 In the whole packed multitude  
 There is not a vestige of joy,  
 Not one impulse to happiness,  
 Not a sign of spontaneous merriment!  
 O God, is this the sport of a clean-souled young nation,  
 Sprung from rugged men and pure women?



## GREAT THOUGHTS OF GREAT MEN

**A**N acorn produces an oak, not a maple or a pine.—*Dr. Orison Swett Marden.*  
 A man who wants to know the whyness of the wherefore or the thusness of the thus is in the line of evolution.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

The editor's ideas must be driven into the heads of careless readers as a nail is driven into wood.—*The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott.*

Christ came into the world to save others, not to save himself. (Applause.)  
 —*The Hon. Woodrow Wilson at Pittsburgh.*

Though manners and customs may change, yet ever is the human heart the same.—*The Rev. John Anderson Jayne.*

Recently a writer dedicated his book "To the millions who toil without hope that the thousands may enjoy without thought." This describes a situation that all right-thinking persons must deplore.—*The Rev. Dr. Charles Stelzle.*

Every road leads uphill at least part of the way.—*Leigh Mitchell Hodges.*

There's a silver lining to every war-cloud, too.—*Herbert Kaufman.*

Every man has certain moments of sensitiveness to external surroundings.  
 —*William J. Locke.*

A great novelist must have great qualities of mind.—*Arnold Bennett.*

War develops directly from the political conflicts of states.  
 —*Gen. Friedrich von Bernhardi.*

We are never quite the same again after any kind of thought has passed through the mind.—*Dr. Orison Swett Marden.*



# THE FUNERAL KING

By Robert B. Vale

"NOT that I have conscientious scruples against giving you any money," sighed Henry Roop, as he turned up the edges of a catalogue descriptive of the latest designs in refined coffin handles, "it's solely because I'm dead broke."

"Aren't folks dying the same as always?" demanded the agent and collector for the Acme Casket Company. "Have you seen, in all your experience, such an epidemic of typhoid fever as we have been enjoying this summer? No business? Why, man, trade couldn't be better!"

"Yes, but it's not coming my way."

"That's your fault. Don't go blaming Providence for your own incompetence. When I meet up with failures like you, Roop, it almost destroys my faith in human nature. May I smoke?"

"Yes, smoke yourself to death."

"Thanks. Take one? No?"

The collector for the Acme Casket Company shifted his chair so that when tilted it rested on a corner of the window sill. He carefully raised his legs until his feet touched inward on the rung, and looked over his shoulder upon the superheated asphalt street. From it floated quivering rays.

"Too conservative, you; too blamed conservative. Not in touch with modern progress—not a bit. Roop, the day has passed when folks come around to die on your doorstep. Undertaking isn't a bit different from any other business; if you want to get trade you must go after it."

"It's against the ethics of the profession to solicit corpses."

"Ethics don't buy automobiles. Anyhow, an undertaker doesn't need to

make the rounds and leave his card for sick folks. Show originality—be progressive—advertise—keep ahead of the rest. The vulnerable part of every man is his tendon of Achilles. Get at the head of the procession and don't let any person step on your heels. Hire a good advertising manager. Cut rates. There's enough margin to slash on. Stir things up. Be the real friend of the people. Show them how they have been robbed; tell them that you are a public benefactor and intend to see these high-price outrages stopped, even if it leaves you a pauper. Make funerals popular, Roop—make 'em popular!"

Henry Roop was impressed by this enthusiasm.

"Do you honestly think I could make it go? Could I hog the game by advertising cut-rate funerals?"

"Ain't I telling you? It's a virgin field—you'll be a pioneer. The only line that hasn't waked up to the possibilities of publicity. There it is, pining for some live wire to come along and drop a scoop net. Say, you know Buckingham, the chap who writes copy for Einstein—Einstein's Emporium? He's the best in the city—a wizard of conviction. Hire him. Heave all this tomby stuff; put some gay flowers in the show window; circulate yourself; can that slouch top-piece and wear a high hat, even if it kills you. Be somebody, so that when you walk down the street folks will say, 'There goes Henry Roop, who buries people cheaper than anybody else.' It's wonderful. And to think such a fine idea has gone wasted all these years! Start it right now. I'll have Buckingham down here in ten minutes."



Persuaded by an insistent telephone girl that there was a stake over at Roop's undertaking place, the originator of the famous Einstein copy scurried across town, stopping only once to refresh his memory and equip himself for a possible obituary notice, this being one of his sidelines.

"What sort of a story do you want?" he asked, through the screen door. "Give me the name quick. I have an engagement at the Eagle's Association clam-bake, and if it's poetry I can use a clipping from my scrapbook—but if the party's friends want original stuff, I won't be able to finish it until after the crowd gets back."

"Come in and close that door," ordered the Acme Casket representative. "We are trying to keep out the heat and the flies. Also, the big thing is waiting for you. If you don't find the camp stool comfortable, that can of embalming fluid will appeal to you. Likewise, kindly forget the clam-bake. At the request of Henry Roop you are invited to prepare a campaign of publicity for his new \$79 funerals, including five cabs; shipping funerals, \$50. Your salary will be \$25 a week; that is, if your copy has the wallop. The idea is as novel as it is alluring. It offers astonishing opportunities to display ability. Are you on?"

Buckingham, instead of answering, at once began searching for an idea. Finally he said:

"How would this do: 'Why die on your feet when you can be decently buried for \$79?'"

"You've got it," exclaimed Henry Roop; "start right in now! I've got faith in you! Stuff like that ought to make 'em sit up and take notice. How big would I run the advertisement, and what'll it cost?"

"S'pose we say 150 lines deep across two columns, with your picture at the top? Telephone for a couple of solicitors to drop in on you and make contracts for 10,000 lines, because then you'll get a lower rate and they won't send you any bill until the end of the month, and by that time you ought to

be pestilent with business, and if I do the trick you pay me \$40 a week."

The Eagle's clam-bake went on without Buckingham. Scattered here and there were casket bills which might have been collected that August afternoon, but were not. In the darkened parlor of Henry Roop's undertaking establishment a monumental structure in affairs mortuary was being drafted. And, when evening came and the men residents of Marleybone Avenue—waiting for supper—sat on their front porches sloshing jets of water upon the sticky street and dusty sidewalks, Buckingham, the wizard of words; Henry Roop, the people's friend, and the collector for the Acme Casket Company, walked arm in arm to Wagner's Café, where stone steins rested in a tub of ice-water.

"Adversity is the best friend a real man can have," commented Buckingham, as he sprinkled a pinch of salt into his half-emptied stein and studied the effervescence. "Here is Roop started on a way to fortune because he couldn't pay his bills for a measly casket, and he gets people interested in him who wouldn't have known he existed had he paid up regularly. It was identically the same with Einstein. The Emporium got into the newspaper where I was a plain, ornery reporter and stuck it for \$1,100 worth of advertising, and the only way my boss could get his coin was to assign me to write advertisements that made women frantic to spend their husband's money. Now here, once more, I am a putrid slave—organizing myself to make an undertaker rich!"

"Think, Buckingham, of the reputation you will get," soothed Henry Roop. "And don't you go worrying over any ingratitude on my part. Live and let live, is my motto."

"Figuratively," interjected the collector. Henry Roop smiled.

## II

The details of strategy called for the publication in two newspapers the fol-



lowing Sunday of an artistic announcement that for \$79, Henry Roop would supply to any human being requiring his assistance a genuine bargain in funerals. Spread across two columns, about half a column in depth, carrying a reproduction of the kindly face of Adversity's Victim and Fortune's Hope was this last-page declaration to 150,000 readers:

the hurricane which raged. Such was the force of the upheaval that he sought solitude in the gloomy depths of his office, and spent many hours cursing his ignorant simplicity and analyzing the ancestry of his advisers. His friends had treated him as a joke. His enemies had delivered themselves of those sardonic smiles which mean so much to a man with a troubled conscience. At the

If You Need an Undertaker Send for

**HENRY ROOP**

THEN REST EASY

For **\$79** He Will Give You a Funeral  
That Will Surprise You

The whole organization of Henry Roop is designed to give you the best funeral in the world. He does not sacrifice quality. Don't be robbed by the high priced undertaker's look. Here is what you get for \$79:

Beautiful casket covered with imported goods in Black, Gray or White—you can have oak finish if you prefer. Handsome name plate. Massive bar handles.

MASSIVE HEARSE

FIVE CARRIAGES

BEAUTIFUL FLOWER WAGON

Shaving	Gloves
Dressing	Crepe
Embalming	Rugs
Burial Suit	Chairs
Candelabra	Canopies
Candles	Outside Case
Crucifix	Opening Grave

REMEMBER — Henry Roop is YOUR FRIEND. His Motto is—Down with High Prices

An alluring exhibit, and it attracted attention. But that it was not taken too seriously was made manifest by the ribald comments of the generally healthy populace. Scoffing was promiscuous and diversified, impelling half a dozen indignant, serious-minded citizens to dash off bitter communications "to the editor." Especially indignant were the other undertakers. Not that they feared any possible competition from Henry Roop, but because by his unprofessional methods, by his vulgar display, by his utter disregard for the finer sensibilities of the bereaved, this unspeakable person had brought disrepute upon the entire craft. They felt it deeply. They were humiliated. There was talk of a public and scathing repudiation of this scurrilous wretch. But it never came about. "We will treat him as one dead to us," seemed to be the ultimate decision in the guild.

Every tornado has its center and Henry Roop was right in the midst of

boarding-house he suffered from concentrated aloofness.

Henry Roop, crushed, was standing, thinking, with his elbows resting upon a pile of paneled caskets (kindly sent around by the Acme concern that he might make a proper showing against the influx of new business) when Buckingham hustled through the screen doorway.

"Well, old Scout, it's a success—we've stirred them up! It was easier than I thought!"

"Buckingham, never in my life until the past twenty-four hours have I felt the blood lust. Never until the past twenty-four hours have I understood why men commit crimes of a homicidal nature. Now I understand. If I were not in such depths of awful misery, I would jam this embalming syringe into your aorta with all the joyful frenzy that an earnest undertaker can put into his chosen work. 'It's a success. We've got them going—it was easier



than you thought'—and you've got the nerve to come back and tell me this! You've got the unlimited gall to hurl it in my face, as you would a crape or any other badge of mourning and misery! Don't I know it? Am I not the goat in the bust-up of this infernal collaboration of two maniacs and a jackass? Leave this shop or I'll knock your block off!"

But Buckingham remained. He did more; he smiled. Not in a contemptuous way, but understandingly.

"My son," he opened, "there are two and only two ways a man doing business with the common people can know when he is succeeding. The first is when the crowd rushes into his arms. The second is when it starts to hurl dornicks through his plate glass windows. The second is always the preferable, because in the end the returns are so much greater. I've had public characters come to me in my newspaper career and beg me and bribe me to say something good or bad about them; it didn't matter which I did, just so's I kept their name before the readers. I don't expect you to see this because you are ignorant, but I know human nature. I've been studying live ones and you've been studying dead ones, and our viewpoints are different. Your business is to bury the dead; my business is to revive them."

"That's all right about your mira-

cles, but if you haven't destroyed every bit of chance I had, then I don't know public sentiment."

"To be sure you don't. This campaign has only started."

"Yes, and right here is where it stops."

"No, it doesn't anything of the kind. Tomorrow another two-column piece of copy comes out on the last pages of the afternoon papers. Two days later, double-column space will appear in the morning and afternoon papers. Beginning next week we will use daily displays instead of three times a week. Now, if I know anything about this city, you will be crucified for a few days. Then for a few days more you will be regarded as a candidate for the crazy-house. Business ought to come along about ten days from now. Not much, but still enough to cheer you up. Inside of a month you will be treated with tolerance, and you will have to employ two assistants. Six months from this date you will have every other undertaker in the city worried. Such is the tremendous pulling power of proper publicity, and I am its Prophet. Do you pay me for writing your advertisements? Nope. You pay me for showing you how to advertise. I am your manager and I am going to manage you. Let me reveal this proof."

And, unfolding a sheet of copy paper, Buckingham read the following:

## Yes, Everybody Has Confidence in Henry Roop

He is doing everything in his power to please and satisfy you.

He doesn't know a dissatisfied patron.

### Try Him

You will find him true to every trust you repose in him. He will give you the best funeral you ever had and you won't kick at the expense.

THE **\$79** THE  
WONDER MARVEL

It's important that you read thoughtfully right here. See everything you're going to get.

It means extra value to you.

A HEARSE—And a Beauty

SIX CARRIAGES—Simply Perfect

FLOWER WAGON—Very Handsome

CASKET—This Is Great, Can't be Bought Anywhere for Less Than \$85

AND ALL THESE DETAILS:

Washing, Shaving, Dressing, Embalming,  
Advertising, Crepe, Gloves, Opening Grave,  
Candles, Crucifix and the finest burial robe  
YOU EVER WORE.



Henry Roop listened as one hypnotized. Under the magic of the advertising writer's eloquence he was swept out of the depths of the despairing past and into the brightness of a prolific future.

"It's beautiful; it's alluring!" he exclaimed. "But get in something about those \$50 shipping funerals. The regular price is \$75. Our offer ought to bring business."

"Just one word before I tear myself away," suggested Buckingham. "During the next few days practise deep breathing. Throw back your shoulders, expand your lungs and look your friends in the eye. Don't let them get the idea that they're chasing a rabbit. Assure *yourself* that Henry Roop is the truest friend a corpse can have around him, and before you know it the whole doggone town will be convinced. At the boarding-house be amiable but dignified. And, as you value your eternal victory, never explain anything. Once a person starts to excuse his actions he is lost."

### III

Henry Roop had been a regular at Mrs. Bicknell's boarding-house from the second week of his arrival in the big town. Coming from Mechanicsville as a graduate rural mortician, he was actuated by the logical deduction that where there was the larger population there also was the greater need for undertakers. Marleybone Avenue was chosen as a likely neighborhood, since it contained a large population, neither very poor nor very rich. Boarding around promiscuously, Henry waited two weeks before getting a room at Mrs. Bicknell's, but once settled, he evolved into a permanent fixture.

In ten months he officiated at two funerals, distributed somewhat evenly over the period. Partly out of sympathy, but mostly in the belief that his action would help establish him a standing, the young man took both of the jobs upon exceedingly small contingent fees and quite extended credit. Which

explains the visits of the casket factory's financial agent. Which explains also why, for at least a month, Mrs. Bicknell, feeling that the intermittent and slender remittances made by the occupant of the middle room on the second floor justified the step, employed the condition of Henry Roop as a bludgeon upon still other boarders who showed inclinations to fall in arrears. Which still further explains a steadily increasing dislike for Henry Roop among the guests whose regular seats were at either the big table stretching the full length of the Bicknell dining-room or the smaller table near the Marleybone Avenue window.

Unkind jesters alluded to the two tables as "life-saving stations," and in a spirit of hilarity referred to the three waiters as "The Flying Squadron." Each evening before the detachment went into action its constituents were strategically posted at points of probable attack. The Protected Cruiser, otherwise known as Mary Elizabeth Carson, always stood, salver in hand, at the door leading into the kitchen. Just inside the folding door controlling the parlor was the Semi-Dreadnaught, Rebecca Reynolds, and half hidden in the far corner was the watchful Torpedo Boat Destroyer, Little Edna Taylor. Suspended by a bracket in this same corner was a Japanese gong of three tones, and the custom of the house dictated that the Destroyer take advantage of its utilitarian value, as well as its decorative worth, by thumping the metal cups upon a given word from Mrs. Bicknell.

Somehow it happened that evening that the estimable widowed proprietor ordered the sounding of the tocsin at least seven minutes earlier than usual, taking several of the boarders by surprise. There must be some logical psychological explanation, but an anticipated summons to a meal in such a semi-public institution excites far greater alacrity than a delayed bell. Climbing the two instalments of steps which lifted themselves to the top of the terrace, Henry Roop crossed the



porch and, as he passed upstairs to his room, he glanced into the dining-room. "Well, if it's got to be done, I might as well begin here," he mentally decided. He had formulated no plan of campaign, either offensive or defensive, but as he adjusted his collar an inspiration came and he accepted it.

His friendly nod of greeting was responded to only by the Reverend David Hardwicke, superannuated, who made his living by selling life insurance and was addicted to the use of natural leaf. Seated at the head of the large table the venerable man of God naturally assumed a parental interest in the flock. Seated at the other end of the table, Mrs. Bicknell acted a control over the service and maintained the high standard of the house. Seated in the middle and opposite to Henry Roop was Miss Bernice Andrews, understudy to the assistant buyer in the corset department of the Einstein Emporium, but with ambition for greater things.

The Van Block girls, school teachers; Mr. Schafener and his wife; the aged Mrs. Harrison, who had an income and ancestry and was raising her orphaned granddaughter, and the six other guests set apart at the smaller table were ignorant of the existence or entry of Advanced Undertaking's pioneer. Mrs. Bicknell's attitude, based upon a mercenary motive, was colder even than the cup of consommé which she directed the Destroyer to bring.

"I trust everything is satisfactory in your profession," suggested Mrs. Bicknell, whereat, having become quite familiar with that lady's procedure, everyone knew that Henry Roop was in arrears at least four weeks.

"No, thank you," murmured the young man to the Destroyer, ignoring Mrs. Bicknell. "No, thank you, I am afraid to touch ice-water these hot days."

Looking across the table, Miss Bernice Andrews thought she detected a twinkle in his eye, and she was certain of it when Henry Roop, glancing down the table, inquired: "How's your health today, Mrs. Bicknell? For a

woman of your age, this weather must be trying."

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Roop," answered the widow. "Persons with clear consciences and plenty to keep them occupied should always be well."

One of the Van Block sisters snickered. The Rev. Mr. Hardwicke debated within himself whether duty did not demand that he save the rash youth, in whom he felt a real interest.

"Will you have some of the chicken?" asked the Destroyer, providing another opening for Mrs. Bicknell, who added, with a thin-lipped smile: "I can assure you that it's not embalmed."

The other Miss Van Block snickered. "Perhaps embalming would help it," responded Roop, with a hearty enthusiasm. "Indeed, one of my famous \$79 funerals might appeal to the fowl."

"Loathsome," commented Mrs. Bicknell.

But she had been destroyed and she knew it when both of the Van Block girls snickered in unison, and the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke winked piously at Miss Bernice Andrews, who stepped upon the soft corn of aged Mrs. Harrison, who made some effort to suppress her granddaughter, who asked Mr. and Mrs. Schafener what they were laughing about. "Ill bred!" hissed Mrs. Bicknell, as she glared at the Protected Cruiser, who sought to conceal herself behind an apron. "Contemptible!" bit off Mrs. Bicknell, following the hysterical Semi-Dreadnaught into the kitchen.

"Such is the power of publicity!" repeated Henry Roop to his conscience, and where, before, he had regarded himself as a miserable, crawling insect, there now came a wonderful change in his whole being. Not only did he have faith in himself, but he commanded the respect of others. One word from the Van Block sisters and he would destroy them with any weapon employed in the technique of undertaking. So, too, with any of the others. And those clients of the annihilated Mrs. Bicknell, deep down in their hearts, knew it. So they smiled upon him.



Returning to his room, Henry Roop overtook Bernice on the stairway.

"It was lovely," she exclaimed. "It was grand the way you settled Mrs. Bicknell."

"Yes, I can lay them all out," swelled up the elated mortician.

"That's just what I was telling Dr. Hardwicke on the porch before dinner. He says you have the ambition of youth and the desire to do great things. I love a man who can do great things. Every time I read one of your advertisements that Mr. Buckingham writes I wish that I were a man and had such literary ability. It must be grand to have such talent."

"I would like to be able to do something for that little girl," mused Henry Roop as he watched her turn the angle on the third floor staircase. Then, entering his room, he walked straight to the high cabinet where his raiment was stored, removed a frock coat from its hanger, wrapped it in a copy of the evening newspaper, and centered his needs upon a renovating establishment over on Fourteenth Street. He recalled that there was a hat store in the same block and another inspiration came.

"I can't lose anything by trying," he thought, and there flashed upon him an incident of his childhood days, when, with another boy, he was walking down the country road and they came upon a clump of cherry trees in a timothy field. He recalled how he longed for those big, black, sugary, juicy cherries, and how he was afraid to tackle the tree.

"Let's jump the fence and get some," invited his companion.

"Old Benny Sanno might chase us," was his reply.

He recalled the look of contempt of the other boy, who replied. "Well, if he chases us before we get any, we won't be any worse off, will we? And if he chases us after we've got a lot of cherries, we'll be in that much, won't we?" He recalled how while they were in the tree Benny Sanno came along, looked up and piped, "Say, one of you

youngsters climb way up to the top and break me off some of them limbs with the ripest cherries. I am hungry." Finally, Henry Roop recalled how his companion was now the president of a huge steel-casting foundry and was magnificently rich.

"Of course, I'll do it," he decided, rejuvenated. A few seconds after ordering certain repairs on the frock coat he sauntered into that nearby hat store.

He wanted a high tile. He wanted one possessing distinction, regardless of price. He was particular and he impressed the clerk. Decision having been made, and size having been adjusted, while the gem was being placed in a box he turned carelessly away. "Please send the bill," he said, "to my business address, 897 Marleybone Avenue. I am Henry Roop, the undertaker."

The clerk looked up. He, in common with other employees of the store, had grinned at and copiously discussed Henry Roop's advertisements. Here, right in his presence, was the daring originator. There was nothing of insanity about him; nothing unusual about his appearance or manner. Naturally, then, he must be a man of ability, and, being such, his custom to the store would be valuable.

"Certainly, Mr. Roop, thank you, certainly. We send out bills on the first of each month. Here is my card. When you visit the store again I would be pleased to wait upon you."

Henry Roop smiled a condescending smile.

"You may send the hat to No. 716 Marleybone Avenue. I thank you for the interest you have taken in fitting me. Good evening."

"Such is the power of publicity," he kept repeating to himself. "Buckingham is right. Funerals may keep away from me for a few days, but the time is near when people who now laugh will come around to my parlors and beg me with tears in their eyes to bury their relatives."

There is some sub-conscious force which reveals to man the knowledge of



victory long before it is attained, and this Henry Roop felt within him as he walked down Marleybone Avenue, homeward.

#### IV

During five days the advertising campaign continued. There was a refreshing variety about the display which impelled tens of thousands to study each argument in a spirit of receptivity. In sewing circles, in department stores, in saloons, in barbershops; every place where women and men assembled, it was almost safe to wager that Henry Roop and his unparalleled \$79 funerals were debated. It was also safe to conclude that the percentage of disputants who held that he was a public benefactor and that funerals were too blamed expensive anyway was steadily increasing.

Each day the collector for the Acme Casket Company dropped in to get a report. Each day Buckingham called around to announce his plans for ensuing clarion calls. Buckingham was a capable enthusiast. His training as a newspaper reporter had given him a keen insight into human nature; he was an able writer and he could see innumerable opportunities for helping business.

"I could make a fortune selling shoe laces if I had something out of the ordinary in that line, and the money to handle an advertising campaign," he announced one afternoon. "You wouldn't believe me but when Einstein—hold on—there's a job coming up the steps, as sure as shooting!"

Henry Roop glanced through the screen door and leaped to the chair behind his desk. The collector for the Acme Company grabbed his hat, and as he passed a nervous, undecided stranger he turned back announcing, "Be assured, Mr. Roop, that it was gratifying to deal with you in our trying experience. I shall never forget you."

The incomer advanced toward the desk.

"Excuse me one moment, sir," mur-

mured the undertaker, raising a deprecating hand, "while I finish giving this reporter some facts about one of my funerals today."

Buckingham leaned across the desk, the two spoke a few seconds, and the advertising writer retired.

"You wanted me?" said the comforter at last.

"If you please. My beloved Matilda just left me—" The bereaved one broke down.

"Yes, yes, I know. It is hard," soothed Henry, "but we've all got to go. We're here today and gone tomorrow. And where did you say you lived, Mr.—"

"Snyder. Edward P. Snyder. Matilda was in her forty-eighth year and she died this noon after a lingering illness, leaving only her bereaved husband, Edward P. Snyder. You will conduct her funeral, Mr. Roop, and you will do everything you can, I know. She would appreciate it. In her last few days she spoke so highly of your \$79 funerals. Oh, dear me, how can I stand it—"

"Be brave," whispered Henry Roop. "Your Matilda would not wish you to break down at this time. No doubt you want to give her everything you can, out of respect to her memory. At such a time as this you can do so little. You know, of course, that our \$79 casket is not of the highest grade. Now, in our \$99 funeral I can give you a drop side. It is one of the latest ideas. Poor man, it is terrible, I know."

Edward P. Snyder hesitated for a few moments.

"Of course, you understand, my dear friend, that I merely make this as a suggestion. I could not do otherwise at such a moment. The price charged by other undertakers for such a funeral would be \$130."

Mr. Snyder was nearly choked by his grief, but finally he said, "I know Matilda would not object to spending this extra amount."

He took a profound interest in the events of the next two days. He personally saw to it that every item ad-



vertised was included in the funeral, frequently consulting a newspaper clipping and checking off the specifications from time to time.

Several hours before mourners began to assemble at the Snyder residence, Edward P. called Henry Roop aside and took from his pocket a roll of manuscript.

"I loved her so much," he reiterated, "and in my hours of loneliness I wrote this little tribute. There are fourteen verses. Please let me read it to you."

Frequently, as he declaimed with real feeling, the distracted widower sobbed convulsively, while Henry Roop, patting him sympathetically on the shoulder, wiped tears from his own eyes.

"It is touching and fittingly appropriate," was his professional opinion. "It is worthy of your departed one. Why not have it published in the papers?"

"I want to," was the reply. "I loved her so much, and this will show everyone the extent of my sorrow. How much do you think it will cost?"

In his most relieving way, Henry Roop figured approximately. "It will be about \$12." Edward P. Snyder seemed hurt. "No, I won't do it, he decided, in a determined way. I would not have Matilda think that I was wasting money foolishly."

The horses hired to haul the hearse in this funeral had not yet been fed when a call came for Henry Roop to begin the preliminaries on another, and in the succeeding thirty-six hours two additional calls taxed his organization close to the danger point. The collector for the Acme factory aided and abetted at one saddened home, and volunteered to stand by his protégé until competent help could be obtained. Stirring days were upon Henry Roop at last, and there was but little time to collaborate with Buckingham. He was carrying an armful of portable chairs to his utility wagon when the advertising man came up.

"I've got something intensive for tomorrow's papers. Gaze at it. Every

piece of copy seems to improve. Listen!"

And he read the following:

IF YOU ARE WEARY  
OF LIFE CONSULT

**Henry Roop**

Before Doing Anything Else

Death has lost its sting since Henry Roop began to furnish his satisfactory

**\$79 Funerals**

You need not worry about the details. He attends to everything. He is always on the job.

JUST WHAT OUR OFFER MEANS TO YOU  
STOP BEING FOOLED

Have you ever taken the trouble to analyze the material and workmanship of a so-called high price funeral? Henry Roop wouldn't bury his worst enemy in some of the pine boxes that pose as caskets. Henry Roop has a sense of honor.

HE WANTS TO PLEASE YOU  
HE IS YOUR FRIEND

"It has the ring of sincerity," agreed the undertaker, swinging himself on the driver's seat. As he drove off Buckingham shouted: "You've got 'em nailed to the mast; don't let 'em get away!"

## V

Henry Roop, the people's friend, tossed a small volume across his desk to the collector for the Acme Casket Company. "It's an argument on scientific salesmanship," he explained. "Some friend sent it to me, thinking that it would be of value. What do you say?"

"Well, there's always a certain amount of plausibility to such things, but the most scientific salesman I ever knew traveled for a cutlery house and he only had one doctrine, which he put into the form of a motto: 'Blessed is he that asks for more than he expects, for he shall not be disappointed.' Any-



way, what's the use of your bothering about hunting prospects; of mapping out follow-up campaigns? Buckingham is bringing more business to you every week than fifty canvassers could drum up, unless they adopted such unethical methods as prussic acid. However, I will admit that it is up to you to provide your advertising manager with material. If I may make a suggestion, it would be that, in view of the increasing demands for Henry Roop's celebrated \$79 funerals, you should from time to time stimulate interest in your beneficent undertaking by adopting new ideas. For instance, it might be pleasing to customers to know that you had established a private mortuary chapel. It would be a great convenience to people who didn't want their houses mussed up, and undoubtedly would create the impression that your interest in deceased parties was genuine."

"You mean a *free* funeral chapel?"

"To be sure. Be liberal. Also throw a little class into your offer. Try to think of something that will gratify the pride of the populace. When Mary Murphy, whose father runs the stone quarry, pulls off a classy wedding in the Cerise Room of the Pazaza Hotel, the social standing of the whole Murphy family is shoved up a peg. And there isn't much difference between a funeral and a marriage, both being forms of recreation for remote acquaintances, but mighty serious for the parties most interested. A private mortuary chapel would give relatives something to talk about for six months. Equipped in a black bead gown, so becoming to her, Mrs. Smythe-Jorkens could circulate among all the Bridge and Five Hundred social centers, explaining, with her nose in the air, 'Yes, we buried dear old Uncle Hiram at Mount Joshua. Really, my dear, it was not an ambitious affair, only a few of us present, but it was managed with such good taste, and the service at Henry Roop's exclusive mortuary chapel was so delightfully simple! I know you would have liked it. And

poor Uncle Hiram looked so natural.' Such talk would tickle the vanity of any woman, even though Uncle Hiram had acted as helper around the house, and was poor, and the only time he ever looked natural was when he sat behind four aces."

"I don't know as there's such a big demand for a chapel just now, but we can grow into it," responded Henry Roop. "But I could use a lady embalmer right now. You can't imagine how finicky people are these days; no longer ago than last Monday I lost a job that was good for at least a copper-lined casket because the second assistant admitted that we did not carry a lady embalmer. Of course, he was a dub, but the knowledge of that doesn't get back the \$150 I lost."

"Well, perhaps it would be better to hire a female deputy. Where can you get one?"

"That's the trouble; the work doesn't appeal to many women. You understand, they don't do much actual work; they just snoop around and sympathize and try to find out whether the deceased sister carried any insurance, and casually assume that of course there will be a slumber robe at \$5, and allude to the dainty gowns we have in stock; but even at that it's shamefully hard to get a lady embalmer that's anyways good looking."

"Tough luck, tough luck!" replied the collector for the Acme Company. "It may be that I can find one among the trimmers in the factory. We have some stunners."

"Wouldn't have one as a gift," emphatically announced Henry Roop, "they have no finer feelings, and dad-blamed little tact."

"She must be pretty?"

"Of course. What a sorrowing middle-aged husband wants more than anything else in his hour of grief is for some attractive feminine acquaintance to come around and make a fuss over him. Statistics show that seventy per cent of second marriages have their start either going to or coming from a funeral. A man's whole system is re-



laxed and he isn't on his guard. It's human nature."

"That puts a different light on it. A capable lady embalmer has commercial possibilities. I'll help you find one."

Hopeful of locating a suitable aid, and thus rounding out the efficiency of Henry Roop's popular burial system, the Acme Company's representative departed. His confidence in Roop had not been misplaced. Sweeping far ahead of even Buckingham's estimate, business at the Marleybone Avenue undertaking establishment averaged two and a half funerals daily, not including the shipping funerals, which constituted a side line and were highly profitable, even at the reduced price of \$50. They were transacted with rapidity and were far less troublesome than the full service. Only one mix-up had taken place and this was in the first few days of the crush of business and before Henry had gathered together enough assistants.

It really wasn't so serious, after all, but for a few hours it gave him some anxiety. He had accumulated a pair of subjects at the morgue. One was a sailor whose relatives in an up-state town wanted him very badly, and the other was a colored Elk, whose lodge brothers planned an imposing funeral, thinking that such a display might be an admirable advertisement for the order. A green hand mixed the caskets and delivered the boxes at the wrong addresses, to the extreme irritation of the lodge brethren, who were compelled to delay the exercises until things could be straightened out and the rightful recipient of ritualistic honors reclaimed from the express office. No person was more desirous of rectifying the error than Henry Roop, since he had taken extra pains with the deceased, even going to the extent of pinning to his coat front six highly colored badges of various secret societies and a medal of merit from a Pure Food exposition. His artistic taste pleased the lodge of sorrow so genuinely that the delay was forgotten and one of the mourners in gazing at the remains rapturously commented: "Yo suttinly does look fine,

Brothah Alexander! Yo looks jes as if yo was about to say, 'Doan hol me back, frien's; I'se got to horry down to de rivah, I'se got so many folks to baptis'."

Under a well-devised system of checking, it was now impossible to shuffle the pack so that the wrong card would come out of the box, and unbiased critics all admitted that the Henry Roop undertaking establishment worked with efficiency and grace. This was gratifying. Looking into the vista of possibilities, Henry saw the approach of the day when it would be considered in bad form to be buried by any other undertaker. He even contemplated a waiting list. He was encouraged in this by the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke, his fellow boarder at Mrs. Bicknell's, whose mathematical mind was accustomed to dealing with life-insurance tables.

"Based upon the death rate for the past two years," affirmed the retired minister, as he began to figure upon the back of an envelope resting on his knee, "we can confidently count upon a merciful Providence removing from our midst sixty-eight persons daily. This is a reasonable estimate, but it does not take into consideration epidemics or crime waves. After a three months' advertising campaign we find that you have been favored with three and sixty-seven hundredths per cent of the total output. Now, the point that I wish to make is that while you are doing considerable business, you are letting more than ninety-six per cent slip through your fingers. You should not cease your efforts until you can control forty per cent of all those who have entered into salvation. What a blessing it would be if my young friend were to officiate at twenty-seven and a fifth houses of desolation each twenty-four hours. The figures are not extravagant. I venture to predict without the peradventure of a doubt that by maintaining your methods of advertising and by doing all that lies within your power to retain the confidence of our good people, you would ultimately attain to forty per cent. Surely it is worth striv-



ing for, that day when the name of Henry Roop will be on every tongue and his praises will be sung in thousands of families whose happy circles have been broken by the grim reaper, but who are cheered and buoyed up by the remembrance of my young friend's munificent generosity.

"Ever seek to retain the high esteem of your patrons. Do not allow pride to puff you up, lest you destroy yourself. And I must, in justice to the sublime interest I hold you in, sound a word of caution against frivolity. There are some professions, it is true, where association with youth is required. You can command far more confidence if you will seek the company of elderly persons, and in the end it will, I am sure, profit you more. You have my earnest co-operation in your worthy efforts. I much dislike to speak about it, but after writing life insurance I cannot refrain from suggesting to the person taking the policy: 'Yes, we must all prepare for the sound of the trumpet, and it ought to be a wholesome thing to contemplate one man who is not mercenary, and who for \$79 will supply a funeral worth at least \$120.' This I say out of the fulness of my heart and without hope of reward."

"Thanks, reverend, I know your heart's in the right place," said Henry Roop. "Kind words from you encourage me to go forward and build such an edifice as will endure for generations. This is the only monument I want. I have asked myself, 'Henry, are you doing enough for the public? Is there not some way to improve your popular priced funerals?' Already I feel that I am lacking. My organization requires a lady embalmer. One of the most exclusive and expensive of my competitors possesses such an adjunct. Why should the rich have a lady embalmer and the same privilege be denied the poor? The injustice galls me, but I can't help myself; I can't find a suitable lady to take the place."

"Have you ever broached the subject to Miss Bernice Andrews? She is deeply interested in your success, I

gather from my frequent talks with her, and she is not in harmony with her present occupation. She seeks for more congenial associations and if properly approached might consider such a change, both morally and mentally uplifting."

## VI

Henry Roop recollected that upon numerous occasions Bernice alluded to the drudgery of the corset department of Einstein's Emporium, and painted such dreary pictures of monotonous toil that more than once, in the season of his own struggle, he had felt impelled to punch the face of the buyer unless more consideration were shown the little girl. It was queer, though, that in the rush of business and in the growth of his bank account, Henry had forgotten her. His conscience got to squirming. Instead of returning to the undertaking rooms that evening he called Bernice aside and led her to the far end of the porch, shaded by a climbing rose bush.

"You are dissatisfied at the store, are you not?" he opened. "You feel that no higher position is open to you, that you can never be anything more than an assistant to the buyer. You feel that your capabilities are bound by the galling chains of Einstein?"

"That is just the way I feel, Mr. Roop, every word of it. I want to get out in the world to do grand things and be somebody."

"I can help you. More than that, I propose to help you by taking you into my organization and putting you into a field that has no limit to its possibilities. I can pay you at the start twice as much as Einstein will give. I will bring you into touch with some of our best families. I will teach you a profession and aid you to become a leader. My organization is incomplete. I invite you to step in, fill the vacant spot, and become our lady embalmer."

"You are joking, Mr. Roop. I know nothing about embalming. It was wicked of you to raise my hopes."



"No, I am in earnest. You misunderstand the profession. Far from being menial, it is one of the most important and edifying you can undertake. You know the extreme exclusiveness of Hibben, known as the 400's undertaker. He positively dislikes to officiate unless the name of his subject appears in the *Social Register*, and his habit is to make a casket to order for which he charges not less than \$500. Much of his success is due to his lady embalmer. She is the widow of a brilliant lawyer, who gave up his practise so that he might spend all his time and money consuming French brandy, in which occupation he succeeded. He was given a funeral befitting his rank by Hibben, and his widow attached herself to the establishment to help pay the bill. Since then she has made a very generous income, educated her two daughters and maintained herself in her old social position. She is an honor to her profession. Such possibilities are open to you, Miss Andrews."

"Oh, I do so want to get into good society," exclaimed the girl, "but I don't know anything about funerals; I hate them."

"You will soon learn to like them. Your work will not be hard. I could teach you the essentials of embalming in a few days, and with a little practise it would come easy. Until quite recently I would not be bothered by training lady embalmers. Lots of times society women have come to me and said, 'Oh, Mr. Roop, will you not take my daughters into your organization and teach them embalming? It is quite the fad, you know.' But I have always refused. I believe that the one thing that has lowered the standard of the trained nurse is the influx of the socially ambitious who look upon the work as a hobby. They kill more than they help. But why should I criticise them? Only I will not lend my aid as a wedge for society to destroy the traditions of undertaking. With a young woman like you, conducting funerals would become a life occupation. You have taste that would add grace to my service and raise

its standard. Think what it would mean to refined persons to have a woman with an artistic sense arrange the floral offerings so as to avoid a jarring of colors. I may seem to exaggerate your ability, but I honestly think you could get a hundred per cent better effect with a body than any of my male embalmers."

"You are so earnest and so kind, Mr. Roop, and if I thought that I could succeed I might accept. But I am inexperienced about funerals. I was awfully young when my mother and papa died. Aunt Jennie, who took me to raise, is healthy. I never had many relatives or friends either, so the most I have ever known about funerals is that it is bad luck to cross the street between the carriages."

"It's a pity you have been so much alone, but I am sure the lack of deaths in your family will not be a handicap. I don't know but what I would count that an asset in your favor. The most difficult people I do business with are those who are most familiar with our profession. It gets so with them that they think they know more than the undertaker and keep bothering me with advice. Now, you would approach the subject with an open mind and would be more easily instructed than, for instance, a widow who had buried two or three husbands and who felt that she knew it all. You will come with us, won't you?"

"I am afraid I would be so helpless."

"Not for long. You would be quick to learn. You have tact, sympathy and a business training. And I need you. Each day I am expecting to hear of some other undertaker branching out, and I must maintain my progressive lead. Henry Roop must not only give the people the worth of their money, but he must give a little bit more."

Bernice began to convince herself that she was selfish in interfering with the advancement of this daring young champion of the common people, who had picked her out among all the women of the city as the one best fitted for the honorable position of lady em-



balmer. There flashed through her mind a picture of the servility and chatter at Einstein's and she replied:

"I fear you are making a mistake, Mr. Roop, but I will help you. Now let me go to my room and think it over."

Buying the morning paper next day on her way to work at the Emporium, she turned to an inside page, knowing that she would find there the enterprising announcement to an expectant public that Henry Roop had again shown his intention not to be stopped from good deeds. A soft glow of pride thrilled her as she read:

backs, but her mind was upon broken columns and name plates. All the girls in the Emporium had congratulated her upon the great career that had opened up, upon her rare luck in going into something that was as pleasant as it was professional and remunerative; and cried over her and crossed their hearts and promised that they would send her all the business they could.

Each evening she visited the undertaking parlors and received lessons in the theory of embalming as expounded by either Roop or one of the assistants, so that on a Monday morning, when she gave a womanly touch to the newly re-

## The Common People Love Henry Roop

Because, HE DOES SO MUCH FOR THEM. THINK OF IT, HE HAS ADDED

### *A Lady Embalmer*

to his already complete and extensive organization. No longer can the rich point the finger of scorn at your funeral. Henry Roop has stopped that.

### *Now Let the 400's Haughty Undertaker Squirm*

Is money everything? Henry Roop says "NO"—Emphatically, "NO." The humble washer-woman is as much entitled to a lady embalmer as the bloated dowager. More than that, when she sends for Henry Roop's service it means

### *A Lady Embalmer with a Heart.*

If Henry Roop can open your eyes and make you realize just what this means, he is satisfied. He is always on the job when it comes to better funerals at lower prices. Mind you, the lady embalmer goes with every \$79 funeral.

*No Wonder the Common People Love Henry Roop.*

There she was sticking out all over the advertisement! It was too late to withdraw "A Lady Embalmer with a heart." That meant herself. "Friend of common people!" It included Bernice as well as her employer. She would go through with it, consecrate herself to the labor of cheering the disconsolate, apply all the knowledge of the artistic that was in her, and see to it that each and every funeral which bore the imprint of Henry Roop was more complete, more satisfying than even the workmanship of the extravagant Hibben.

Until the end of the week, when her services with Einstein's terminated, Miss Andrews fitted corsets listlessly. She talked of girdle tops and extension

modeled reception-room; when, attired in a neat smoke-pearl tailored suit, she moved from one group of visitors to another, giving now a word of tender sympathy and later a sensible hint on correct styles of mourning, when she added a suggestion of cheer with brass bowls filled with poppies, when she brought out a vial of smelling salts to relieve a case of hysterics, Henry Roop paused a moment in his season of activity, gazed admiringly upon her, and wondered how he had ever made any progress without her.

"You may say what you like about the lack of executive ability in women, but I don't believe it," he protested to Buckingham more than a month later. "Next to yourself, Miss Andrews is



the most powerful ally I have. She keeps me straight. When that trading-stamp man came around and put up his scheme to give away black bordered stamps with funerals, all of us were bamfoozled except Miss Bernice. He couldn't fool her, not for a second. 'If you must give away souvenirs,' said she, 'let them be in keeping with the occasion. Trading stamps go with groceries and house furnishings. If one of your friends were to pass away, you would hardly send around to the house a set of dishes or a smoked ham.' Then what does she do but persuade me to make a contract with a house that sells black memorial cards, printed in gold letters, containing the name of the deceased, his age and a few other necessary specifications and a poetical sentiment. I send a dozen of these cards around with my bill the next day after the funeral—and my collections have improved twenty per cent. If that isn't executive ability, I'm a fish.

"And as for thinking out color schemes, why, man alive, she is driving Hibben's lady embalmer nearly to distraction. Who else under the sun would have thought of providing early yellow chrysanthemums for old Colonel Williams, who died of the jaundice? Little kindnesses like that are not soon forgotten. And popular? Time and time again relatives have come to me and showered blessings upon Miss Bernice, giving me their solemn pledge that the very next time they sent for me I must be certain to have her come along and take full charge of everything. Now that's building. There are some undertakers who couldn't get a second job out of a house if they gave their services free, but Henry Roop is a welcome guest any place he goes, and not once, but a score of times, I have been invited to come around soon again. I tell you, it makes my heart glad to know I am so highly thought of."

## VII

Buckingham had a piece of information to impart. He talked it over and

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insisted that Bernice be called in to help make a decision.

"I understand," he stated, opening the delicate subject, "that some of the old-school undertakers have been debating in their minds whether it is not time to drive the Roop establishment out of business. The newspaper boys who circulate among them tell me that half a dozen are considerably peeved over the way you are taking business away from them. At first they couldn't get it through their brains that anybody who has any claims to respectability would undergo the humiliation of being handled by a \$79 undertaker, but they now admit that they are confronted by a fact and all theories have been busted. The particular way in which they hope to pound you is by an attack upon Miss Bernice. It may be interesting to know that a bill was introduced in the legislature up at the capital today aimed indirectly at her. It provides that from and after the passage of the act no person shall be permitted to indulge in the art of embalming unless he or she holds a license issued by a Board of Embalmers created by the bill. Those who have been handling formaldehyde for more than six months past will not be bothered, but the fledglings must stand an examination. You see it plainly exempts Hibben's lady embalmer and aims at Miss Bernice."

"We will kill the bill," shouted Henry Roop heatedly.

"I'm afraid you won't even be able to bury it in committee," answered Buckingham. "I'll fight it anyhow. I'll go up to the state capital and oppose it through both houses and take the thing right up to the Governor and show him how iniquitous it is."

"Wouldn't it be just grand, Mr. Roop, if the Governor appointed you one of the board of examiners?" interposed Bernice.

Henry Roop looked at her. Buckingham looked at her. The advertising writer grinned an unholy but understanding smile and looked into the eyes of Roop.

"What children we are," he con-



fessed. "It is our intention to support that bill. If at any time there was any doubt about the attitude of Henry Roop toward such a beneficent measure, he must hasten to the halls of legislation and leap into the fray. Give interviews to the press specifying ten reasons why you demand that such a law be adopted. I'll write the most dramatic presentation conceived by the mind of mortal man, and you can pass it out. We must see that nothing is done to stop the mantle of protection from being thrown around the people of this state. The champion of the great middle class must become a leader in the impending struggle, and if, when the victory is won, the whole credit shall be given to Henry Roop, and if, in recognition for his invaluable services, the Governor appoints him chairman of the State Board of Embalmers, only justice will be done when justice is due."

Not more than half a dozen foes of cut-rate funerals had figured in the embalmers' license bill, and being exclusive they disliked notoriety. They exacted a pledge from the gentlemanly legislative agent who handled their bill that the measure would be snaked through the legislature unobtrusively but with alacrity. After the bill reached the executive department, they felt confident of their ability to obtain the signature of the Governor. As for the selection of the state board membership, that could be disposed of at leisure. On the whole it was a highly aristocratic little effort to compel the sovereign power of the state to say: "Henry Roop, a lady embalmer is not an institution to be trifled with or to be made cheap and common. You must stay in your own sphere."

It might have gone through, too, but for the habit of Buckingham to keep in touch with newspaper friends whose training was to give the proper answer when they added two and two. More for the fun of the thing than to earn his salary, he followed the curves of the two's until he ran plump into the legislative agent—strangely enough, another fond acquaintance—who was diverting

himself spending what he facetiously dubbed a "mortuary stipend." Buckingham showed such whole-souled interest in the diversion that the legislative agent unreservedly and exuberantly explained and then denounced the obnoxious bill, which was designed to deprive not only Henry Roop but Buckingham, whom he loved better than a brother, of a livelihood.

"It nearly broke my heart to see him weep about it," added the advertising writer, while informing Bernice of the manner in which he acquired the import of the undertaking combine's game, "and he couldn't be cheered up even when I told him that the money would be wasted any way, because Henry would spend a considerable bunch to defeat the game. Now, since we've decided to support the bill, I know he'll be most depressed. If we do the right thing, Miss Bernice, we'll give this poor, unfortunate lobbyist at least two days in which to collect from those other undertakers right up to the handle."

At the end of the time specified Buckingham reduced the views of himself and his employer to this proposition:

## Henry Roop Says

All Embalmers Should Be Licensed  
by the State

The Fight of the People is His Fight  
He Has Pledged His Support

to the passage of a bill now pending in the  
Legislature which will drive unscrupulous  
undertakers out of business.

## Help Henry Roop

Write to your Senator or Representative  
demanding that they vote for this bill.  
10,000 names are wanted upon a petition  
which

HENRY ROOP WILL  
PRESENT IN PERSON

Why do the people entrust this important  
commission to Henry Roop?

Because His \$79 Funerals  
Demand Recognition



Henry Roop made the principal argument in committee. Henry Roop collected the thousands of signatures which were placed upon a reel and carried upon the floor of the House by Henry Roop's hired pall-bearers. Henry Roop advertised the progress of the bill in the newspapers. When the interest of the city funeral directors lagged, it was Henry Roop who organized the rural guild of cooling-board artists into a band of partisans. For all the state now knew Henry Roop, and Henry Roop alone deserved the honors for the ultimate adoption of the beneficent bill, and the Governor, tactfully remembering Henry Roop for the public service rendered, bestowed upon Henry Roop the pen with which the measure was signed.

"The way those fellows who started the fun laid down and let me get away with their own game beats my time," mused the alert champion of the populace.

"Well, it's like this," explained Buckingham, "three-quarters of the human race are naturally quitters and so long as they don't stack up against the other fourth they are successful in a modest and respectable sort of a way. But when a fighter goes after them they pass up turmoil and strife and give him what he wants. To tackle a man who is rude enough to adopt the same rules of the game that they are using is particularly disgusting, atrociously reprehensible and in shocking bad taste. Why shouldn't they quit cold? Regardless of results, those stiff-priced enemies of yours had to preserve their self-respect.

"Do you know, Roop, what I would do in case that I were in your boots and the Governor appointed me on the board to inquire into the qualifications of candidates for morticular certificates?"

"Haven't the remotest idea."

"I'd refuse and it wouldn't be a subdued 'just between me and you' refusal at that. When you announce the astounding news that, in justice to the public which trusts you, it is impossible to accept the honor, those of your en-

emies and doubters who want to live only long enough to have you shown up as a four-flusher will admit their error, call in their family lawyers, make their wills and specify that you bury them as an act of reparation."

Henry Roop received some really magnificent headlines during the process of the proffer, the consideration and the rejection of this important honor. Buckingham attended to all that.

How the Governor sent for the considerate embalmer and urged him almost in tears to accept the post; how Henry spent days in weighing his duty to the whole commonwealth against the debt he owed the people of the city; how he nobly sacrificed ambition and went back to his task of assuaging misery—all this became news, and, being news, was printed without money and without price.

"There is but one board that I wish to associate myself with," said Henry in an interview, "and that is the cooling-board."

Out of courtesy to the governor, however, he did volunteer to make some suggestions as to the best men for the board, so that no man might accuse him of lack of loyalty to society. Most of those appointed were up-state friends of Henry Roop.

"I fear you have been playing with politics," murmured Bernice Andrews as she hung her certificate as a lady embalmer on the wall of the office.

"On the contrary," responded her employer, "politics was kind enough to play with me."

## VIII

Irritability entangled itself in Henry Roop's system shortly after he awoke on a December morning just following the Christmas holidays. Pestilent with prosperity from the handling of modest cost funerals diligently advertised, the pushing young undertaker wore silk socks. They had been the ambition of his season of adversity; they were now the relaxation of his era of



opulence. Henry Roop had also, on the slate-colored morning, a split nail on the large toe of his right foot, so that when he drew on the sock an unholy shudder went ripping up his spinal column.

"I fear that I am getting nervous," he commented as he shook himself loose from a lingering shiver, "what I need is a rest or the fantods will catch me."

He gazed sadly down the length of Marleybone Avenue, coated with a soot-colored scum of melting slush, and tried to remember how the snow-covered hills around his home town of Mechanicsville looked. It was ever so easy to return in his imagination to the village cigar store, seething with warmth, participate in a game of auction pitch, revel in all the heavy, light or fair-to-middling arguments, and spend a soul-satisfying night among his cronies. It was delightful, after the months of activity and success, to picture himself walking along the little street lighted by intermittent oil lamps; to hear the crunch of the snow crystals under his heels; to catch the sound of rhythmic sleigh bells faintly jingling along a far-away crossroad.

Habit was dominant even in this waking dream, for above the tickling scent of the frosty air his nostrils caught the aroma of frying oysters. Of course it was real. Wasn't the only restaurant in Mechanicsville located in the shack just back of the railroad station? And, assuming that he had twenty cents, wasn't it his bounden duty to drop in on his way home? There it came again, stronger than ever! He was seated at one of the high stools in front of the counter. There was little Billy Dougherty, dropping the seven corn-meal covered oysters into the sputtering fat. Now the dish of cold slaw was shoved toward him, and next he was warming his hands along the edges of one of Billy Dougherty's hot plates. Holy cats! The oysters were being scooped out into the side dish. In a second he would be putting slathers of ketchup on 'em. Then—the smell of city smoke

and city street. Came through a door the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke.

"Dad blame it, I knew it. I've never been able to finish one of those oysters since I've been away from the old town."

"What oysters?" asked the reverend gentleman.

"Dream oysters that come to reality only in Mechanicsville."

The young undertaker pointed an index finger toward his visitor and waved it up and down as he impressively inquired:

"Do you know that Billy Dougherty can fry oysters better than any other person in the world? Did you ever snap the brown coating of one of Billy Dougherty's oysters just lifted out of the pan, and put a hunk of butter in the crack, so's when it melted the thing would go snooping around in a crisp shell? Every time the weather turns cold and we have snow, I can't keep those oysters out of my head."

The Rev. Mr. Hardwicke ran a hand through his iron gray whiskers, caught a clump of tangled hairs between his thumb and forefinger, and rolled them into a ball reflectively.

"I think I understand what is ailing my youthful associate," he volunteered, "it is a case of what we would term in children homesickness. Perfectly natural, a favorable sign and something we should not treat lightly or jestingly. The way to cure it is to go back to Mechanicsville. A little trip will be exceedingly helpful, not to say relaxing. I am certain that Miss Bernice can manage the diverse and complex duties of your business, and should any unusual situation develop itself I would be gratified to give her such aid as I could spare."

"I'd half made up my mind to do it, reverend. After all, my business is so well established now that what does a funeral or two amount to anyway? I can get them back later on. I'll go. I'll start tomorrow."

He went away and the evening papers made modest announcement of the fact.



## IX

Now, it may be that the things which took place after the departure of Henry Roop would not have happened but for the trip. Still this is open to debate, and the view of Buckingham, the advertising manager, is that the rival undertakers had been meeting secretly for weeks and the whole thing was ripe. In this opinion Buckingham was sustained by the collector for the Acme Casket Company.

It was on the night of the day following the popular-priced funeral director's arrival in Mechanicsville. It was after he had drifted around to the engine house. It was after he had taken part in the talk at the tobacco store. It was just at the very moment that he was watching Billy Dougherty drain the sputtering fat from his large order, which meant a dozen fried oysters. He was in the act of reaching for the bottle of home-made ketchup when the station agent flung open the restaurant door and thrusting a yellow sheet at Henry Roop shouted: "Read it and beat it for the train. No. 32'll be due in twelve minutes."

The undertaker flattened the telegram on the counter and perused this:

Other fellows have formed a trust. Big copy morning papers. Come.

BUCKINGHAM.

Three things slid through Henry Roop's mind. First, a formidable fear. Second, a powerful longing to eat those superlative oysters. Third, that there was just enough time to run down the street, pack his grip and catch the train that would put him in the city by morning.

His heart was very bitter as he went out. "I don't care how many are in the combine," he said to himself, "I'll beat that crowd to an everlasting standstill. I'll beat 'em so badly that they won't know a tombstone from a weeping willow."

Nevertheless, he was forced to admit that there was one dangerous point which he must confront, and that was

the plan of the rival band to use his own method to fight him publicly. What other tactics had been employed he could not for the present know. "Big copy" in itself meant money a-plenty, so that the contest was not to be a game of casino. As the train went hurtling along, Roop, curled up in a seat of the smoking car, formulated half a dozen or more campaigns of offense and defense and dismissed them all for lack of information. It was good exercise and kept his brain active until he reached the junction where the first copies of newspapers were purchasable. He tore open the pages until he came across the announcement; the first projectile fired at his fortifications. He read:

### DON'T TRUST A FAKER!

Don't be deceived by the lure of low prices.

Don't let an incompetent handle your funeral.

Don't do anything until you have seen

## The Citizens' Funeral Company

We will bury you cheaper  
than any one else.

You have been hearing a lot of talk about \$79 funerals. We can do better than that. We can give you an entire funeral for \$75.

And you will have the satisfaction of being buried by one of your townsmen, not a stranger. The Citizens' Funeral Company is made up of a body of reputable undertakers who have lived in the city for years and have been waiting for a chance to do something for you.

*To advertise a funeral for \$79  
and then to send in a bill for  
extras is downright dishonesty.*

Our \$75 funeral includes everything. It is a wonderful bargain. Think of the collective brains, ability and equipment of 15 undertakers at your command.

INSIST UPON HOME TALENT.

It sounded menacing. There were fifteen deadly business enemies to crush him, and they were not fighting as individuals but as a unit. They meant to drive him out of the field, first, by questioning his professional skill; second, by branding him as an outsider, and,



lastly, by cutting prices. Even though he overcame the first two attacks, did he have money enough to carry him through a rate war? He had put a large percentage of his profits back into equipment and he saw that his bank balance would not sustain him many months in such a struggle as was apparent. There was a possibility that he might be able to create jealousies among the fifteen but it was so remote that it was hardly worth trying. Again, he saw an opportunity of making terms. He could, by abandoning his methods, become a regular practitioner, and his prestige would assure him a reasonable trade. In the end that was perhaps the wisest procedure.

Exhausted by travel, hungry and in a discouraged frame of mind, Henry Roop found on entering his undertaking parlors Miss Bernice Andrews humming a popular song, the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke contentedly rolling a wad of fine cut in his cheek, Buckingham, the advertising man, and the Acme Casket Company's agent excitedly involved in that primitive form of gambling known as crack-aloo, a game in which a nickel tossed to the ceiling and falling nearest to a crack on the floor captured the pot.

This was unexpected, mighty close to astounding, and the undertaker could not understand how under the sun any of his friends could have a heart for lightheartedness or levity. He casually remarked that for a bunch of persons who were about to lose certain salaries, stipends and commissions they seemed to be entirely too chipper.

"And will the gentleman from Mechanicsville inform the assemblage what he thinks will be done in the present emergency?" soothingly queried Buckingham.

"We will become a regular high-price undertaker, thereby saving our face and our bank account."

"All those in favor will say 'aye,' and there being no ayes those opposed will shout 'no.'"

"NO. The motion is lost," continued the advertising man. "And now

that our mystified and erring brother may withdraw his motion I will announce that the board of strategy has unanimously declared its intention to fight. It has mapped out a skilfully concocted campaign and has purchased ammunition in the shape of several pages of newspaper space. The purpose in getting you here was not to aid and abet in a surrender, but to get our base of supplies close to the fighting line."

"Fight? How are you going to fight? Haven't we fifteen undertakers against us?"

"At least."

"And haven't they raised a bunch of money?"

"Thirty thousand dollars, according to credible spies."

"Is that all?" interrogated Henry Roop in his most admirable sarcastic tone. "How excruciatingly easy it will be for a single human being with less than \$14,000, including cash in hand, credit and hockable fixtures, to combat and destroy only fifteen foes whose assets reach half a million! It's not worth talking about. Let us hurry and get at them this afternoon. Let us strew their bodies over the gory field of battle before night."

"What a nasty disposition he has," persisted Buckingham. Then Roop saw something serious in the eye of his press representative who started to talk real business. "Yes," he said. "There are fifteen rivals organized to get you. They have put up two thousand apiece and intend to spend it. They have picked up an ad writer who knows his business. When I saw the line 'lure of low prices' I knew that I was up against the real thing. They say that they will put out a cheaper funeral than your \$79 article. At first glance, it looks bad. Last night we were all discouraged and the reverend here was preparing to sing the Doxology when Miss Bernice asked the Acme casket man, 'Have the wicked men in the trust pooled in buying their goods?' We made quick inquiries among the other supply houses and found that they



were buying as individuals. See the weak spot in their organization. See how by buying in quantity you can put not only every man of them at a disadvantage, and the whole united outfit will suffer.

"Now, then, what is the most unpopular thing in the United States? A trust. What is the most despicable form of trust? A funeral octopus. Right there you have the best advertising idea that is obtainable. My first piece of copy in the prevailing situation strikes the popular chord."

And Buckingham read it forthwith:

"and what is more, those two or three can yell a whole heap louder than all the others."

"But suppose they have pledged to each other to lose all that \$30,000, and drop the prices of funerals down to \$3?" Henry Roop persisted.

"Should it come to such a pass," said the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke gently, "I would suggest that my young friend offer free burials."

The undertaker gazed intently into the faces of the others. For a space of five seconds he searched their hearts.

"It's a good thing none of you smiled

## It Has Come At Last

The Merciless Funeral Trust Confronts Our City Demanding Its Pound of Flesh. Infuriated by

# HENRY ROOP

*(The People's Friend)*

It seeks in its insidious way to crush competition and then recoup its losses by extortion. In a siren voice it sings of funerals \$4 cheaper than Henry Roop offers. Be not deceived for it is the voice of the tempter.

### ASK THE FUNERAL TRUST THIS QUESTION

Why did you not combine and offer a \$75 funeral before Henry Roop entered the field? Then listen to the ravening wolves howl.

### HENRY ROOP DEFIES THE TRUST

To show that he has no fear he offers to duplicate any trust funeral for \$1 less than its price.

Here and now, Henry Roop renews his pledge to the people of our beloved city and promises that he never will associate himself with any trust or combine.

"That ought to put a crimp in 'em," asserted Buckingham, lingering proudly over the manuscript. "In justice to myself, we ought to carry this across four columns. Any less space would be unworthy of my effort."

"But suppose the combine keeps on knocking down prices?"

"Go them a dollar less each crack," interposed the representative of the Acme Casket Company. "If I know anything about human nature no fifteen business men were ever got together who would stand the gaff down to the point where the blood began to flow. You will invariably find two or three who part with coin with about as much enthusiasm as a man allows his left leg to be sawed off."

"You bet," interjected Buckingham,

when the reverend said that," he explained, "because it would have been such a poor joke that I'd fetched somebody across the skull with my valise. No, you're not jesting, you're only demented. Can't you give some suggestion, Miss Bernice?"

"If you eat a big breakfast of steak and fried potatoes it will help you to see that you should fight," advised the girl. "I know you feel too miserable to look on the sunny side, but there is one. Now don't let us say another word until Mr. Roop is through with that sirloin."

X

Such excellent advice was this that Henry Roop bowed, sought the nearest



restaurant, and by degrees restored his balance to normal. There is nothing that will depress a human being so quickly or develop goose flesh more stirringly than a night trip in a day coach. Likewise there is no cure better than a cup of hot coffee and a solid meal. He reflected upon this as he snipped off the end of a cigar with a cutter attached to his watch chain, blessed Bernice and started back to his undertaking parlors, hopeful to excess. What pleased him more than anything else was the attitude of his three friends. Instead of reopening the troublesome matter on an argumentative angle, they assumed quite naturally that the sole business before them was arranging the details.

The Reverend Mr. Hardwicke protested sturdily against one proposition laid down by the Acme Casket Company delegate on the high moral ground that it was dishonest, but his objection was overruled by Henry Roop.

"When you fight the devil you must use fire," he pointed out, "and if you can grab some of his own fuel it is justifiable."

Extending his credit as far as possible, the eminent funeral director never allowed himself to be put on the defensive. Instead of waiting for the funeral trust to attack him he dashed into the midst of the combine and began hurling the nitroglycerine bombs prepared by Buckingham. The advertising man wrestled with words, phrases and paragraphs, sought out the habitat of every predatory beast described in the natural history, and charged up to the credit of the trust every crime known to American jurisprudence. Buckingham's reputation, far more valuable to him than Roop's profits, was at stake; he could not afford from a professional standpoint to allow any half-baked plagiarist to come into his class.

Speaking for Henry Roop, he gave solemn warning that the individual who was buried by those unfeeling foes of public welfare was taking his very life in his hands. Man to man he inquired whether the reader wanted the savings

of the poor to go into the coffers of plutocrats. "Live and spite the trust," made such a popular impression on the public mind that civic associations adopted unanimous votes of confidence in the young champion, and funeral corteges conducted by the "Fifteen" were hissed on the highways.

The trust fought back. It adopted all the ideas of Henry Roop, but with a reluctance that could not be disguised. It provided cheaper funerals, but did so grudgingly. It made the mistake of giving just a trifle less than Henry Roop did for the same amount of money. Each member of the combine who was called upon to supply a \$75 funeral acted according to the dictates of his own conscience. The articles of agreement stipulated that losses to individual members were to be made up from the common fund, a provision which enabled more thrifty souls to skin their associates. There being no auditor, any one of the group could invest every cent of \$62 in an outfit, report that his expenditures amounted to \$91, and pocket the difference. He squared himself with his inner voice by telling how he was simply getting back some of his own money.

"Between robbing themselves, giving short measure, and a complete lack of standardization, those chaps are killing their game," Henry Roop told Miss Andrews in a confidential burst of joy. "I send away a customer thoroughly satisfied, while the trust has a fine list of kickers to contend with. I wish everybody could listen to what patrons say of my service. I mean the people who have tried it and tested it and know what they're talking about. Only this morning a man said: 'Roop's \$79 funeral is good enough for a king; yes, sir, it's too blamed good for a king.' Then along comes another gentleman whose rich father-in-law has passed away. He orders a better grade of funeral from me and does not falter for a second in paying out a hundred and forty dollars. As he gives me the check he says: 'Mr. Roop, we were delighted with the high quality of the



casket you supplied. And not only that, but everything was in keeping with your high standard. The service was the best I have ever seen and we all feel that we could not have had a better funeral.' There's gratitude that touches a man's heart and makes him happier. I am in this struggle to stay, Miss Bernice. All that I ask is public confidence. So long as the people of the city show that they appreciate what I am doing for them I will remain independent."

On the face of unbiased reports it was clearly apparent that the funeral trust was helping rather than harming 'the people's friend.' Not exactly because the partisan populace died off in greater numbers, but for the reason that those who did jump the traces of this earthly harness felt the alluring call of advertisements prepared by Buckingham and whispered that if it was all the same to their loved ones it would be satisfying to them to try one of Henry Roop's justly celebrated functions.

One advertisement, which carried the caption "Trust Methods Exposed," sent a tremor of indignation through the community, stirred up still more feeling against the combine, and aroused sympathy for Henry Roop the champion of the masses. Here, the courageous dealer in cut-rate undertaking described how it was the practice of the trust constituents to charge one dollar a head for the rental of white gloves worn by pall-bearers, honorary and active. These gloves were diligently collected after each performance and kept in stock until another demand was made for them. Henry Roop simply stated a fact. He showed his public spirit by offering \$100 to any charity should the Funeral Octopus disprove his allegation.

Then, in a sweep of liberality, he volunteered to supply white gloves to pall-bearers for half a dollar a head, and permit those gentlemen to retain them as their own personal property. The associated undertakers thought that by demonstrating how these gloves cost twenty-one cents a pair wholesale they could prove Roop to be a hypocrite but

the ever watchful Buckingham got a half-Nelson on the foe when he scornfully directed attention to the almost criminal profit the trust absorbed at handling these gloves at one dollar a pair, and then taking advantage of grief to commit highway robbery by reissuing the goods.

With each week the Funeral Trust grew more groggy. Between salaries for advertising writer, spies and other help, and unscrupulous members within the ranks of the association, the fighting fund grew smaller. Open distrust bred internal disorder, with threats on the part of several that they didn't propose to be made suckers any longer. The time was now ripe for Henry Roop to smash the Funeral Trust and break the hearts of the members thereof.

## XI

The weather had been especially wicked for three days. It was cold; and with every rise of the thermometer there followed a heavy fall of snow. Drifts filled the roads, making travel impossible in spots and wearisome everywhere.

The night bell at the home of a Trust undertaker rang. He answered the call, shivering involuntarily as he shuffled through the chilly hallway in slippered feet. As he opened the street door a gust of wind swept a mass of powdery snow across his ankles. Another swirl carried a cloud of snow from a cornice squarely into his face. Through the mist he saw an undersized stranger bundled in a heavy overcoat standing on the pavement holding the bridle of a horse from which smoky moisture was rising.

"You're the undertaker?"

"Yes, what is wanted?"

"You're wanted. My grandfather is dead."

"Come in, this is too bad a night to talk outdoors."

"Can't do it. Horse won't stand alone. Besides, I must hurry down town to send some telegrams. I live about three miles out on the Pine Road,



second house beyond the asylum. Ask for the Megnits place. Hurry right out."

"You don't expect me to go there tonight? In all this storm and with the roads blockaded?"

"Sure, we've got to send the old gentleman back to Pennsylvania. He never liked this country and always said he'd be swiggered if he'd be buried around these parts. We want to ship him tomorrow regardless of expense."

"Well, I guess I'll have to help you out, but it will be ten dollars extra for the trip."

"Never you mind that, old scout. The satisfaction we will have of getting you out tonight will be worth it. I wouldn't disappoint the old gentleman for the world. Good night. Remember, second house beyond the asylum. Be sure to ask for the Megnits place. Goodnight."

Had Undertaker No. 1 followed the stranger on horseback he would have gone direct to the apartments of a second member of the Trust, a bachelor who was sitting in a small game with a smashing streak of luck running his way. Between jackpots he sipped at a highball and reiterated his opinion that no better way of passing a winter night had ever been invented. Had Undertaker No. 1 listened, he would have heard his associate first bluntly refuse to lend the slightest assistance to Mr. Megnits in the case of the old gentleman who wanted to rest on Pennsylvania soil. Ultimately, however, he would have seen the ribald bachelor consent to make the trip out the Pine Road for a bonus of \$25.

Some of the members of the guild were routed out of bed; others were caught as they emerged from lodge rooms, for many undertakers are assiduous lodge men and stand high in their several orders, thus showing their love for their fellow man and their sublime faith in the noble principle of fraternity. It was certain that the man from the country intended that his deceased relative should be embalmed and buried unanimously, completely, enthusiastically and whole-heartedly, for by

midnight he had rounded up every last one of the members of the Funeral Trust and started them out the Pine Road.

His efforts crowned with success, the stranger rode direct to the establishment of Henry Roop, where a liveryman's helper took charge of the horse. Mr. Megnits opened the door without knocking and found Roop, Buckingham and the collector of the Acme Casket Company lolling in huge lazy chairs in front of the fireplace, where chestnut logs blazed merrily and exploded boisterously.

"I landed every mother's son of them," he laughed, heaving his overcoat in a corner. "I must have promised as much as \$300 in extra fees, but they are all on the job. Some took strong-arm work, but a couple were so gentle and kind that they offered to lend me money to pay telegraph tolls."

"You are one of our most respected citizens and we offer you a rising vote of thanks," commented Buckingham. "We appreciate what you have done in our behalf. We know that money will not repay you and appreciate that your aid was given purely out of friendship for your fellow townsman, Henry Roop. And now, if you have no objection, Mr. Dougherty, we will escort you to one of the very classy restaurants of our city, where you may compare the local viands with those of Mechanicsville."

There is a deep hollow on the other side of the asylum on the Pine Road and the slopes are treeless, so that when even a modest wind follows a snowstorm, the hills on it are swept bare and the drifts settle at the lowest level. With such heavy snowstorms as had prevailed, the valley was filled with as fine a collection of gigantic drifts as even the most fastidious could desire. After the first day the residents of this region of abomination and desolation had abandoned the Pine Road and cut across the country to a pike.

A little before one o'clock of a winter morning and while the howling gale continued to add its increment to the



masses of snow in the hollow, two horses dragged a sombre vehicle down the slope beyond the asylum, tugged through two drifts and then stuck. The driver, the bachelor undertaker, waited a few minutes for his steeds to get their wind and then made another start. It was a failure. Peering through the darkness, the lone occupant of the wagon saw that only a small arc of the wheels was exposed. He stepped down and the snow was as high as his waist. He swore. He wallowed to the front and sought to back the team out of the drift. The horses went about it so regretfully that he gave it up. However, he swore some more.

A panting and puffing up the road caught his attention and he waited until a lighter rig drawn by a single horse drew up.

"What are you stopping for?" interrogated the second driver to his horse. "Giddap!"

"He can't," said a voice. "I'm in the way. I'm stuck in a drift. Help me to pull out."

"All right, wait till I come around there with my lantern. Jehoshaphat, but this is a deep one," exclaimed the newcomer, wading through the pile of snow. He raised the lantern and caught a glimpse of the other's face. There was astonished recognition.

"What are you doing out here," he asked the bachelor member of the Trust.

"Got a case a short distance beyond."

"So have I—Hey, you stop running into my wagon," as a wagon tongue was driven through a glass door of the vehicle. "Back up, two of us are mixed up in a drift."

While the third party was straightening out his team the second undertaker explained that he was bound for the Megnits place.

"Why, I was sent there," expostulated the bachelor undertaker. "I've got a bonus of \$25 for the job."

"Well, we won't quarrel. Let us split up."

Two seconds later the third party had identified himself and told a story of being caught at a theatre and hurried

out the Pine Road on the same mission as his comrades. While they were discussing the mystery a fourth undertaker rolled down upon them. There was no longer any mystery. Deception had been practised. There was a quick canvass to find out whether the stranger had cashed any checks. No? Then it must have been the work of a practical joker. The arrival of a fifth first-aid-to-the-deceased wagon knocked the joke theory in the head. No joker would go to as much trouble as the mysterious stranger.

Two more shining lights in the trust arrived in time to join in the discussion, one of them being the exclusive Hibben himself, who had been induced to make the trip upon the assurance that the deceased had laid aside \$1,000 with the understanding that Hibben was to do the job in his most finished manner. Hibben was intensely grieved at the situation. Something told him that this was the dastardly plot of Henry Roop. Everybody agreed with this deduction and it was made a certainty when one of the party possessing an analytical mind asked:

"What did that fellow say his name was?"

"Megnits," replied Hibben. "He spelled it out for me."

"Well, you spell it backwards."

"Sting 'em!"

Already several members of the Funeral Trust were seeking to turn their teams around in the snow, a few of the closer associates of the ribald bachelor lending a hand to extricate his rig. He had appealed to Hibben, but that haughty person had begged to be excused. This made the bachelor angry. He appealed to his fellows.

"Here he gets us into this scrape and hasn't the decency to help us out."

"Me get you into this?" shrieked Hibben.

"That's just what I said. Who organized this damned trust?"

"Hibben!" came quick replies.

"And who copped most of the money from the pot on the ground that his funerals cost so much?"



"Hibben!"

"And who spent more than \$2,800 for alleged secret service work?"

"Hibben says he did," muttered a disconsolate member, pulling the blankets off his horses.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I stole the funds?"

"Yes," came a hearty response.

"You are all a bunch of liars."

Two or three maddened undertakers made for Hibben, but he brought his whip down and as his team turned, it yanked him up the side of the hill to safety. He stood up, shook both fists wildly and barked back, "You are a bunch of yellow-backed quitters, and I don't want to associate with you."

There was a pursuit which stretched itself out into a long, dreary procession. Back in the ravine whirling snow piled itself up into a high mound. Beneath it rested an abandoned wagon. It was the tomb of the Funeral Trust.

## XII

Hibben, the aristocratic undertaker, was half convinced that it was a good thing, plus, so he shook his head wisely while the promoter talked.

"Mark you, sir, it will be yours, body and soul. You will control the majority of the stock in the company; you will be president. You will not need to invest more than ten thousand dollars. The bulk of the burden will be borne by the people who buy stock. They will carry the load through the early stages and when the crematory is established and you can see the profits approaching, then it will be an easy piece of manipulation to dump them."

"We will not talk of that phase," said Hibben. "It is detestable to think that I would be a party to such procedure. My sole object in taking an active interest in such a public benefaction as a crematory would lie along philanthropic channels, with an added desire to aid science. Of course I should expect to profit to a reasonable degree. But I could not consider any scheme to defraud my associates. I assume that

the usual method is to make an excessive stock issue and then take over the company under a receivership?"

"That used to be the way it was done."

"No, no; I must resent such a suggestion. I have a name and a reputation that I can't afford to sacrifice for a few paltry dollars. You intimated that there was another way to do the trick?"

"I did nothing of the kind. But if you are curious I will tell you that I do not consider it unlawful to put a company on a six per cent basis and then operate a holding company to absorb the profits above that figure. It's done by some of our most reputable corporations because most stockholders are so pleased at getting six per cent that it would come dangerously close to criminal negligence to give them any more."

"A reasonable reply, to be sure. And do you mean to tell me that we can earn more than six per cent?"

"Six won't be a flea bite. *Half* a crematory could do that. A man's size one will give you anything from fifteen to fifty per cent. Profit? It's *all* profit. Now you are an average adult person. I could cremate you for seven dollars." The promoter stepped back to better inspect the venerable Hibben, gazed at him critically and asked, "Well, say eight dollars at the most. I might charge you as much as \$100 for the job—that is, if you insisted upon trimmings; expensive urn, best Lykens Valley coal, and all that. There's no waste to cremation. I get the casket back; the casket *you* paid for, remember. Some crematories burn up the casket, but that's like throwing money away. Plenty of poor people would be only too glad to use a second hand one, but they never get the chance under our unsanitary and extravagant method of burying folks."

"And don't forget the profits on the side. You build a repository for urns. You have a large room with niches on all four sides and rent them out for two dollars a year, just like safe deposit boxes. It costs nothing to maintain a repository; all that's needed is to dust



off the remains now and then, and the employees can do that during spare time. It used to be the kaslosh thing to plant the ashes around the rose bushes or scatter them at sea, but florists now recommend tobacco stems for the roses and steamship captains don't like the other thing. Passengers kicked about the dust getting in their eyes."

The keen, unpoetic eye of Hibben now saw that here was something in his own business sphere worthy of control. He had at first been attracted to the idea because it offered a means to drive Henry Roop out of the field. Funerals at \$79 had hurt Hibben, most aristocratic of all the trade. In the old days, before Henry Roop was a competitor, no person thought of questioning a bill. But publicity had revealed the actual cost of embalming, caskets, carriages and all the other requisites. It was a shocking state of affairs, but some otherwise respectable families had demanded that Hibben scale down his prices, and actually dickered while a late lamented waited in an adjoining room.

The crematory offered an admirable opportunity to handle all varieties of funerals, from the cheaper to the more ornate. He might remain in the background, controlling the plant, and at the same time operating his regular, old-line business. Doubtless by offering reasonable rebates many of the other undertakers would be induced to turn over considerable business to him.

"But how are we going to convince our fellow citizens that cremation is such an excellent thing for them?" he queried.

"They will convince themselves. The moment we announce our plans ultra-religious objections will spring up. We can employ scientific bugs to reply, and there will be hot controversy. Our paid experts will know what they are talking about, while the other side will advance scattered and diverse arguments. Long before the plant is completed our staff will have demonstrated the sublime value of cremation so conclusively that some of the more enthu-

siastic supporters of the system will put off dying until we can accommodate them. Within a year we will have some cemeteries hanging to the ropes. The beauty of this enterprise is the freedom from competition. One crematory can handle all the business that is shoved at it. You never saw anything work quicker or slicker. Bill Jones may be a heavyweight and as tough as nails. We process him in three hours, scoop up a couple of double handfuls of Bill and empty him into an urn. He goes into a niche and immediately becomes an asset worth two dollars a year in any man's money. Can you beat it?"

Hibben admitted that he couldn't. He forthwith agreed to become the heaviest stockholder, and to show his good faith he prepared a list of monied acquaintances who might be induced to invest.

Circulating among the comfortably well-off business men the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke ran across the trail of the promoter. A young banker who had been sized up by the superannuated clergyman as a highly favorable risk for a twenty thousand dollar policy suddenly switched his conversation to ask:

"What's your opinion of cremation?"

"It is hard to arrive at a decision upon a subject so controversial," replied the reverend, "and it has been of the deepest interest to me to find out just what view is taken by our people at large. Undoubtedly you have formed an opinion?"

The Rev. Mr. Hardwicke had been in the life insurance business long enough to know that the solicitor who started into an argument without any definite knowledge of his client's pre-disposed attitude reduced his chances of getting the business by a full fifty per cent.

"No, I never thought about it before," replied the banker. "Hibben, the undertaker, is organizing a company to put up a crematory and I have been asked to take some stock. If I thought the scheme would pay I might invest a couple of hundred as a flyer."

The preacher clutched his whiskers. But as the full force of the deal was



absorbed into his system he gently relaxed to fatherly repose.

"I fear," he said, "that a crematory would not succeed in this community, which you must confess is somewhat conservative. No doubt there are other cities which would take kindly to the enterprise, which perhaps is laudable, but we are an old-fashioned people with old-fashioned ideas and a love for the traditions of our ancestors, resenting vigorously anything which would tend to destroy faith in the things we venerate. I, for one, would draw back at cremation with a feeling of repugnance. As an investment my impression is not favorable. If you placed your money I fear it would be very much like burning it up."

"But wouldn't it be more accurate to place the inscription Here lie the ashes of Sophie Swink on an urn than on a tombstone?"

"A mere figure of speech my friend."

But noticing that he was putting the twenty thousand dollar insurance policy in jeopardy by disputation, the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke adroitly shifted the conversation to other ground, leaving the crematory behind.

Nevertheless, upon departing he picked up the crematory, tucked it under his arm and hurrying to Henry Roop's establishment laid it before the astonished gaze of the undertaker. Henry Roop looked over the thing from every angle and under every varying light. He called Miss Bernice Andrews from an adjoining room, where she was exploiting a pair of mourning corsets as the newest vanity in widow's weeds, and asked for her opinion on Hibben's crematory. He sent a messenger to locate Buckingham, and he telephoned for the Acme Casket Company man. All of them viewed the crematory scheme in perspective, in detail and in sections. They could find no flaw in its construction and the People's Friend sorrowfully admitted regret at his failure to first pick up the idea.

"It's too bad," said the Acme Casket agent, "but mebbe you can build a little crematory of your own."

"Nope," objected Buckingham. "Not sufficient trade for two, and corpses who prefer the heat treatment will try the bigger establishment."

"Oh, well," assented the Acme collector, "I suppose we can stand it."

"You're too self-complacent for a man who has a lot at stake. You coffin men ought to be the ones to make the fight, not Roop."

"Why should we mix in the mess, it's not our funeral? The demand will keep up and so will the prices."

"Not when they start to reissue the coffins."

"Say, do you mean to tell me that this crowd will use the coffins over again?"

"I'll bet you a box of cigars they do."

"The low-down loathesome highwayman, Hibben! The sneaking snake! Why, I wouldn't have that fellow's disposition for a million dollars. Roop, you won't be doing your duty unless you get Buckingham to expose the scoundrel." The Acme Company's representative grabbed his hat. "I'm going downtown to tell our people. Anything you do we'll stand for."

"This will be a good time to get started on the mortuary chapel," declared Buckingham, as the door slammed behind the rushing collector. "You must combat the crematory with sentiment and you must create sentiment by declamation and display advertising. I can take care of the type, but you must do some expounding. The mortuary chapel will help you in more ways than one. The percentage of non-church-going population is growing in all cities, while by the same token the desire to throw on dog in funerals is increasing. You can't fight the crematory more effectively than with a chapel. Appoint the reverend here as Chaplain-General of the place. Buy that vacant lot to your right and put up a structure that will have some style to it. The more I think of it the bigger the idea grows. Invite everyone of the two-by-four congregations that are now meeting in dance halls to hold services in Henry Roop's Mortuary Chapel. Don't



charge them any rent. You can cop off a grand lot of brand new business. It can't get away from you. Those sects which have no regular pastor could call upon the reverend. You would help out, Mr. Hardwicke?

"Possibly, possibly, although I am really giving too much of my time to the service of my young friend. It is not fitting that I should refer to life insurance as my means of livelihood, I could ill afford to jeopardize certain assured income by inattention. You appreciate the delicate position I am placed in."

"Roop will pay you a regular chaplain's salary."

Henry figured a bit on the back of an envelope, drummed his fingers on the top of his desk, wrinkled his brows and guessed that if he could have an Indiana sandstone chapel installed on the adjoining lot for \$11,000 it might be a wise investment. Under such a contingency he further guessed that he could afford to give the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke \$900 a year with the stipulation that the clergyman should be allowed to continue soliciting life insurance, but should officiate at funerals at such times as he was called upon. Henry conceded that the plan of allowing floating congregations to use the Mortuary Chapel on Sundays was valuable and felt that his venerable adviser and mentor should lead such of the flocks as were without regular shepherds. To which the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke acquiesced.

"I believe," he said, "that I am sufficiently catholic to join in any service. There are some faiths on which I am not fully informed, such as the River Brethren and the Universal Praying Band, but I could acquire their doctrines speedily."

### XIII

Roop's Mortuary Chapel was completed and in operation not quite five weeks ahead of the opening of the crematory. It had been the intention of Hibben and his associates to spring their institution upon the city as an

agreeable surprise, but the aggressiveness of the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke in his series of Sunday sermons, which were given more publicity in a fortnight than the old gentleman had received in the whole of his previous pulpit service, caused a shift of plans. For he exhorted Primitive Methodists against cremation; he demonstrated to the Seventh Day Adventists that the Book of Revelation was a warning to avoid cremation; he wrung a chorus of "amens" from the Reformed Mennonites by his vivid comparison of cremation with hell-fire.

The crematory company imported a former professor from a small college to manage their fight. So long as he stuck to cremation as a sanitary measure he was more than successful, gathering around him a wholesome lot of zealots. He got swelled up over this, however, and made the mistake of going out of the realm of science to tackle the clergyman on doctrine.

"Give me an instance of Biblical approval of cremation," thundered his ecclesiastical foe.

"How about Elijah going to glory in a chariot of fire?" retorted the professor.

"He was alive. They never cremated him, no more than old Nebuchadnezzar could cremate the prophet friends of Daniel."

The professor tried to get back to the home plate, but, as Buckingham put it, "The reverend caught him between the plate and third base and put him out."

The crematory was now ready for a formal and imposing opening. Public attention had been called to the readiness of the company to operate the foundry through dignified cards, but there had been no applicants.

"It looks to me as if the people were all holding back for some person to make the start," suggested the promoter, "there is always a reluctance in such things. Once we can break the ice everybody will want to try it. A hypnotist couldn't get one subject if he waited for an audience to respond to his invitation to step up on the stage. When one of his hired hands walks up



the aisle the crowd follows. It would be money well invested to buy a stiff."

Hibben thought he had a better plan and one that would not be so expensive. He got in communication with a medical friend who was a stockholder in the crematory and whose practice brought him in touch with the very poor, and at the very first opportunity which presented itself the physician prevailed upon the relatives of a dropsical defunct to turn him over as a donation to the cause of progress. The relatives gave cordial thanks when the doctor told them that the famed Hibben would attend to the details without money and without price. Their cordiality was intensified by the liberality of Hibben in supplying floral offerings and a gun-metal urn and bearing the cost of the big dinner on the day of tear-stained festivities. There were two furnaces, which for the proper effect had been given names. One was known as the Ashtabula and the other was called the Cinderella. Those closest to the dropsical person chose the Cinderella because it sounded more poetical.

Aiming at fulsome press notices, the officials of the crematory threw plenty of lugs into the operation, so that even the most fastidious could not find fault with the ultimate outcome.

"We would appreciate the courtesy if several gentlemen of the press would take the trouble to hold the stop watch on us," the promoter appealed. "We should like to show how we can turn out a finished product under one hundred and seventy minutes; that is, working under forced draft, so to speak."

The Mayor, leading members of the bar, plenty of doctors and a sprinkling of ministers of the gospel had been invited as guests, nearly all those asked to the function attending. All in all, it was a formidable and imposing collection which participated in the opening of the new industry; the proceedings were watched closely; the highest praise was bestowed upon the undertaking. So attractively was the system of cremation presented by the morning papers

that two regular jobs were received within the next week.

One of these jobs morally belonged to Henry Roop because the party most interested spent his spare time during his illness in getting bids from numerous undertakers. It was a comforting way to amuse himself and his family permitted him to get as much pleasure out of life as possible. One week before the crematory opened this gentleman, after opening the bids, had served notice that the contract would be awarded to Henry Roop. But he was a fickle-minded individual upon whom no dependence would be placed, for he became quite carried away by the accounts of the handling of the dropsical contribution, and rushed his little grandson right around to the offices of the crematory for descriptive literature and a price list. The more he read, the better he liked it. He became enthusiastic and was so vehement in his determination to be cremated that the family physician held out hopes of a quick recovery. But one afternoon he got to thinking what a narrow escape he had had from being deprived of this new fangled treatment, contracted a nervous chill and died of fright, begging almost with his last breath to be cremated or nothing. It was a most lamentable shock for Henry Roop.

The following week the crematory ran three more cases through the convertor, two of them being filed away in the repository. The third went into a commonplace tin can and was turned over to the deceased's nephew. This nephew lived at a boarding house whose proprietress manifested considerable opposition to the can reposing on the chiffonier, so the youth was forced to place it under the desk in his office. When old friends of his Uncle James dropped in, the nephew would courteously roll the remains out for inspection.

Little things like that helped the crematory, since they created talk. The Rev. Mr. Hardwicke preached in vain. Buckingham felt the strain and his advertising copy lacked vim. He said



that he was rowing against the tide and could not be convincing. One of his double column spreads read:

threw his arms around a tree, firmly averring:

"I won't budge unless you promise

## DON'T BE BURNT!!

Cremation is an untried thing and is not worth the risk. You may not like it. But you will always be satisfied with one of Henry Roop's

### Complete \$79 Funerals

Why throw your money away on something that is still in an experimental stage? It is the proud boast of the Crematory that they can reduce you to 11 pounds.

#### WHERE DOES THE REST OF YOU GO?

How are you going to get yourself at Judgment Day? This is a serious question that needs serious consideration. Is the chance worth taking?

Do you suppose that the **HENRY ROOP** would not have established a Crematory if there were anything to it?

"That argument ought to have convinced a graven image," insisted Buckingham wearily, "but you all saw how futile it was. Business at the crematory is keeping up, and the worst of it is that people who ought to be most grateful to Roop are praising the Hibben joint as a credit to municipal development."

The advertising writer, in sore distress, disappeared the same afternoon and for two days Miss Bernice Andrews prepared the copy. When the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke located Buckingham at an outlying hotel and snatched him as a brand from the burning, force had to be used to prevent him severing every artery in his system with the neck of a wine bottle.

"It's no use," he pleaded, "I don't care to live in the face of such ingratitude as this measley town has shown. Let me die! Let me offer myself up as a sacrifice!"

Being vigorous for his age, the reverend wrestled with him mightily until he was landed on the floor. Then the reverend sat on his ankles, and exhorted, expostulated and expounded until Buckingham agreed to surrender his right of suicide and go home. Half way there he suddenly stopped and

to let me set fire to Hibben's crematory."

When the preacher gave his consent Buckingham sobbed for joy.

"I don't deserve such sympathy," he protested. "Noble old friend! Beautiful old derelict! What can I do to show my appreciation? If you say the word, I'll lay down my life for you right here on these cold and bitter stones."

#### XIV

For two days thereafter Buckingham's copy was worse than ever. The spring crop of pneumonia jobs showed a balance in favor of the crematory. The Rev. Mr. Hardwicke tried to explain this loss on the ground that pneumonia collected heavier tolls from hard drinkers than any other class, and drunkards, he thought, were mostly irreligious unfortunates who had a natural bent toward cremation, like all atheists.

"I would like to believe as you do," interposed Bernice, "but we all know that the crematory has hurt us ever so badly. We need more than arguments. I am only a woman, but it seems to me that we might ask the Ice Trust to make



a common cause with us. The casket company really can't do much. But the Ice Trust has great influence with the banks and it also comes into contact with the people. If all the ice men were to tell their customers how very bad cremation is they might help create a feeling in our favor."

"It's not much, but at any rate it's something," said Henry Roop. "I think that he can also get the cemeteries to make up a purse for bigger advertising space. Keep Buckingham straight until I can see my people."

It was hard sledding to get any money out of the owners of burial grounds, but the Ice Trust management went to the proposition swiftly and with the training of men who would spend great sums of money to crush opposition. District superintendents were called in to be given a course of instruction in the school of salesmanship. The district superintendents in turn assembled their wagon men, solicitors and collectors, and after describing the advantages of ice over heat in the premises, directed that written reports be made at the close of the day's business showing just how many persons had been seen. These slips were sent to headquarters and analyzed, the unconvinced citizens being turned over to a force of more skilled debaters for final treatment.

"Now in this we see an example of scientific management," gleefully declaimed Henry Roop when business began to pick up. "It is an argument in favor of centralization. It shows how big interests can aid each other and become of inestimable benefit to a community. Hibben is helpless."

"I do not seek to appear in a capacious mood," interjected the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke, "but my young friend should not attach too much importance to the machine-like system of a soulless corporation. I have no desire to place myself in a position which would seem to smack of envy, but I know it would leave a sweeter impression among his associates who have labored without ceasing were my young friend to gen-

erously award some credit where it is deserved. It grieves me, Henry, to watch this lessening of broad brotherhood and to detect an increasing of corporation tendencies. It is a dangerous sign, my beloved friend, and I warn you against the approach of the day when Henry Roop will cease to be animated by love and will look upon his high profession from a selfish and mercenary standpoint. I warn you against the time when you will convert this truly humanizing force of assistants into slaves of a money-making master."

"Gee whiz, reverend, you're becoming a socialist! Now don't go worrying about my change of heart. It's all right; only I can't help seeing the value of good business methods. What would have become of us without the help of the Ice Trust? I've got Hibben and the crematory on the run, and while all of you aided to bring this about, the biggest part of the trick was turned by a wicked corporation."

Hibben was running without doubt. Every week that passed with decreasing patronage for the crematory accelerated his speed. Within a month he was sliding. He couldn't stop himself. But he was stopped, and he was stopped by another great influence in the business world.

In looking over his trade chart for a particular district in the city the general manager of the Coal Trust noticed a line representing new business rise steadily until it reached peak, and then slowly descend. His chart of revenue brought out the fact that this line represented high-grade coal. His files told him the trade was that of the crematory. He got in touch with Hibben and politely made inquiry as to whether any defect existed in the coal; if so, it would be corrected. Hibben said that the calories were right up to the mark, that the ash percentage was low, and that, on the whole, few clients had the slightest reason to find fault. Moreover, he, Hibben, would like to use a carload a day if business warranted it. But it didn't. Instead of increasing, business had slumped most scandalously. Could



Mr. Hibben ascribe any cause to his unfortunate state of affairs? Decidedly Mr. Hibben could. To the best of his knowledge and belief and from credible sources he was certain that the Ice Trust had put the Indian Sign on him. The General Manager of the Coal Trust thanked the head of the crematory, with a promise to look into conditions and correct the gross injustice.

In a brief season the drivers of coal carts had committed to memory a pretty little argument which was delivered while the householder was signing a receipt for the load, and which had to do with the salutary benefits to be derived from cremation. Each of the coal heavers was instructed to distribute pamphlets written in an entertaining style extolling the manifold merits of incineration.

Sunday articles with half-page illustrations stirred the latent fires of enthusiasm and additional publicity came with each heating up of either the Cinderella or Ashtabula retorts. Buckingham insisted to his newspaper friends that it was a scurvy way to treat such a profitable advertiser as Henry Roop to give the crematory so much free reading matter, but he was told that for the present public interest demanded news treatment.

The Ice Trust called in its law department and these trained minds threw a doubt of the legality of cremation. In an interview the chief counsel held:

"While the courts have never been called upon to pass judgment upon the issue, I am clear in my own mind that the practise is against the policy of the State and is decidedly antagonistic to public safety. A person dies. An unsuspecting member of the medical fraternity signs a certificate ascribing the cause as diabetes. The corpse is cremated. Then a suspicion of poison is aroused. At the outset the investigation is balked. Justice is defeated and society suffers. Our legislatures have passed laws regulating embalming fluids to the end that crime shall not be made easy, but what steps have been taken to safeguard us against cremation?"

The chief counsel was reading the interview with himself, nodding in judicial approval, when Buckingham rudely poked his head in at the open doorway and shouted: "You've queered the whole game for us. Advance orders are already entered on the crematory books and all the druggists are laying in stocks of rat poison."

In desperation Roop appealed to the Board of Health, armed with a petition signed by persons residing in the territory contiguous to the crematory, who alleged that sulphur fumes and carbon dust from the chimneys ruined an incredible number of lace curtains. A stockholder in a cemetery company asked that a "whereas" be incorporated showing that vaporized alcohol from many subjects corroded the tin roofs, but his suggestion was thrown out as smacking of gall and bias. A spy in the health department tipped off the head of the Coal Trust and before an injunction could be issued the superintendent of the crematory installed a device which collected the sulphur and other gases. In busy seasons the crematory was illuminated by its own by-products.

"Which is carrying out the efficiency fad to an immoral degree," protestingly declared the representative of the Acme Casket Company.

Henry Roop got a breathing spell when it was whispered by the employees of the Ice Trust that a story was in circulation about some unfortunate who fell into a trance and was turned over to Hibben for further action. The ice men would not vouch for the facts, but when this party kicked up a fuss, he said, they let him out of the retort. At that, his whiskers and hair were a total loss and he was considerably blistered.

Hibben had no trouble in disproving the false accusation. All that was required was to exhibit one of his embalming syringes and explain how he invariably used a gallon of solution in his first treatment. Everybody agreed with Hibben that when he got through with a case there was no possible ground for objection to cremation. In



order to get full advantage from the vindication Hibben went down into his pocket and paid for a reading notice which demonstrated that while there was always some doubt existing about burial, there could not be any under disposal by heat and this should be a comfort to every truly considerate relative. The general manager of the Coal Trust emphasized the victory by calling upon the general superintendent of the Ice Trust to preach a little lesson in professional courtesy.

Most creditable was the steady ascent of the sales line on the Coal Trust chart. That is, for a few months. Then it wavered and slowly drew back without any apparent reason. Miss Bernice Andrews, watching the books for Henry Roop, detected a better tone in that institution. She made some inquiries and found that the novelty was wearing off the crematory.

"I do believe that it was only a passing fancy," she rapturously exclaimed. "There is something so formal and cold about cremation that people do not like it. You see, the relatives want enough time to bear their grief, and they can't get it in a boiler-room."

Roop presented this theory to the board of directors of the Ice Trust, who gave him a vote of confidence with power to draw on the corporation for more funds in case of necessity. The general superintendent of the combine, feeling in a cheery mood, visited the general manager of the Coal Trust, but found an unforgiving spirit. The directors of the Coal Trust only that day had pointed out a slump of eleven per cent under the month's business for the year preceding and attributed the falling off to bad management. There had been a strong intimation of too much time wasted in fighting Hibben's battles.

"And that's all the credit I get for trying to extend business," complained the coal manager. Which, being information of great value, the Ice Trust plenipotentiary communicated it to his Board. Things drifted along serenely. Then, one day—

"I've got a new thought here for a

single column advertisement," exuberantly announced Buckingham to Bernice and Roop, as he produced a proof slip from his overcoat pocket. "Listen while I read it." And he read this:

## The Ideal Funeral

SEE WHAT YOU  
CAN DO WITH **\$79**

First of all you can get the services of the most skilled embalmers in the west. Then you can have your pick of 60 coffins from the simplest, neatest and most sedate to the most pretentious that can be built. The exact duplicate of

### *King Edward's Casket Is Here*

This is truly a wonderful art object; lined with the most expensive satin, trimmed in harmony and hand-polished like a piano.

### *You Also Get a Beautiful Hearse*

Likewise five perfect carriages, heated. And for the asking, you can be buried from Henry Roop's Cozy Mortuary Chapel.

### *We Even Supply the Clergyman*

The telephone rang while Buckingham was reading and his employer answered the call. As the advertising man finished he looked up and saw the head of the institution drop the telephone receiver in the private office. The next instant Henry Roop leaped over a chair and seized Buckingham and Miss Andrews by their shoulders, rapturously screaming:

"The Ice Trust has absorbed the Coal Trust, and the crematory's got to close the works!"

XV

There were sixteen hired pall-bearers in the Henry Roop organization. These, in addition to six embalmers, one press agent, one private chaplain, one funeral chapel with cathedral glass windows, and two lady embalmers. For Miss Bernice Andrews now had an assistant.



Truly, with an average of eleven functions daily, ample reward came to the daring exponent of the popular-priced funeral. His whole time was devoted to supervision. A \$3,800 touring car carried him from one point of activity to another. His trained eye caught any small defects and a few words in an undertone corrected them. On many of these trips Bernice was his companion. There had grown upon him a feeling of confidence in her good sense and sound judgment.

In a measure, she supplanted Buckingham, the press agent, and the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke, comforter extraordinary. No resentment manifested itself on the part of the clergyman, but Buckingham was cast in a different mold. He objected to petticoat interference with his advertising copy and told his troubles to the hired pall-bearers. They sympathized with him. This was only natural. Hired pall-bearers are by training deeply sympathetic. Also they are a morbidly envious lot, much given to protests against ostentatious funerals. Hired pall-bearers to a unit believe in the good old rural custom of spending money on the invited guests rather than upon the departed. They agree that no funeral can be called complete without a fine large dinner. In many parts of the United States a man's popularity is still best determined by the number of persons who sit down to dinner on the day he is buried. Nothing pleases the sorrowing widow more than to call in half dozen women folks to help serve the meal. Hired pall-bearers weep bitterly as they discuss the decadence of this homelike practise.

Buckingham used to discuss these and other things with the sixteen. He demonstrated that the whole success of Henry Roop was due to his skill as a writer of advertisements, and to valuable advice given in the early stages of the venture.

"And how am I repaid?" he queried. "Are my talents recognized? Has Henry Roop signed my name to a single advertisement? No! On the contrary, I am treated with contempt. My finest

literary gems are criticized by a woman, a lady embalmer who doesn't know the difference between a past participle and pleuro-pneumonia. Are you men treated any better? No. Does Rawlings over there get anything extra for his marvelous ability to weep real tears? Does he?"

There were loud cries of "No" and Rawlings took occasion to remark that he could weep on a bitter cold day until icicles hung from his eyelashes, and Henry Roop would consider it in the day's work.

"Some day," predicted Buckingham, "we literary men will form an ad writers' union, and some day you men will band together to get your rights."

It was this suggestion, thrown out at random, that caused two of the bearers of burdens to consult with the president of the local Federation of Labor. and out of that consultation came the establishment of Pall-Bearers Union No. 1. Every one of the sixteen in Henry Roop's organization, and practically all of the minions of the rival undertakers, became affiliated. Buckingham wrote the constitution and by-laws, fixed up a scale of wages and designed the union emblem, a stately individual, left arm bent and holding a silk hat gracefully across the abdomen.

With these formalities out of the way, Pall-Bearers Union No. 1 went into action. An executive committee waited upon all of the funeral directors, explained the objects of the organization, and submitted the wage scale and working conditions. Journeymen pall-bearers were to receive \$4 a day of eight hours. Apprentices were entitled to \$5 a week the first year, \$7 the second year and \$10 the third year, it being properly reasoned that no person could equip himself in the manifold and highly technical duties of a professional pall-bearer in less than three years' time. It was also stipulated that honorary pall-bearers should not be permitted to handle a casket. While the other conditions were equally severe, the employing undertakers came into camp one by one. Henry Roop refused to submit.



"I am fighting the battles of the people," he told Bernice. "Not a dollar of tribute shall be extorted from suffering mankind if I can prevent it. It is an easy matter for the high-price morticians to add this extra expense to already scandalously high bills, but I am committed to a certain figure. I will fight."

He did. Despite the protests of the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke, he served notice on the executive committee that every union pall-bearer was dismissed. An untrained force was gathered together. Some unpleasant mistakes were made, but after a few days the new men became fairly efficient. What was most annoying was the open sympathy of Buckingham for the strikers. At first he derided the blundering scabs, but as the force improved, he grew bitter toward his employer. He resigned, constituting himself into a volunteer grievance committee to devote the rest of his life to the cause of the down-trodden pall-bearers. He appeared at labor meetings and delivered impassioned addresses against the inhumanity of Roop. He warned the long-suffering son of toil against being buried by non-union pall-bearers. His most telling argument was: "And so, my brothers, after living a life of loyalty to the sublime principles of common brotherhood and common effort, after working side by side with union men, after wearing union clothing, eating union food and drinking union beer, will you at the moment when your eyes are closing forget those noble sentiments and for the sake of a few dollars allow the polluted hand of unfair labor to touch your hallowed and sacred form?" That always fetched them.

Buckingham had considerable influence with the Cab Drivers Union. This body voted a sympathetic strike. It was a powerful blow to Henry Roop, who was forced to hire cabs from second-rate livery stables. The stylish effect peculiar to his funerals disappeared. Another stroke of diplomacy was manifest when the Affiliated Grave Diggers refused to excavate for any of

the Roop funerals and the cemetery companies warned him that peace had to be made.

"I am afraid that the next move will be the declaring of a boycott against all the cemeteries handling my subjects," he told the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke. "This will alienate the real estate people."

The reverend gentleman begged Henry to drop the fight, but found him obdurate. Retiring in sorrow he hunted up Bernice.

"I greatly fear," he said, "that my young friend will come to ruin unless he manifests a more forgiving spirit. At such a time, a little of the milk of human kindness is needed. Can you not influence him, Miss Bernice? Think how prosperous we all were. Never in my life have I enjoyed such success. Now, all is in danger of utter destruction. I entreat you to use persuasion. End this unrighteous and wicked strife."

She found Henry sitting in the soft glow which flooded through the tinted glass of the chapel window. As he rose from a heavy leather chair, she took his hand and pressed him back.

"You have made a losing fight—you cannot win," she began. "All your success depends upon the common people, the people who work. Can't you see that they are against you and intend to destroy you? Perhaps they are wrong. I do not know and they do not know. But they have been led to believe that they are right, and they are stronger than you. Quit this hopeless struggle. Give those union men what they want—give them *more* than they want. Only stop. If you could understand how much I want to see you successful; how much this fight is hurting me—"

Bernice faltered and Henry Roop's arms closed around her slight, shaking form. At that moment the affection which each had sought to conceal for many months broke and they loved. He held her tightly until the short, nervous sobs ended. He kissed away the tears on the long brown lashes.



"What do you want me to do, my little woman; how can I quit the fight?"

"Just stop fighting, that is all to be done. Wait, I have it. Let Mr. Buckingham prepare a fine advertisement, telling how in a grand, broad spirit you will submit the whole question to the public. Arbitrate. The men will win, perhaps, but your self-respect will not be destroyed. Indeed, perhaps your standing may be increased."

"Your plan is excellent, my darling, but Buckingham shall never write another piece of copy for me. He is the treacherous scoundrel who brought on the whole trouble. I'm through with him."

"Forgive even him, my own."

"No, Bernice, do not ask me. Not another advertisement will he write for me."

Long into the evening Henry Roop labored over the peace message. He had read Buckingham's copy so long that he imagined the preparation of an advertisement was a simple thing. But with the pencil in his own hand it was far different. Exhausted and somewhat disappointed with the result, he finally called a messenger and sent the copy to the morning newspaper offices. There was a loud yell in the strike headquarters when the first eyes fell on Henry Roop's offer:

The strikers understood that this meant surrender. They agreed quickly to accept the proposition, and when the sixteen marched back to their old jobs, all animosity was forgotten. In the public mind the whole thing was simply another proof of the noble spirit of liberality which had ever dominated their champion. It was even said that at least four persons who had refrained from leaving this sphere pending the dispute promptly breathed their last to show their gratification.

The Mayor, representing the great third party to the issue; the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke, on behalf of Henry Roop, and the president of the local labor federation met as a board of arbitration. Due mostly to the skill of the clergyman, it was agreed that because of the large number of men employed by Henry Roop, the scale of wages to journeymen pall-bearers in his shop should be \$3.75 a day.

## XVI

Buckingham had dropped out of sight on the day the advertisement appeared. There were vague rumors of his having appeared at the rooms of the union and having been thrown out for delivering a speech directed against yellow dogs, white rabbits, spineless lizards and other biological specimens.

In his new happiness with Bernice

## Let the People Decide

With charity for all and malice toward none Henry Roop stands ready to arbitrate all points at issue between himself and

### Pall-Bearers Union No. 1

Henry Roop submits this offer without reserve.

He recognizes the grand principle of common endeavor but he also recognizes the rights of the whole people.

He will accept any decision which may be reached by a board of arbitration. To show his good faith he will reinstate the striking hired pall-bearers in a body.



his former employer forgot him. It was arranged that the wedding should take place the day following the award of the arbitrators, that the Rev. Mr. Hardwicke was to officiate, that the Acme casket collector was to be best man, and that the scene must be the private chapel.

"This is fitting," said the young undertaker, "because it was there that love came to us."

The soft notes of the Recessional had barely died away and the two were standing in the doorway receiving congratulations, while the touring car waited to carry them off on the honeymoon. The ring of friends separated and there bent forward a haggard man whose eyes glistened with an unnatural light. It was Buckingham.

"I'm a cur, I know," he began, "and I can't expect any pity from you. But you must let me say that you both deserve all the happiness there is in this world. I wish it to you from the bottom of my heart. In this, your hour of joy, Henry, let me ask you to read a piece of copy. It is my masterpiece. Read it, man, read it! Last night I slept in a graveyard, and among the mounds inspiration came to me. Here is the result, read it."

Roop took the manuscript. The title attracted him and he perused:

#### HOW IT FEELS TO BE BURIED BY HENRY ROOP

It was a hard liver that killed me, and while I have no desire to affect any pride, the medical man who banded the article on the floor declared that it was one of the loveliest examples of solidity he had ever met up with. He took it home. I felt lonesome for a spell, yet I was repaid in the thought of adding to the doctor's happiness.

My relatives caused greater distress by their lack of sympathy. At least I so considered it, although everything most generally works out for the best and the best is what we all want. The liver was hardly out of my system, when the family called around to hold a post-mortem on my character. There was a cheering unanimity, all holding that I had treated my people shabbily by dying poor. As to what should be done with me there was a slight difference of opinion. My great aunt, who was

full of family pride, resignedly sighed: "I suppose we will have to give him a respectable funeral; that's always the way with some folks—never do a thing for you and want you to do everything for them. A shame, I call it."

They were a selfish and trifling lot. They'd go along figuring out how much a decent funeral would cost, and then some person would say something mean about me. It got to be aggravating. They fell into a squabble about the undertaker. Either the list price of a particular funeral man was too high or he had a cast in the eye, or his coaches weren't heated in winter. By and by they all grew tired and when the suggestion was made that those assembled put down opposite their names the amount of money they were willing to spend on me action was had. The collection amounted to \$68.

"It is obvious that we shall be compelled to cast another ballot," announced my first cousin, who was considerable of a parliamentarian, being a ward leader in his party. Right there is where they got under my skin, because it was proposed to levy an assessment until the amount should aggregate \$79 and Henry Roop should do the rest.

"It has been regularly moved and seconded," announced my political kinsman, "that the sum of seventy-nine dollars be appropriated for contingent expenses. All those in favor will say 'aye.' The motion is carried, and we now stand adjourned."

That's what I call jamming through vicious legislation. It made me sore all over. I pictured myself being men-handled by a blacksmith, and the more I reflected, the hotter I got. Still I was out of the jurisdiction of my relatives and that was some satisfaction. So I grew calm. But I held a grudge against Henry Roop, and right here I want to confess that it was not justified by subsequent proceedings.

For, never in my experience have I seen such a workmanlike embalmer. He was a true artist, filled with a love for his occupation, considerate to a degree, and with a painstaking desire for detail. He showed the skill of a chemist in preparing his fluids, and when at last he stood a little way off and inspected me with professional satisfaction, my heart went out to him. It was one of the truly delightful events of my life. I even forgave my cousin, the ward leader.

My funeral was a most happy occasion; not even the most fastidious being able to pick a flaw in the organization of Henry Roop. Several of the contributing mourners were astonished at the wonderful value they had received for their money, and sent testimonials to the founder of the moderate-priced funeral, which was no more than he deserved.



With a feeling of contentment and at peace with everybody and everything. I went to my reward. Perhaps I was over-exuberant; it may be that anticipation was pitched too high, but the fact remains that I had not reached my destination five minutes when I felt that something was wrong. It undoubtedly had been a busy day and the working force was perhaps overheated and irritable. I made the proper allowance for being overlooked at the moment, but after waiting twenty minutes and observing that recent arrivals were shoved in the line ahead of me, I ventured to speak to one of the ushers, a red-faced individual, supercilious and to a degree proud of his manicured hoofs. He replied coldly:

"Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil."

"But I did not come on a horse," I replied, "and certainly I have every reason to complain of discrimination. Why, may I inquire, are latecomers assigned to their retorts, while I, figuratively speaking, am left out in the cold?"

"Simply because you are cheap stock. If you imagine for a second that we have any equality down here, forget it. And don't go around putting on any airs; we won't stand for it. Get back in line and wait until we reach you. If our way of running things doesn't suit, why, go some place else."

Half a dozen minor devils—they were messengers—laughed fiendishly as, humiliated, I went to my place. You see it was apparent that I was in bad and would be subjected to many unpleasant things during my sojourn. For two solid hours I waited until all patience was exhausted.

"I simply won't put up with this sort of treatment," I declared to myself, and breaking through the line of ushers, I stalked straight to headquarters. The Old Man, as the underlings called him, was sorting over an asbestos card index file, but the commotion of the guards trying to head me off attracted his attention.

"What's this infernal fuss about?" he shouted. "What do you want up here?"

I explained tersely, told him that it was bad enough to associate with some of his guests, but that I didn't intend to stand for raw favoritism on the part of the hired hands. For a few seconds the Old Man gazed down wonderingly. I felt shriveled. He spoke:

"Well your gall beats all hades! So my system of preferential treatment meets with your profound disapproval? No doubt you know more about running this place than I do, and with my ages of experience at the job. Perchance I should have had an escort meet you. Mebbe a brass band would have delighted your soul. Do you know that you came in a \$79 outfit. Do you realize that?

A \$79 stiff criticizing hell! Now go, and if I ever hear of you making any more kicks, this institution will be too hot to hold you."

I didn't care so much what he said to me, but when he abused Henry Roop's funeral, it aroused my fighting spirit.

"My outfit cheap?" I shrieked. "Why, it's a glittering pageant compared with some of the equipment that comes to this joint. You may know a whole lot about calories, but you are an ignoramus when it comes to sizing up caskets. Come back and I'll show you what Henry Roop gives for \$79."

For a moment he hesitated. Then his better nature came out.

"One is never too old to learn," he responded, and arm in arm, we walked down the line.

He was a better judge than I thought. He inspected every article carefully. His interest was genuine. His surprise was not feigned when I told him that the handles were of real silver.

"And was this thrown in?" he asked as he patted a slumber robe.

I nodded.

"It is magnificent, truly regal," he replied beamingly. "I would not have believed it possible. And only \$79 for such a delightful send-off, including four coaches! How the world is advancing; what a feeling of brotherhood and common sympathy! I must make amends. Come right with me and I will fix you up at once. It pains me to realize how you have been ill-treated. Why, we didn't even show you the courtesy worthy of a dock wallop."

"Here, you," calling to the red-faced devil, "heat up Suite No. 634789A, and use electricity, plenty of it. If this gentleman wants anything, let him have it." Turning to me, he added: "I can recommend our sulphur baths." He left with a winning smile.

I really couldn't help it, but as that devil with pink hoof nails caught up his tail and courtesied servilely, I simply commented in a casual manner:

"The next time one of Henry Roop's outfits comes along you'll know how to welcome it."

The people's friend returned the document to Buckingham.

"What do you think of it?" inquired the press agent expectantly.

"You get your old job back. It'll kill 'em."

The charming young lady embalmer ran her hand through the arm of her husband, and the pair stepped into the touring car.



# "THAT MAN'S PERSONALITY"

By Marion McCrea

LOOKING in the glass, doing my hair, that man's personality suddenly touched me. . . . I have a Fancy. Personality is felt only when the body of some person is gone . . . speech, face, action . . . it is then this personality comes and makes itself apparent. It is like a Spirit of the dead; in fact, it is Spirit . . . and if it does not come, then the far-away body has not personality. That is my fantastic fancy . . . for instance—my lover goes; to my surprise I do not long for him, I do not want him; I lose him, he dies to me . . . he had not that Spirit. Then a stranger . . . I see him once, or I speak to him . . . twice perhaps. He leaves . . . a month, a year, later; here he is on my mind, in my thought an entire day. There is personality for you!

So I have been thinking of that man . . . doing my hair, dressing, reading, and now I am going to end thinking of him by writing . . . otherwise he and thoughts of him will float, like feathers, on the screen of my mind all the rest of the day.

\* \* \* \*

Singular that he is the only one of all those people who has come to me as a personality since I left that town. . . . Some of them even interested me . . . but here *he* is, apparently born from white forgetfulness, or from empty spaces—here he is, with his quick impatience, youthful eyes, his gray-touched hair, and a certain repressed

fervor. Repressed! There is the word. . . . Oh, that wife! . . . She had a scientific soul, reduced emotions to economics . . . and these she pigeon-holed; she had the college woman's mind, neatly intelligent. . . . In a word she was well educated . . . now you know!

What spark in her had caught the thousand in that wonderful soul of his? . . . And she was training his table manners. Incongruous and yet curiously congruous, if opposite elements attract, if the unfitted mate.

Once he said: "Oh, I don't know, I like these trees, these parts. . . . I've always lived here, they are home. I am a domestic sort."

And don't you know it was just the savage in him? It is you civilized ones who cannot feel home, who wander from flat to house, from house to various "resorts." . . . The savage loved his cave. . . .

With his children, two conventional governess-ridden children, that man was the primitive . . . he was glorious with that alert and embracing look at their sedate antics. . . . Oh, pathetic! Only half aware of being tamed . . . yet, I fancy, an occasional, a futile, flashing fight for a losing liberty.

They called him uncouth, brusque. . . . What is that woman going to do with him? . . . I never knew him to do a remarkable thing, say one . . . but how his Spirit, his Personality, hovers!



MAN weeps to think that he will die so soon. Woman, that she was born so long ago.



# SILVER-SPOON CHARLIE

By Daniel Carson Goodman

SO Charlie met a woman.

She was a blonde person, a tall, beautiful girl, though a little too stout, whose ignorance kept her from being a bore to many intelligent men. She was the daughter of a trader in wheat. Her father was a friend of Charlie's father, and when Charlie met her she told him that she'd heard what a wonderful man he was.

Charlie liked her right away.

From the very first Lilly always talked of *him*. Perhaps this sense of self-obliteration was her greatest shrewdness, a perspicacity that unfolded the wings of Charlie. Anyway, he was proud of her when he walked her through the Pompeian room of the Annex, or when the colored man at the door took them out to their waiting car and said: "Good night, Mr. La Rue."

The bartender of the *café dansant* in the building bequeathed Charlie La Rue by his father, called Charlie "a regular feller."

Charlie would slip through the side door and say to the bartenders: "Hullo, Will! Good evening, Jack! How's the babies?" or to the regulars who hung around the cigar stand, because the Hawthorne track was closed (five years before), "Gentlemen, have something!" And they would step up to the polished mahogany parapet of drink, shimmering bright under the artificial light of the place, and whisper, so that Charlie might hear: "A fine fellow; just like his old man."

They had garnered the key to Charlie La Rue's personality.

He wanted to be just like his "old man." He wanted to be cold, austere,

sphinx-like, as his father had been. And he succeeded in every particular but one. The "old man" had a keen intuitive intelligence, a power of discriminating between men. Charlie, lacking in this particular endowment, found it best suited his talents to discriminate not at all. So he treated everyone alike, coldly observing, non-receptive. It was his only safeguard. "Make them come to you," he would tell himself. "Keep them guessing." And since he had money to give for wages, this was the usual order.

Only once in a while would Charlie La Rue stop to think that silence to him was a benevolent keeper, most of the time believing that his friends conceived his austerity of manner simply as the outward excrescence of a successful man.

Charlie's father had started his working life as a wagon boy and ended it by owning the biggest granary along the Chicago River. After fighting his way through the *diverticula* of many successes, he died, and over a million came to the soft-skinned Charlie—the office building, the granary, the magical right to assume the garment of power left by years of striving and clever dealing. Yet Charlie winked easily at all this. Who was he to protest against fortune? The very first time he heard someone say, "Why, Charlie, you know—just now—why, you talked the way the old man used to talk," Charlie scuttled the ship of his nature, let leak out all the tenderness and youthful sympathies of his being, squared his jaw, assumed a certain precise vacuity of manner—in short, became like the old man.



Success seemed to him to be just so easily induced.

About this time he explained to his stenographer: "The world works two ways, Harry. There ain't nothin' else to it. It's like this: Either you get the best of somebody, or somebody gets the best of you. And take my word for it, Harry, no one will ever make a fool of me."

The value of him in his inner consciousness builded in many ways. One day he heard a capper for one of the auctioneers along Clark Street say, in speaking of him: "Why, Charlie La Rue—well, you got to hand it to the boss." The elevator boys began treating him smilingly, with "Good evening, Boss; good morning, Boss." The telephone girl, to whom he was always "Charlie," when his father lived, now smiled enigmatically, sweetly, and said, "Yes, sir." How he loved it! Even though his face was like a graven image. Out of all the flattering verbiage they mouthed, this "boss" was the magic word, the sesame that further inhibited his self-consciousness, reverberated to him the intelligence that at thirty he was a great man.

When word came to him of some discussion where it had been said that his face was like a mask, that he could not be read, he was pleased immeasurably. Perhaps it was best that he did not hear their discussions about his weakness, their understanding that his only asset created individually was the desire to be flattered.

And then, Lilly. When he took her along with him to a business dinner, every drummer in the place envied him.

So he married her. She was an acquisition he needed, and he acquired her, quite in the manner he acquired some furniture covered with magenta tapestry, a Tanagra figure, two expensively imitated Corots, and the dining-room set that cost forty-six hundred dollars in "cold cash," as Charlie said when he made out the check.

It was indeed a rare home that he fitted up on the North Side for Lilly. She had big knuckles that kept her

from spelling correctly when she accepted invitations, and her servants talked a good deal of her ability to spend long hours in front of the mirror. But when Charlie came home in the evening she petted and fed him well, and he became anesthetized and undiscerning. He would settle himself in his chair, survey what he owned about him, and say to Lilly: "Well, Lil, we ought to be pretty happy, oughtn't we?"

About this time Charlie discovered that the small bust of Napoleon decorating his writing-table was no longer stimulating him. He discarded it and in its place maintained a few verses culled from Milton's "Paradise Lost":

High on the throne of royal state, which  
far  
Outshone the wealth of Omus and of  
Ind,  
Or when the gorgeous East with richest  
hand  
Showers on the King's barbaric pearl  
and gold,  
Satan exalted sat.

He did not understand much of it, except the last line. But that last line, a motto that signified to him power of the merciless caliber, came to be his unconscionable guerdon of life. Every morning he would walk over to the heroic verse, gaze at it, grin, and then walk away, his face sheathed with a contemplative smile of satisfaction.

And so, all in all, up to this time of his life, Charlie La Rue felt himself a success. He made a lot of money, budding sprouts from seeds well planted—he had authority, a wife and a home, and much applause from those around him. It was a good deal for a boy who had negotiated his advent into the world of business at the embryonic age of fourteen. Many of his friends had already entered upon failures. It pleased him to see how well *he* had succeeded. What most pleased him was the realization that now he had apparently overcome the tendency to soft thinking and a desire for sentimental



values, that in his youth had so often given him a harrowing time.

Then a lot of satisfaction came to him, those first few years, from Lilly. Many times, when in a meditative mood, he would examine her parading qualities, and never once did she fail to come up to his demanded standard of womanhood. With a cigar in the corner of his mouth it was a real pleasure to get into the limousine with her and drive off to the Blackstone or the Annex, where, with his face imperiously demanding service, he could walk in front of the waiting menials.

"You see, Lilly," he would say, "you see how they know me. That's what money does. They know who I am."

Lilly would glance at him admiringly.

"Yes," he would go on, "you've got to make them come to you. You've got to be mean. You've got to let them know who's boss. Either you get the best of somebody, or somebody gets the best of you, Lil. And no one ever makes a fool of me."

Lilly liked this kind of life, too. She would nudge him and say: "Charlie, sa-ay, you show them up, don't you?" She never said "we."

And Charlie would answer: "Yes, so we do, Kid."

He called her kid a good deal, because one day, when he first titled her in this manner, she winced, and he had to "break her in." He even hated to do this, feeling an awkward guilt within him when he realized that he was being clever in his domestic life. He had to keep his power over her, though formerly it had seemed to him that, at least in his private life, he would let run free the softness of his nature. But now he delighted in his hypocritical sternness and the veiling of this strain in his make-up.

Once in a while Lilly would object, grunting out from the smile careening off great layers of doubling chin, "Aw, Charlie—I wish you'd quit your kidding me."

But she really did not mind. And

being of a heavy, affectionate nature, she always gave way to him.

So they got along well together. She loved to get on his lap and kiss him and pet him, and whisper in his ear how wonderful he was, how proud she was of her man. Always she was anxious to be of use to him. She wanted to put just a little more powder on his face as he finished shaving; she wanted to put in his collar buttons and his studs, to help him with his shoe laces, to change for him his suspenders.

She had the desire ever to be his servitor, even though her capacity for this rôle was as flaccid as a flattened muscle.

Charlie easily and fairly unconsciously tolerated this routine for five years. His desire for something else, some new field to till, something to put more of an edge on his ambition, became so inextricably mingled with his desire for a machine that perpetually flattered him that for five years was kept off a personal self-accounting.

Until one day, when there came into his office a new stenographer, a chlorotic person of twenty-eight, with hay-like hair and watery eyes, so unattractive physically that her time had been spent in an inadequate grasping of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche.

She came at a fateful time, too, for Charlie had begun to tire of his wife's pawing interests.

And that evening Charlie said to Lilly when she hung over the back of his chair: "Good Lord, Lil, leave me alone. Don't you suppose I ever get sick of you always whining around me? Let me help myself once in a while. I'm getting—dormant—contented, like an old man: here I am young yet. Let me do something myself."

The next day the new stenographer gave a repetition of what she had told him the day before: "You're wasting your time, Mr. La Rue. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. There are so many good things to have in the world. So many things that lift you above the commonplace, so many things that give one the right inspiration for



living. Oh. Mr. La Rue, it's a shame that a man of your intelligence has allowed all these things to slip by him."

He urged her to tell him more.

"Oh, it's that you're living in a futile way, Mr. La Rue. You're being engrossed in petty things, material things, the physical in life that is so easily used up and gives you no return whatever. You are too self-satisfied. You ought to read Pater. Maybe you'd learn that life isn't all flesh and money."

She went on for an hour, at the end of which Charlie La Rue, for the second time in two days, sat rigid and unhappy in his chair. As he listened to her it really seemed that unknowingly he had slipped into a period of buttery complaisance. He suddenly realized how much of his life he might have lost. He looked at her and drawled: "Sa-ay, Miss Gillette—sa-ay, I believe you're right. You've got me a-thinkin'."

On his way home that night he wondered why he had so easily let this woman humble him, though he consoled himself with the solace that the one who had told him all this was an unusual woman. She had not flattered him, but he apologized to himself for her by saying that her interest in him had made her tactless. At least he had steeped himself in a world of flesh and superficial value when his own great endowments, his high intellectual order, had been completely ignored.

It was this night that he said to Lilly: "Lilly, did you ever hear of Schopenhauer?"

Lilly put her arms around his neck and kissed him on his passionless lips. "What team does he play on, Charlie?" she asked.

Charlie gave her one shriveling glance and then went to another room. She ran after him, full of perplexity, and threw her arms about his shoulders. "Why, Charlie, what's happened?" she cried. "You've never acted this way with me. Oh, Charlie dear, tell me."

But her insistence was met only by grunts and a strange attitude of reflection.

"Just leave me alone, Lil," he

begged; "can't you see that's all I ask? Just leave me alone."

When he sat down before the fire, she dropped on the floor at his feet and put her arms around his knees. But he tore himself loose and went upstairs to his room.

And Lilly, bewildered and anxious, lay beside the chair and sobbed till day-break.

## II

For a period of four months Mabel Gillette, the stenographer, talked art and life to Charlie La Rue. Many times in the twilight of his office he listened to the woman, his fists clenched, a wild clamoring for more intelligent life pervading his being. Often he said to himself as she crooned out the restless words: "God, what a waste I've been!"

He grew fond of her; not the kind of fondness that bespeaks a caress or kiss, but a beatific fondness that humbled and humiliated him in the presence of this mentor of ambition.

It was not long before Mabel Gillette, so long encased in her husk of ugliness brought on by lack of attention and nurturing of a desire for affection, so long lain dormant, began to thrive. For the first time in her life a man was paying some attention to her. She became filled with a greater courage, a virility that had as much effect upon her mental state as it had upon her circulation. And now that she realized her only power had found a definite haven in Charlie La Rue, she launched out into her new rôle with youthful zeal. It may have been that the maternal side of the woman in her made her take this fierce proprietorship over him.

She gave him books to read. She talked to him and taught him the idealism contained in the lines. Her love for him impelled her, and she fought for any excuse to gain favor in his eyes, all the time valiantly sequestering her own ambition for love and affection. Of which Charlie La Rue was



not aware until he gave his wife fifty thousand dollars and an absolute divorce.

For a week after the settlement he indulged in a feverish period of contemplation and self-perusal. Continually he told himself that now he was free, and yet all the time Miss Gillette strangely scorched him like some white flame. Here was a woman who did not flatter him, but instead undertook the task of building up his real values. Seldom did the idea confront him that, after all, hers was the greatest flattery, since never before in his life had anyone ever speculated upon his *mental* proclivities.

He went about his task as one takes a dose of medicine. Miss Gillette was hardly pleasing to look at, indeed a sad comparison whenever he thought of Lilly. But life was a cold, needfully solid business, and he required a vehicle for his further explorations.

He took the decisive step not so long after his divorce was granted.

"Miss Gillette," he said one day, "I am going to marry you. I've thought and thought about it, and I am entering upon this serious step only after deep reflection. Yes, I want to marry you. You've given me new ambitions, new life."

He wanted to say much more, but Miss Gillette broke in upon his contemplated statements. She wilted like a delicate flower in a searing breeze. "Oh, Charlie," she said. "Charlie!"

She could say no more than that.

He did not kiss her. She was not another Lilly. Although she startled him quite a little when she frenziedly grabbed his arm and clung to him. Indeed, he did not understand exactly the pain of disappointment and wonderment that swept through his own body at the moment. On the instant Miss Gillette seemed to have changed—to have become a good deal like Lilly.

It was not six months later when Charlie confided to a friend: "Well, I guess I ain't fit for nuthin' but business. Women are all alike. They've got no minds."

### III

Charlie held out with his second wife for two years. She became the accepted dreg in his cup of discontent. If Lilly had pawed him and bored him with her benignant caresses, Mabel's queer manner of shrinking love for him, of meeting him with her ghastly smile of affectionate regard, of showing unmentionable inner pain at his least brow-shriving, pained him past enduring.

He came home seldom, and when he did it seemed as if the moments in her presence were some subtle instruments that pricked his senses. He purposely accentuated every detail of his business to inundate his sensibilities. He could hardly face her maudlin way of meeting some cruel word of his by saying, "Charlie, darling, you're so tired and nervous—"

After two years, Charlie actually realized that Mabel was only the reincarnated after-husk of Lilly. At times he tried to prognosticate his future, but Mabel's face, suffering with repression and samaritanic enduring, would outline itself in the deep shadows of the perspective, and he would then become reconciled and submissive.

Often the realization that the converging borders of the future held no lapses of escape haunted him until it seemed that her face was like some sharp projectile, a Damoclean instrument that penetrated his pleasures, that hung over him, symbolizing her quivering love in every pleasure cranny in which he sought a haven.

However Charlie held out against all this, his conscience soon pricked him with diminishing energy. He thought less of Mabel and that was some relief, even though a new force of misery harassed him. Lilly now began fading in on him again. New conceptions of her beauty, her thick angles, her wealth of hair, began pursuing him. This was quite certainly the case whenever Mabel put her arm around his neck. The bones of her arms cut into him—it was an uncomfortable feeling to endure—



and Lilly's arms had been so soft and round, really sufferable.

And now Charlie La Rue told his friends: "Yes, I gave up a beautiful wife for her. Why, she lost all her intelligence the minute I married her—wanted loving all the time."

That was panacea for Charlie's wounds.

Mabel complained very little about Charlie's treatment of her. It seemed, at least to Charlie, that she had conceived some future metamorphosis in her lover, and that with Spartan endurance she was only biding her time. It seemed this way to Charlie. He could not read in middle life as he had read in youth, and the book of human femininity which formerly he could project into his imagination with a blink of his eyes, now needed some assistance—like the mechanical devices of the book of a blind man.

He found himself apologizing a bit too much for his attitude toward Mabel. "Yes, she's odd," he said often. "I've got to humor her—gets terrible fits of depression—scares me sometimes—yet she is always smiling—a queer lot."

It bothered him that any sentimental pang should molest him. One day in a board meeting he saw her hanging from a rafter in the attic, with a rope around her neck. He rushed home. Mabel met him smiling, and when she threw her thin arms around him he wondered why he had been so alarmed.

But Charlie did very well with his business during this period of Mabel's rehabilitation of Lilly. His dreams, devoid of sentimental shackles, settled into well-outlined business channels. He met with singular success, at times really forgetting all about Mabel. He knew she was home, or at a matinee—but more probably at home. That was enough of her welfare to bother over.

Until one day, after dinner, when Mabel stopped him in the stucco drawing-room.

Hesitating, halting, as if she dare not transgress upon the borderland of his desires, she asked:

"Where—where are you going, Charlie?"

Charlie looked at her. "Where am I going? Why—out, Mabel—out."

His cigar was between his teeth again, when his attention was called back to Mabel. She was speaking. And her voice was delicate, wistful, yet strangely hollow and dry, as if the old inquisitive softness had been parched by some searing emotion.

"Charlie, tell me, are you thinking these days? Are you realizing me, as a wife and helper—as your companion along the pathway of life?"

Mabel was smiling, frantically, which bothered him. He became conscious of the pointed fingers in the fat of his wrist.

"Why—what do you mean, Mabel?" he asked.

"Oh," she said earnestly, "I've had lots of time to think, Charlie. I suppose most women do. Yesterday I was reading a passage from—from Victor Hugo. He said that our lives are only brief reprieves, and that the world soon forgets us. It made me think, Charlie—how little you—and me, realize it." She looked pleadingly at him. "I just want to help you, Charlie. That's all."

Charlie scrutinized her with the imperious manner he used in business. She was assailing his method of living.

"Sa-ay," he drawled, "I don't need any help. I guess I'm all right. I've done pretty well, except—in one particular."

But Mabel went on persistently, with a martyr-like expression about her mouth, and in her eyes. Her tones were queerly authoritative and caressing at once.

"Charlie, you've neglected yourself more than you know. Oh, I've got to tell you, Charlie." Her eyes filmed, but her face still smiled. "What is life anyway, Charlie? What's the use of all the exquisite passions given us, if we don't use them? Don't you see how necessary it is to keep paramount the truths of life, Charlie, all the ecstasies and sorrows? In your mad rush you're blunting day by day—oh, I can see it,



Charlie, it's tragic—you're just blunting your brilliant mental gifts. Oh," she whispered—she was close to him now, with her arm around his neck—"I'm worried about you. Won't you read Nietzsche with me, Charlie?"

For a moment Charlie suffered her embrace. Her lips were even close to his lips. Then he tore loose and stalked about the room, mentally inarticulate from the fervor of his emotions. When he saw that her words were affecting him, he excitedly grasped her arms.

"Look here," he said, "you needn't worry about me. What do you suppose has gone on in my mind—since you are talking about *mind*. Don't you suppose I've been thinking? Well, I have, and I'll tell *you* something. I've blundered. I've made a mistake. I'm a fool. What do I care about this 'ecstasy of life' business? I had somebody once that was good enough for me, but I didn't have enough sense to know it.

"Well, I've had enough of this high-brow intellectuality. I can make money without it. It's made for the leisure classes, and I—I'm a business man. We know that it's—extant—but we accept it as our amusement, diversion—like a show. But we don't let it get into our business. Understand?"

Charlie looked at her steadily, apparently astonished at his facility in wording the thought that never before had he been able to approach; like a cactus in the middle of his rosebed of pleasures, which he had never dared to touch with ungloved fingers.

He went on, slowly and confidently, fighting the more against her when he saw tears flow on to her cheek. The fact that she was affecting him was exasperating.

"No, Mabel, we haven't time for such things. We've got to stay closer to nature. You see what I mean? Lilly—my wife, formerly—understood me."

Mabel interrupted him. Her voice wilted under the weight of her words.

"Charlie! Charlie! You mean

you've made a mistake with me? You mean you don't love me, Charlie; that you haven't all the time!"

Then she turned from him, her hands holding her temples, and clutching at the air, as if she might draw out of the walls some understanding of her plea.

Charlie walked out into the hallway. "I guess I'll go now, Mabel," he said. "Maybe it's best we've had this understanding. Maybe"—he blew a perfect ring with the gray smoke of his cigar—"maybe we can cut out some of this high brow stuff. I'm pretty sick of it. You know we never talked about love, anyway. You think about it. This mental business is making you thin. You better try taking a couple of raw eggs and milk every once in a while. You need fattening, Mabel."

. . . Peace filled Charlie the whole evening. It was as if his grave of past enduring had been opened and out of it had winged their way all the harassing thoughts and dissatisfaction of the past months. Somehow he seemed free again. For once there was some sense in the management of his personal affairs.

Riding home from the club, there brooded in his being a greater content than he had known in years. He actually stole into the silent house like some guilty schoolboy, resolving to be sweeter to Mabel—since now she understood how far removed was sentiment from his life's undertakings. He could stay home more now. If unmolested, he could even afford an hour of hypocrisy. It would make the poor girl feel better.

Mabel lay on the floor by her bed. A terrible odor filled the room. Her thin face was pulled out of shape and smeared and bloated about the cheeks. Her lips were swollen wide apart. Her body was twisted and bent.

On the bed lay a bottle with a red label.

Charlie threw it out of the window.



# BEFORE THE SUN AROSE

By Helen Woljeska

IN Bohemia.

The sun is blazing from a hot, gleaming, cloudless sky.

The chaussée, poplar bordered, lies lifeless, glaring with white dust.

Dry, grassy ditches on either side.

And beyond—endless stretches of level land, planted with monotonous sugar beets. Here and there a wheat field, golden, flower dotted, breathing languidly in the scorching atmosphere. Far away in the distance sleepy villages of straw-covered houses, red church steeples—

Insects are humming their warm summer song. Birds chirp drowsily. Quiet, brooding, sunny, summer afternoon.

Suddenly the clatter of hoofs, the whirring of wheels, and in white clouds the dust of the chaussée is scattered.

An open carriage speeds up.

Small, fiery horses in red-tasselled harness, coachman and footman proudly perched on the high box, gay parasols shading the ladies on soft cushions. Closely behind the carriage follows a small bricka driven by a young boy, handsome, blond, clear-eyed. He drives with the pride of a duke and the zest of a gipsy. And his flexible red mouth smiles brightly as through the white clouds before him he discerns a small, nodding lace parasol, and under it a slender child face, ardent and happy.

They speed on.

Along the white chaussée, past endless fields, through humble villages, where dogs follow, barking hoarsely, until a well-aimed *coup de fouet* sends them home howling.

They speed on.

And the scenery changes. The sunny fields disappear. Shady trees are crowding close to the narrowing road, long-stemmed wild flowers nodding in the tall grass. And in the distance sparkles the river.

With a flourish the carriages pass between huge wooden gate posts and stop in a wide yard—the *Ferme de Spozy*.

From all sides people run up to help her ladyship and companions alight. There is much bowing low and kissing of hands—which is endured in gracious pride, even by the child. She looks like an indolent, fragile little queen receiving homage.

In a secluded spot, on wooded island, stand a rustic bench and table under tall, dark pines. Pan Urbanek, the farmer, has the whole company rowed over to that favorite nook, and refreshments served for them. Aromatic *mélange*, milkbread, butter on green leaves, honey like liquid gold, and luscious, large, shining Bohemian cherries, red and black.

The lad with the bright blue eyes and the child all in white sit beside each other. The picnic is very gay. The ladies drift deep into an animated conversation about the latest Viennese fashion—or novel—or scandal—

And the children slowly rise, and slowly walk away.

Into the odorous pine woods, aimlessly rambling, hand in hand, close to each other, wordless, vaguely troubled thrilled with the wild, sweet happiness of a desire—they cannot understand.

No later love is fraught with such mysterious bliss.



# THE MISTRESS

By Harry Kemp

JIM had lived with her for two years. Now he was to get married to another woman. And now at last she knew why he had for the last six months behaved so irritably toward her, why he had found fault with every trivial thing, why his visits to her had become ever more and more infrequent. It had all been an attempt to make a quarrel as reason for breaking with her.

What was the use of living? She couldn't go back to the Store. Before she had left there she told them that she was going away to get married—and how could she explain herself if she went back to work? And that was the only place at which she had ever worked, and she shrank from going about asking for a job as she had done so fruitlessly before she got that one. . . .

Since she had received his note, several days ago, she had written letter after letter to him, upbraiding, beseeching, threatening, cajoling, protesting that she couldn't live without him. To none of these did an answer come.

Several times she had started for his office, meaning to make a scene—on the basis of the persistent obsession that she might somehow thus win him back. . . .

Everything in the rooms where they had lived so happily together made her heart-sick. She wanted to get away from it all. There was the Swiss clock on the wall that he had given her during the first month they had lived together. It had pendant weights and a long pendulum which seemed to tick continually "GONE," "gone," "GONE," "gone" . . . She went over to it, and gave the pendulum a wrench which stopped it forever. . . .

There stood on the bureau in the bedroom a picture of him. She picked it up and carried it out to her writing-desk. She gazed on it intently, kissed it . . . and impulsively crumpled it up and flung it into the waste-basket, an act which she almost immediately repented.

He might at least come and see her once more before he left her for good! This was a cad's way of doing.

She waited there in her flat, lost in a chaos of emotions . . . she waited, in spite of her better judgment, hoping to hear his footsteps . . . perhaps he might not give her up, after all. . . .

She listened with every fiber of her body, counting the times the elevator buzzed up and down. She would deliberately deceive herself that an alien footstep was his, which was absurd—as she could distinguish the sound of his walk from that of a hundred others.

She wondered what the woman that he was going to marry was like. He would doubtless tell her all about his Past, and get forgiveness for it. In her heart of hearts his wife would be proud of his prowess. He must already have told her about the little blonde mistress of his, his last mistress—as one would talk of a pet animal or of something inanimate. She felt outraged at the idea. He had probably discussed with his new woman just what course he ought to pursue, before he had written the one letter in which he had promised to pay six months' rent in advance for her, and to send her a cheque for five thousand.

What did he think she was, anyhow?

She had given herself to him, in the first place, only because she was too



lonely to lose him—and she saw that that would be the only way to keep him. She had tried desperately enough, God knows, to hold him off at the proper distance and yet keep him as a friend.

At last he had made her entirely his, thus loosing on himself the usual but always unexpected phenomenon that goes with the clandestine relation. . . . For, with a passion and devotion that frightened him with its intensity, she had absorbed herself into his daily life, his interests, his inmost aspirations, his smallest physical comforts.

Had she held out against his importunities a little longer, been more femininely crafty, she might have made him so eager that he would have been brought to marry her, instead of this hussy's getting him . . . by giving herself to him so soon she had won only his passing affection, and, together with that, the inherent disrespect every conventional man has for any woman who plays beyond the accepted rules governing the relations between the sexes.

She had dimly foreseen this result all along, but, now that the end had come, she couldn't make herself realize it.

Tomorrow she would go and see him—quietly and with dignity—and things would probably turn out all right. She really had great influence over him; this was the reason for his not coming to tell her about his decision, instead of writing. . . . No, she couldn't summon up enough courage to go to his office—that staring stenographer, who had, on a previous occasion, eyed her so curiously . . . perhaps she too . . . oh, these damned men . . . she almost suffocated with jealousy at the thought of his secretary . . . with him there all day . . . she felt much more jealousy over her than over the prospective wife. . . .

It grew dark. Her brain seethed. She had a frightful headache. Everything in the world seemed stilled but the beating of her own heart and the roaring of her blood through her head. . . . She loved him . . . she loved him . . .

She couldn't take the money he had

promised to send her. How indelicate and gross it was of him to think she could . . . how little he understood women!

What would the elevator boy think, what was he already thinking, now that Jim came no longer? His smile had already become a leer, she suspected. And the girl at the telephone, who always chewed gum, so that it was a wonder she could answer the 'phone—and all the people who knew them and thought them man and wife—what would they think? She couldn't stay here any longer after this. How unkind it was of him to think that he could heal her wounded life with dollars! She was not a creature of barter, and never had been . . . he, above all men, ought to know that. . . .

She felt old and haggard. The skin on her face seemed to be drying up. She bathed her face in cold water time and again. Would she grow gray and wrinkled before morning, as people under great emotional stress had been known to do? Several times she went to the mirror to look at herself as one would look at a stranger. Oddly enough, the excitement had heightened her beauty.

Now it was deep night. The city lay below her window, line on line of shimmering light, the sky a-dance with great colored advertising signs which whirled in grotesque motions.

Like the murmur of a distant sea the commingled, multitudinous voice of the city floated in at her open window. . . .

Why should she care? She would forget him. She tried to read, but her mind persistently strayed from the book she held in her hand. Flinging herself upon the bed, she tried to sleep, but stared wide-eyed at the ceiling. She fell into a disagreeable half-conscious trance, and lay rehearsing her life with him, month by month, week by week, day by day, hour by hour, almost moment by moment . . . she had forgotten nothing—the color of the various ties he wore, his peculiarities of gesture and habits of speech, all the little trivial,



intimate incidents of their life together . . . how at first he used to come every afternoon, bringing her fruit or candy . . . the restaurants they went to . . . the shows they saw . . . she recalled all the artifices she had resorted to to keep herself new and fresh to him . . . artifices which, like a great, stupid, lovable boy, he had noticed with delight as if they were spontaneous . . . she felt maternal toward him as she lay there . . . she forgave him . . . but she would be so lonely now . . . it was not his fault, he was a good boy—it was the fault of that detestable woman. . . .

Before she realized it, she was startled to see that the gray color of the death of night was making the furniture stand out clearer in outline. The table at which they had eaten together, his favorite chair, the writing-desk at which she had played at amateur author when time hung heavy on her hands—all these objects, in the early dawn, seemed to become imbued with personalities of their own, born of the life they two had lived together.

Feebly and tentatively her caged canary began to sing. This annoyed her so much that she took a stand cover and hung it over the cage.

But her meditations had been broken into, so she rose and made herself a cup of strong coffee. She felt better already. There was no sense in taking anything too seriously. How often they had drunk coffee together in the morning, before he went to his office! It made her sad to think of it. . . . A milk wagon clattered through the streets below. The murmur of the multitudinous traffic of the city, ebbing and advancing in tides of hundreds of thousands of vehicles, began to swell in volume.

The city! How unwholesome a place it was . . . she was stung with poignant memories of life back in the Middle West. How she longed to touch the decent, naked earth with her feet, to go back home . . . but then also she recalled, in a flash of mental lightning, the deadly monotony of the small town with its trivial modes of existence, its miserable and pernicious gossip . . .

She stopped pacing up and down and flung herself into a wide, leather-covered chair.

The Past must be forgotten. The Future at least was hers. She would go away, somewhere . . .

Again she sprang to her feet, walking up and down rapidly, swept along by a new turn in the current of her thoughts.

The brute! She hated him now . . . all he had wanted was her body. He had come along and taken advantage of her unprotected loneliness . . . how could she ever have loved him? The cad, to think of buying her off. Yes, that was what it amounted to . . . she wouldn't dirty the tips of her fingers with the touch of his filthy money . . . money wasn't everything, by any means, even in New York.

She sat down by the table, plumped her head into her arms, and wept hysterically . . . after awhile she grew calmer. She looked into the glass and half-reproved herself for making her eyes so red and swollen. She bathed them in water to take the redness out of them, and twisted her hair into a knot to get it out of the way. . . .

Well, since she had determined not to take the money when it came, there was no alternative but to go back to work . . .

To work again!

She revolted from the thought. For two years she had been mistress of her own days and had had the best of everything . . .

The one miserable little room with the dim skylight overhead which she couldn't keep open on rainy nights . . . the skimpy food at the boarding-house table . . . the insipid conversation and vapid pretense of her fellow boarders . . . she would rather kill herself than go back to these things.

Suddenly she realized that she was ravenously hungry. She had neglected the day before to order from the grocer, so there was nothing to eat in the house.

The elevator hummed on its upward flight. It stopped at her floor. Her



heart beat faster. She knew it was the boy bringing the morning mail. A letter was pushed under her door. She tore it open. What a relief. At least he had written again. No, it contained only a blank sheet of folded paper. A cheque fluttered to the floor. Not a word. Nothing. Only a cheque . . .

Humiliated and stunned, as if she were standing naked before a universe thick with staring eyes as the midnight sky is thick with stars, she put one hand defensively over her breast, and gathered her kimono closer. She breathed in quick gasps and shut her eyes in pain. A feeling of utter and unforgivable insult vibrated through her body.

Contemptuously she tore the cheque in two and flung it down again. The beast! The brute! The tender memory of his kisses and embraces made her hate him more . . .

Well, this was only life, after all. Whether she liked it or not, now she must go back to work, or do something worse. But every imagined way of life, as it marched in parade down her imagination, paralyzed her decision with

its foreseen dangers and hardships . . .

She sent word to the grocer on the ground floor and had him send up a cantaloupe, some fruit, a loaf of bread, and a dozen eggs . . .

Having eaten, a sense of gradual well-being settled over her as great flakes of snow cover restfully a barren field in winter . . .

She sat wrapped in a great calm . . .

Her poor little canary bird . . . she had completely forgotten it, and here it was almost mid-day . . . she uncovered the cage, and the bird, after a few querulous chirps, rewarded her with such a sweet burst of song that it brought tears to her eyes . . .

After all, what was the use being so particular?

She walked across the room. She picked up the two pieces of the cheque. She went across to her writing-desk. She got out a bottle of paste. She took her scissors and cut a thin strip of paper. Carefully and with deliberation she pasted the cheque together . . .



## THE ROSSES

By Seumas O'Sullivan

MY sorrow that I am not by the little dun,  
By the lake of the starlings at Rosses under the hill,  
And the larks there, singing over the fields of dew  
Or evening there, and the sedges still.  
For plain I see now the length of the yellow sand  
And Lissadell far off, and its leafy ways,  
And the holy mountain whose mighty heart  
Gathers into it all the coloured days.

My sorrow that I am not by the little dun  
By the lake of the starlings at evening when all is still,  
And still in whispering sedges the herons stand,  
'Tis there I would nestle at rest till the quivering moon  
Uprose in the golden quiet over the hill.



## FROM THE MEMOIRS OF THE DEVIL

January 6.

AND yet, and yet—is not all this contumely a part of my punishment? To be reviled by the righteous as the author of all evil; worse still, to be venerated by the wicked as the accomplice, nay, the instigator, of their sins! A harsh, hard fate! But should I not rejoice that I have been vouchsafed the strength to bear it, that the ultimate mercy is mine? Should I not be full of calm, deep delight that I am blessed with the resignation of the Psalmist (II Samuel, XV, 26), the sublime grace of the pious Hezekiah (II Kings, XX, 19)? If Hezekiah could bear the cruel visitation of his erring upon his sons, why should I, poor worm that I am, repine?

January 8.

All afternoon I watched the damned filling in. With what horror that spectacle must fill every right-thinking man! Sometimes I think that the worst of all penalties of sin is this: that the sinful actually seem to be glad of their sins (Psalms, X, 4). I looked long and earnestly into that endless procession of faces. In not one of them did I see any sign of sorrow or repentance. They marched in defiantly, almost proudly. Ever and anon I heard a snicker, sometimes a downright laugh: there was spoofing in the ranks. I turned aside at last, unable to bear it longer. Here they will learn what their laughter is worth!

Among them I marked a female, young and fair. How true the words of Solomon: "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain!" (Proverbs, XXXI, 30). I could not bring myself to put down upon these pages the whole record of that wicked creature's shame-

less life. Truly it has been said that "the lips of a strange woman drop as a honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil" (Proverbs, V, 3). One hears of such careers of evil-doing and can scarcely credit them. Can it be that the children of men are so deaf to all the warnings given them, so blind to the vast certainty of their punishment, so ardent in seeking temptation, so lacking in holy fire to resist it? Such thoughts fill me with the utmost distress. I am depressed for hours. Is not the command to a moral life plain enough? Are we not told to "live soberly, righteously, and godly?" (Titus, II, 11.) Are we not solemnly warned to avoid the invitation of evil? (Proverbs, I, 10.)

January 9.

I have had that strange woman before me and heard her miserable story. It is as I thought. The child of a poor but pious mother, a widow with six children, she had every advantage of a virtuous, consecrated home. The mother, earning \$6 a week, gave 50 cents of it to foreign missions. The daughter, at the tender age of 4, was already a regular attendant at Sabbath School. The good people of the church took a Christian interest in the family, and one of them, a gentleman of considerable wealth, and an earnest, diligent worker for righteousness, made it his special care to befriend the girl. He took her into his office, treating her almost as one of his own daughters. She served him in the capacity of stenographer, receiving therefor the wage of \$7.50 a week, a godsend to that lowly household. How truly, indeed, it has been said: "Verily, there is a reward for the righteous" (Psalms, LVIII, 11).



And now behold how powerful are the snares of evil (Genesis, VI, 12). There was that devout and saintly man, ripe in good works, a deacon and pillar in the church, a steadfast friend to the needy and erring, a stalwart supporter of his pastor in all forward-looking enterprises, a tower of strength for righteousness in his community, the father of four daughters. And there was that shameless creature, that evil woman, that sinister temptress. With the noisome details I do not concern myself. Suffice it to say that the vile arts of the hussy prevailed over that noble and upright man—that she enticed him, by adroit appeals to his sympathy, into taking her upon automobile rides, into dining with her clandestinely in the private rooms of dubious hotels, and finally into accompanying her upon a despicable visit to Atlantic City. And then, seeking to throw upon him the blame for what she chose to call her “wrong,” she held him up to public disgrace and worked her own inexorable damnation by taking her miserable life. Well hath the Preacher warned us against the woman whose “heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands” (Eccl., VII, 26). Well do we know the wreck and ruin that such agents of destruction can work upon the innocent and trusting. (Revelations, XXI, 8; I Corinthians, VI, 18; Job, XXXI, 12; Hosea, IV, 11; Proverbs, VI, 26.)

January 11.

We have resumed our evening services—an hour of quiet communion in the failing light. The attendance, alas, is not as gratifying as it might be, but the brethren who gather are filled with holy zeal. It is inspiring to hear their eloquent confessions of guilt and wrong-doing, their trembling protestations of contrition. Several of them are of long experience and considerable proficiency in public speaking. One was formerly a major in the Salvation Army. Another spent twenty years in the Dunkard ministry, finally retiring to devote himself to lecturing on the New Thought. A third was a Y. M. C. A.

secretary of Iowa. A fourth was the first man to lift his voice for sex hygiene west of the Mississippi river.

All these men eventually succumbed to sin, and hence they are here, but I think that no one who has ever glimpsed their secret and inmost souls (as I have during our hours of humble heart-searching together) will fail to testify to their inherent purity of character. After all, it is not what we do but what we have in our hearts that reveals our true worth (Joshua, XXIV, 14). As David so beautifully puts it, it is “the imaginations of the thoughts” (I Chronicles, XXIII, 9). I love and trust these brethren. They are true penitents. They loathe the temptation to which they succumbed, and deplore the weakness that made them yield. How the memory at once turns to that lovely passage in the Book of Job: “Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.” Where is there a more exquisite thought in all Holy Writ?

January 14.

I have had that scarlet woman before me, and invited her to join us in our inspiring evening gatherings. For reply she mocked me. Thus Paul was mocked by the Athenians. Thus the children of Beth-El mocked Elisha the Prophet (II Kings, II, 23). Thus the sinful show their contempt, not only for righteousness itself, but also for its humblest agents and advocates. Nevertheless, I held my temper before her. I indulged in no vain and worldly recriminations. When she launched into her profane and disgraceful tirade against that good and faithful brother, her benefactor and victim, I held my peace. When she accused him of foully destroying her, I returned her no harsh words. Instead, I merely read aloud to her those inspiring words from Revelation XIV, 10: “And he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels.” And then I smiled upon her and bade her begone. Who am I, that I should hold myself above the most miserable of sinners?



January 18.

Again that immoral woman. I had sent her a few tracts: "The Way to Redemption," "The Story of a Missionary in Polynesia," "The Christian Convert"—inspired and consecrated writings, all of them—comforting to me in many a bitter hour. When she came in I thought it was to ask me to pray with her. (II Chronicles, VII, 14.) But her heart, it appears, is still hard. She renewed her unseemly denunciation of her benefactor, and sought to overcome me with her weeping. I found myself strangely drawn toward her—almost pitying her. She approached me, her eyes suffused with tears, her red lips parted, her hair flowing about her shoulders. I felt myself drawn to her. I knew and understood the temptation of that great and good man. But by a powerful effort of the will—or, should I say, by a sudden access of grace?—I recovered myself and pushed her from me. And then, closing my eyes to shut out the image of her, I pronounced those solemn and awful words: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!" The effect was immediate: she emitted a moan and departed. I had resisted her abhorrent blandishments. (Proverbs, I, 10.)

January 25.

I love the Book of Job. Where else in the Scriptures is there a more striking picture of the fate that overtakes those who yield to sin? "They meet with darkness in the day-time, and grope in the noon-day as in the night" (Job, V, 14). And further on: "They grope in the dark without light, and he maketh them to stagger like a drunken man" (Job, XII, 25). I read these beautiful passages over and over again. They comfort me.

January 28.

That shameless hussy once more. She sends back the tracts I gave her—torn in halves!

February 3.

That American brother, the former Dunkard, thrilled us with his eloquence at tonight's meeting. In all my days I have heard no more affecting plea for

right living. In words that almost seemed to be of fire he set forth the duty of all of us to combat sin wherever we find it, and to scourge the sinner until he foregoes his folly. "It is not sufficient," he said, "that we keep our own hearts pure: we must also purge the heart of our brother. And if he resist us, let no false sympathy for him stay our hands. We are charged with the care and oversight of his soul. He is in our keeping. Let us seek at first to save him with gentleness, but if he draws back, let us unsheath the sword! We must be deaf to his protests. We must not be deceived by his casuistries. If he clings to his sinning, he must perish."

Cries of "Amen!" arose spontaneously from the little band of workers. I have never heard a more triumphant call to that Service which is the very heart's blood of righteousness. Who could listen to it, and then stay his hand?

I looked for that scarlet creature. She was not there.

February 7.

I have seen her again. She came, I thought, in all humility. I received her gently, quoting aloud the beautiful words of Paul in Colossians III, 12: "Put on therefore, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering." And then I addressed her in calm, encouraging tones: "Are you ready, woman, to put away your evil-doing, and forswear your carnalities forevermore? Have you repented of your black and terrible sin? Do you ask for mercy? Have you come in sackcloth and ashes?"

The effect, alas, was not what I planned. Instead of yielding to my entreaty and casting herself down for forgiveness, she yielded to her pride and mocked me! And then, her heart still full in the evils of the flesh, *she tried to tempt me!* . . . She approached me close. She lifted up her face to mine. She smiled at me. She touched me with her garment. She laid her hand upon my arm. . . . I felt my reso-



lution going from me. I was as one stricken with the palsy. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. My hands trembled. I tried to push her from me, and could not. . . .

February 10.

In all humility of spirit I set it down. The words burn the paper; the fact haunts me like an evil dream. I yielded to that soulless and abominable creature. *I kissed her. . . .* And then she laughed, making a mock of me in my weakness, burning me with the hot iron of her scorn, piercing my heart with the daggers of her reviling. Laughed, and slapped my face! Laughed, and spat in my eye! Laughed, and called me hypocrite!

. . . They have taken her away. *Let her taste the fire!* Let her sin receive its meet and inexorable punishment! Let righteousness prevail! Let her go with "the fearful and unbelieving, the abominable and murderers, the white-slave traders and sorcerers, the idolators and liars!" Off with her to that lake "which burneth with fire and brimstone!" (Revelation, XXI, 8). . . .

Go, Jezebel! Go, Athaliah! Go, Painted One! Thy sins have found thee out!

February 11.

I spoke myself at tonight's meeting—simple words, but I think their message was not lost. We must wage forever the good fight. We must rout the army of sin from its fortresses. . . .



## THE TRAGEDIANS

WHAT sadder fate than that of being ridiculous? A fat woman in a tight basque! An actor making love to a gnarled old star, and compelled to apostrophize her beauty! Any man over thirty-five at the hymeneal altar! The corpse at an Odd Fellows' funeral! An old maid ranting for sex hygiene! A Socialist marching off to war!



THERE is only one thing worse than being the woman in a scandal and that is being the man in a romance.



THE good die young. That is the one thing that makes goodness bearable.



# FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAYS

By Charles Hanson Towne

PERHAPS you, too, know Mrs. Marguerita Clementina Carter, for she knows everybody; and everybody knows her little blonde face, with its strange pallor, her remarkably long lashes that shade deep-blue eyes; her smart frocks, and her famous pigeon-blood rubies, that are her favorite jewels. She lives in one of those expensive duplex apartments on the fashionable East Side—which is equivalent to saying that she is very rich.

The poet finds that her first and third Tuesdays are as crowded as ever, and the salted almonds and star-shaped sandwiches, salad and tea are as profuse as always, no matter how the market may decline. The butlers jostle in the crowd, and there are the same number of girls around, saying absolutely nothing, and the same swarm of men who stand about like potted palms.

Mrs. Carter writes. She loves the *literati*; and her first and third Tuesdays—till Lent—are given around her little vellum volumes, published at her own expense, and strewn carelessly, yet carefully, all about her apartment, as another hostess would fill her home with ash-trays. "Lilies and Goldenrod" is in crushed levant, and is duly copyrighted in all languages, including the Scandinavian, for Marguerita Carter is a very good business poet. On the mantelpiece you will be sure to find "Passion and Perfume" in yellow morocco, and with an eloquent clasp, set with a pigeon-blood ruby. At the table by the big bay-window you will see her *pièce de résistance*, "Lyrics of Love and Loneliness," bound in pale ivory, with a medallion on the cover which

you may not recognize at first as one of the profiles of your hostess.

Letitia Dodd, the miniature-painter, did it; and, of course, being a wise young girl who must make her own way in the metropolis or else go back ignominiously to Peru, Indiana, she flattered Mrs. Carter, though there were those who said there was no need to do so. However, no one in the set blamed Letitia. She yielded, humanly, to a common temptation. And the cheque she received eased her conscience. She marched triumphantly to other, and plainer, profiles, and was even brave enough to take contracts for some full faces.

On a certain first Tuesday in winter, the poet, being unable to finish a sonnet, decided that he might fill in the afternoon by going to Mrs. Carter's. It was not far. Besides, he owed her a dinner call, and perhaps the Muse would be kinder to him tomorrow if he dared to play today.

The poet, Robert de Rossiterre, rose, looked at the snow, felt that he could almost write a poem to it, and then drew forth, not his pen, but his leopard-skin overcoat.

For de Rossiterre is a prosperous bard, paradoxical as the phrase may seem. He has lectured before numerous women's clubs, on Keats and Tennyson, and has read from his own work ever since he came from the Isle of Wight two years ago. There was a mystery about his past. One remembers the vague rumors about a tragic love affair in Kent, where he had gone for a week-end at Lady Ponsonby's, and then immediately retired again, a changed man, to the Isle of Wight.



His dead-love sequence of sonnets, his "Ballad of Lost Hope" and his touching lyric beginning,

"Now thou art gone, and April is November,"

brought him sudden and picturesque fame.

Nothing is so useful to a poet as an unhappy love affair; and de Rossiterre was not surprised to find among his letters one morning a communication from Carson Hope, the lecture-bureau magnate-manager, urging him to come to America. Hope had seen the poet's photograph in several literary magazines, and had rejoiced when he noted the chrysanthemum head of hair, the dark, mysterious eyes, and the slender, youthful figure; for de Rossiterre was only twenty-six. He appraised such physical attributes immediately in terms of dollars and cents, and saw a big reward, not only for the poet, but for himself, in an American tour.

Yet the day that de Rossiterre reached our shores, and gazed, with his romantic eyes, upon the Woolworth Building, the reporters began to make fun of him. They laughed at his hair, at his dreamy expression, at the flowing Windsor tie he affected and the low, broad collar. They laughed, in fact, at everything Carson Hope had set store by. He saw the splendid lecture tour failing before it began, and his heart sank within him.

But Hope was shrewd. An inspiration came to him on the pier. The public was fickle. They did not like long hair on the heads of their poets this year. Well, that was easily remedied. And they loathed great bow ties. That, too, could be changed.

He pushed the poet into a taxicab almost before the lady reporter from the *Yellow Peril* saw him, and whisked him up to the Plaza. There he whisked him up the elevator to the fine suite he had reserved. In ten minutes he whisked a barber and a tailor into the rooms. In an hour, de Rossiterre went down to luncheon, just as he had once gone back to the Isle of Wight, a

changed man. He wore the wonderful leopard-skin coat that made him famous in a day. That was an eccentricity—the single eccentricity—he was allowed to indulge in. And it was Carson Hope's idea. It gave just the note of distinction, just the touch of glamour so essential to a lecturing poet who, robbed of his hair and tie, had little to recommend him save a pair of piercing black eyes and a strong, manly chin. That coat, Carson Hope figured, draped carelessly over a chair behind the lecturer, would send a thrill through any feminine audience, and cause Kalamazoo to wonder, and Keokuk to wag its tongue.

He was not wrong. To Carson Hope, de Rossiterre owes his instantaneous success in America. And never has the leopard-skin coat left him in the two years that he has been in this country.

He always put it on fondly. He rejoiced, this snowy afternoon, that it seemed essential to wear it.

De Rossiterre never rode in the subway. When the weather was inclement he took a taxi; but today he realized that he would attract much attention if he walked up the Avenue submerged in the leopard-skin coat. Carson Hope's advertising sense was now a part of the poet, too. The lesson had been well taught, and well learned.

Young girls noted the tall, strange figure as it swept up the street. De Rossiterre had distinction; he was by no means ill to look at. Like most artists, he was vain and had no serious objection to being admired. His critics said that he would rather be told that he was handsome than that his last poem was his best; but in the final analysis he loved his art and really labored valiantly to add his little share of beauty to the world.

At Mrs. Carter's door he met Letitia Dodd. The little blonde miniature-painter was swathed in furs, and the poet had never seen her look so pretty. Masses of rebellious hair were fluttering from under her piquant velvet hat and framed her rosy face charmingly. She was all a-flutter at meeting de Ros-



siterre thus unexpectedly. Like most of those who went to Mrs. Carter's "at homes" she was a bit of a lion hunter.

"Why, how *do* you do?" she exclaimed, on the broad steps, pretending to try to wipe a snowflake that had ventured upon her cheek.

"I'm all right," answered de Rossiterre, drinking her wintry beauty in. "There's no need to ask how you are."

A hall-boy had rushed out with a whisk-broom, and was attempting to brush the snow from the little miniature-painter's shoulders.

"Don't do that," the poet couldn't help saying to this American duplex-apartment nuisance. "You're spoiling a wonderful effect."

The nuisance looked at him with an expression of combined horror and amazement.

"Got to," he said. "Orders." And before de Rossiterre knew it, he, too, was being briskly brushed by another boy, who had mysteriously appeared out of the potted-palm darkness.

"It's no use," the poet laughed, as he and Miss Dodd went up together in the elevator. "Is it?"

"I'm used to it. I don't mind." Letitia Dodd was a very literal-minded little person. But she was pretty, and even her lack of humor was forgotten when one looked into her blue eyes, whose long, dark lashes were still wet from the snow.

As the elevator neared the ninth floor, there came a buzz from the hallway. A hundred people seemed to be talking at once. And the flowers one caught a glimpse of in the dimly lighted distance gave the impression of a great garden at twilight, with bees humming in it.

Letitia Dodd loved this moment of entering with the poet. She knew that everyone would think they had come together; and one man in particular—Alec Basford—would be furious with her.

There was indeed a crowd. Mrs. Carter did collect people. They were as thick as shells on the beach, and each held a little reminiscent roar of a previous ocean of experience. They mur-

mured of past triumphs and escapades in the deep sea of existence; only, each loved her own story so much that she scarcely listened to a sister shell. Here they were, tossed up on this shore, whispering the same monotonous tale over and over. And how many first and third Tuesdays they had been thrown here!

Letitia Dodd could not help but notice how much attention she and the much-sought poet attracted as they made their way through the beautiful rooms. They almost knocked expensive statues over; and as here and there a sudden hand was stretched forth in greeting, copies of "Lilies and Goldenrod" were brushed on the floor.

Smart butlers were pushing their way through the buzzing groups, with trays laden with sandwiches and cakes, tea and whisky and soda.

"Ah! there you are!" de Rossiterre heard a masculine voice behind him say. He turned, as best he could, and saw Carson Hope not an arm's length away. The two men tried to raise their arms to shake hands across a feminine shoulder, and smiled when they saw the futility of their efforts. In another second the poet was pushed aside by a servant, and suddenly found himself separated from his friend and from little Letitia Dodd by a human Gulf Stream. It was almost as if none of them had ever met. And de Rossiterre wondered why he had come.

Presently from somewhere there came a crash of chords, and conversation died away like the wind at evening. The crowded peas in the pod of the room jostled no more, but stood in stupid quiescence, while a thin soprano voice was lifted in a lamentation, chanting of a vanished face, and of a vain pursuit thereof. There was something, too, about the hopelessness of existence, and de Rossiterre could not help thinking how the song was saved from utter banality only because it was in French.

There was muffled applause, and then the performer announced that her next selection would be a recitation, with a musical accompaniment, of a poem



written by the charming hostess. There was a murmur of approval. Two untidy-looking women, apparently sisters, near de Rossiterre, smiled happily at each other over the announcement, and phrases like "Oh, lovely!" and "Isn't it splendid!" came to the poet's ears. For the first time since he had been in the room, he caught a glimpse of Mrs. Carter, when she rose from her big chair near the piano, and acknowledged the murmured compliments with a little bow. De Rossiterre thought she looked tired. She knew how to arrange her masses of blonde hair, though it always seemed too heavy for her tiny head. The famous pigeon-blood rubies were in evidence. A rope of them fell from her shoulders over a pale yellow gown, and she toyed with them constantly.

"This will be funny," a man's voice behind the poet whispered.

"Yes, and even funnier will follow," another replied.

De Rossiterre could not see who the speakers were.

The girl began. There was something about being a slave to Love; about being chained and trampled upon, and the thrilling ecstasy of it all. The accompaniment, played by a dark young man with long hair, seemed to have little relation to the text. The girl's voice grew more passionate, and with subtle turnings she managed to face her hostess as she went on. Mrs. Carter sat with downcast eyes, and no one could tell whether or not she was enjoying the recitation.

"O, crush me with wild kisses till I faint,

Stab me with thy bright anger; thy complaint

Shall make me love thee more,"

rose the reciter's piercing voice. There seemed to be nothing the lover could do that would quell the adoration in the speaker's soul. She might be scourged and wounded, but she would keep on loving and loving. There was no end to her passion, and through eighteen Spencerian stanzas she related what a

slave she was to Love, and how very proud she was of the fact, and how terribly anxious she was for all the world to know it. She had nothing to conceal—indeed, she had much to reveal of "Love's awful crucible," wherein the "spirit was tried and burned, crushed and spurned," and yet came out "rejoicing and triumphant, proud and clean."

De Rossiterre listened with mingled feelings of interest and disgust. Why, indeed, had he come? Yet he had come before, and he knew what to expect. He would probably come again; for he liked to be amused. There were moments—and he experienced one of them now—when he wanted to shake Marguerita Carter. A curious feeling of vicarious shame for her came over him.

Loud applause, this time, greeted the young girl, for during the recital of the long lines many of the auditors had managed to extricate themselves. Indeed, some had even wandered off, by degrees, to the refreshment-room, and, amid the quiet crunching of macaroons and sandwiches, had been able to hear most of the poem.

The poet, hopelessly separated from Miss Dodd, moved in their direction now, glad of a temporary escape from the heat of the larger room. He noticed two young fellows monopolizing the sideboard. They were pouring out great highballs, and while they manipulated the siphon with one hand they hastily and expertly ate a sandwich with the other. He was close to them before they were aware of his presence. He could not help hearing one of them say:

"This is great. We won't have to buy any dinner tonight."

"But we'll go to Miss Dodd's if she asks us, won't we?" the other responded, as the siphon gasped.

De Rossiterre gasped, too. The voices were unmistakably the same he had heard a few moments before in the other room. He moved away, just as Letitia Dodd bustled in.

"Ah! here you are!" she said to him. "I knew we'd get separated in



that crowd. Did you ever see such a crush in all your born days? It's simply *wonderful*. And wasn't the poem beautiful? I do wish *I* could write like Marguerita. I've always wanted to, but I simply *never* seem able to get at it. It's such a *wonderful* accomplishment." She had a way of saying wonderful, her favorite word, that was quite her own. She always caressed the first syllable as though loath to let it merge into the other two.

"I'm sorry we got separated," said de Rossiterre. "Won't you have a sandwich?"

The two young men had by this time imbibed another highball apiece, and were turning, as if listening to the poet and Miss Dodd. They nodded to her, and smiled. De Rossiterre noticed this. He was determined that the little miniature-painter should not speak to them until he asked her a question.

"I wish you would dine with me tonight," he said. "I know a charming little French place."

He had never asked her to dine with him before, often as he had met her here, and she was surprised. She could not help showing her delight as she answered:

"I'll be glad to. Thank you. But listen—someone else is going to do a stunt."

"Hard luck!" de Rossiterre heard one of the young fellows say as there was a general movement toward the main room. "Me for some of that hot paté."

Through that mysterious way in which crowds become shifted, Carson Hope stood by the white column of the connecting rooms when de Rossiterre stepped out with Miss Dodd to listen to the next performer. The manager shook hands with his poet. "Glad you're here," he whispered. "I hope you're going to read something?"

"No, I'm not," was the rather abrupt reply.

"Sh!" hinted Letitia Dodd, with a little intimate smile, putting her finger coyly to her lips. "Sh! I say!"

A very pale blond young man was

introduced as "Mr. Vivian Scarborough, whom you all know." Mr. Scarborough, went on Shayne Clement, who always announced the "stunters," was one of North Dakota's most promising poets, and would read from an unpublished manuscript. He had interpreted, Clement continued, the wind in the wheat as no other living poet had done.

When Vivian Scarborough, a cadaverous-looking youth of about nineteen, began to read in a nervous, oppressed sort of way, he looked as if he had never known "the broad, majestic sweep of the Western prairies," which he praised so intimately in song. Rather, he seemed the pale product of open plumbing, a child of cobblestones and asphalt, of thundering elevated roads and subways. One felt, even before he read from his unpublished manuscript, that his knowledge of Nature had been gained second hand; and when he chanted, in a frightened voice, of "scarlet poppies, tumbled by the wind," you had a picture of him sitting at a soda fountain.

Sighs of rapture greeted the reader when he mentioned such distant memories as "moonlight on clean wheat, and then—the dawn," or "pale ghosts of flowers that gild the golden glory." The cheap alliteration of this last line was like wine to four gushing girls directly behind de Rossiterre. When the recitation came to an end, they kept whispering it among themselves.

"Oh, wasn't it marvelous!" one said.

"I do hope we're asked to dinner," whispered another, a practical-looking girl.

"We'll stay, anyhow," said the first speaker. "There's always enough."

"And we have a standing invitation from Mrs. Carter. She told us we could stay any time we wanted to," another said. "It's going to snow hard. That'll be a good excuse."

De Rossiterre could hardly believe his ears. It did not seem possible that people could so brazenly discuss their hostess. How insincere was their friendship for this little woman who, whatever her faults—faults due to hu-



man vanity—was generosity itself. A feeling of pity for her came over him. He remembered how many times she had asked him to dine at her apartment, and as he now looked around him he recognized, vaguely, several faces that had been at the same table on the occasions when he had been there, too. He remembered her kindness to him when, a stranger, he had arrived in America, and had immediately asked him to read and lecture in this very room. Carson Hope had told him that she was "a good sort," and "well enough to keep in with, as she knew all kinds of folks."

He turned away in disgust, and began looking for Miss Dodd. He would get away as quickly as he could, and dine at that quiet French place.

"Oh, there you are!" he heard a voice behind him say—a masculine voice. He turned to see that it was Shayne Clement, the indefatigable introducer of the "readers."

"Don't hurry so," Clement said, smiling. "We can't lose such a card as you. I'm going to introduce you next, Mr. de Rossiterre. You can't escape, you know."

"Please don't," the poet replied. "I really can't today. I've got a beastly headache, and must be getting on. You'll understand, I'm sure."

How he did it he never knew; but somehow he had reached the men's dressing-room, had sent a butler to look up Miss Dodd, and was hunting for the famous leopard-skin coat. He was glad of his escape; but he was sorry that he had not been able to say even "Good afternoon" to his hostess.

"Well, here I am, Sir Poet!" came the little miniature-painter's voice from the hallway. There was a more evident note of familiarity in it now. "Come along. I'll be a cheap dinner guest, for I've had loads of tea and cake. Tea spoils one's appetite, you know," she added bromidically. And de Rossiterre had a horrible moment, wishing he had not invited her. He would have to spend at least two hours with her and hear talk like that. The headache he had feigned began actually to come on.

"Do you see my coat?" he said, turning to the butler. "It's a leopard skin."

"Oh, I'm afraid someone else took that, sir," the servant replied. "Several gentlemen went out together, and one of them had it, I'm sure, sir."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed de Rossiterre. He was annoyed at the nonchalant way in which the man spoke. "What did he look like?"

"I can't remember, sir. There was several, sir, all at once."

Miss Dodd, pulling on her gloves, had overheard part of the conversation.

"It'll turn up again, Mr. de Rossiterre. We can take a taxi, and you won't get cold. You mustn't lose your voice," she added solicitously.

De Rossiterre disliked a scene, so he moved away. After all, it would be easy to find so famous a coat.

As they left the apartment he noticed a young fellow near the elevator, who appeared crestfallen, and to whom Miss Dodd addressed a brief, "I may see you tomorrow, Alec." And in another moment they were out in the snow and the fresh, keen air. Blue lights glimmered up the street, and cabs whizzed by like great yellow and red dragon-flies, looking for human prey. De Rossiterre hailed one; and they were off in a moment for the little French table d'hôte.

## II

CARSON HOPE had told de Rossiterre that he ought to prepare a new lecture before he left America, if he planned to go in the spring; and he was working hard on one on a certain Tuesday afternoon several weeks later. But it was an off day with him, and the thing moved slowly. He paced the room, his pen over his ear like any clerk.

In despair, yet glad, as every writer is, for an excuse to shirk his labor, he put on the leopard-skin coat, which had been mysteriously returned to him, and found himself suddenly in the street.

He walked slowly up-town, and a clock on the Avenue chimed five. The hour, the day of the week, the crowds, made him think of Marguerita Carter;



and he determined to go there again. He had not seen her for six weeks. What must she think of him?

"I'll see if Mrs. Carter's in," said the hall-boy. "Name, please?" as de Rossiterre stood near the familiar palm.

"Why, I'm sure she's in," the poet said. "This is Tuesday. Say Mr. de Rossiterre."

As the poet reached the ninth floor he heard no hum of conversation, and the doors of Mrs. Carter's apartment were closed. He wondered what had happened. Where was that seething crowd, that swaying multitude?

To his astonishment, Mrs. Carter herself came to the door almost as soon as he had pressed the bell. In the dim light he could see that she wore a most informal gown, and her favorite rubies did not fall from her throat. A stillness, as of the tomb, stretched far beyond her into the big rooms.

"How nice of you to come this way," she said. "If it had been anyone else I wouldn't have been at home."

And then, in a flash, de Rossiterre remembered that this was a second Tuesday, not a formal first or third. But he could not tell Marguerita Carter now, after her cordiality, that he had made a mistake.

"That's good of you," he said.

"The servants are out, so put your coat—oh, I'm so glad to see that you've found it—on this bench, and come right in. You must tell me how you got it back. I read of its loss in the paper. I'll make some tea for us myself. You Englishmen can't get on without *that*, can you?"

They were already in the drawing-room, her talk like a chain that led him in. How monstrous the place seemed with just the furniture and these two alone. But it was cozy by the fire. The big lounge near the hearth and the low yellow lamp walled off a tiny space that made it seem a little room apart. And it was amazingly intimate to have his hostess making the tea with her own hands, pouring it out for him and passing the *petits fours*. Being a poet, he could not help telling her so.

"You like it? Then—why don't you come oftener, Mr. de Rossiterre? I know that's a New York bromide; but, forgive me, why *don't* you come more frequently?"

He hadn't expected this. He hadn't thought she would talk so rapidly. In his visible embarrassment he almost knocked over an inevitable "Lilies and Goldenrod" that was just behind him.

"Why—I'm—I'm preparing a new lecture, you know. It's hard for me to get out at all. I ran away from work today, just to come here."

"Oh, naughty man, did you *really*? It must be *wonderful*"—she said the word, he noticed, just as little Letitia Dodd did—"to work on a lecture, when you know it's going to be listened to so eagerly by thousands of people."

"But I don't know. I wish I did."

"Oh, yes, you do. You needn't try to fool me, even if I do appear a silly, frivolous woman. *You* know how popular you are, you great big lion!"

De Rossiterre was taken aback. He had seldom known this pale little woman to say two consecutive sentences. She really *had* seemed silly and frivolous to him, with innumerable poses, and an almost humorous belief in herself, her "afternoons," and her fragile books.

"But I *don't* know I'm a great big lion!" de Rossiterre gasped. "Whatever put that idea into your head?"

"Why, you're sought, and sought, and sought, and raved over, and admired, and you know it, you lucky fellow. We can't help knowing such things. Every beautiful woman knows that she is beautiful, whether she admits it or not. You know you're popular, just as I know I'm not."

De Rossiterre could say nothing. Marguerita Carter's utter frankness confounded him. Finally he managed to get out:

"But your first and third Tuesdays—surely they show your popularity, Mrs. Carter. Are you—fi—?" He paused.

"'Fishing?' No, I'm really not; and I'm a woman."



"How delightful you are!" the poet replied. "May I smoke?"

"Yes; and I'll join you." He held out the flame for her. She puffed professionally. "You"—a little ash was on her lip—"you didn't get even near enough to speak to me on that last 'at home,' did you, Mr. de Rossiterre? I was sorry I myself couldn't urge you to read that day. I asked Shayne Clement to speak to you; but he said you had a headache."

What a memory she had! "Why, yes, I did—a bit of one," de Rossiterre answered. "But I got over it after I was in the open air a moment."

"But wasn't the little French table d'hôte crowded and hot, too?"

He was nonplussed. Who could have told her that he had dined there? And why did she remember? Before he could think, or answer, she went on: "Letitia said it was." He thought she was smiling.

"Oh, did she?" the poet managed to say. He began to prefer the crowded third Tuesdays.

"Yes; and I hear she's painting you—in the leopard-skin coat. It's good that you found it again in time for the first sitting, isn't it? By the way, how did you get it back? You haven't said a word about it. I'm glad you were wrong in thinking it was stolen from here."

"Why, Carson Hope had it. He'd taken it by mistake."

He was sure now that she was smiling behind her teacup. He flushed; he was even on the verge of being angry.

"It was lucky it was Hope—so convenient, I mean."

De Rossiterre grew white. This woman, who was apparently so uninteresting in a crowd, was blossoming out in a tête-à-tête.

"What do you mean?" he asked, and, to his chagrin, his voice trembled.

"Just that—that it was convenient. He's your manager, isn't he? So my friends tell me."

"Friends?" De Rossiterre said the

word with a little sneer. She caught the intonation.

"Yes; why not? Don't you think I have any friends?"

"I'm sure I've tried to be one," de Rossiterre answered; and, furious at her penetration, he went swiftly on, though he had not meant to say it: "Enough of a friend to tell you that—that—well, perhaps that some of those who come here aren't really your friends, after all."

Instead of being vexed and surprised, Mrs. Carter looked smilingly at him and replied calmly:

"I know. It's the way of the world. One can't expect real friends in a city like New York. Acquaintances—that's all. I'm older than you by several years. . . . Won't you have some tea? There are some cigars over there. Do take one."

How different she was on second Tuesdays! She didn't look at all tired today. The little purple lines that he had sometimes noticed beneath her eyes were happily absent, and there was a flush on her cheeks. She was positively pretty.

"We've never really known each other," de Rossiterre said, as he puffed the good cigar.

"That's your fault. I've asked you many times to drop in this way—as I ask only—only my *real* friends."

"Do you consider me one?"

"I had hoped so; but one never knows nowadays."

"But I'm as much one as those"—could he get it out?—"those hangers-on who eat your food and drink your wine and—"

"And sing or recite for me when I want them. Yes, I know they stay to dinner often; and some of the younger men who are struggling to make a living get a full meal at one of my teas. But why should I care? I'm able to afford it."

"You know, then, how they behave?"

"I know how everybody behaves. I see a lot. I know about your proposing to Letitia Dodd at the French table d'hôte and about her refusing you, but



promising to paint you in the leopard-skin coat to atone. I know about—"

De Rossiterre could not believe his ears.

"That's not true!" he exclaimed. "I—never—" his sense of chivalry came forward. "Oh, well, what does it matter, if she says she refused me?"

"Don't let it bother you. It will go no further. I only wanted to let you know that I am not, perhaps, so foolish and dull as I seem. I know my own poetry is bad, but it pleases me to have it for my pet hobby. I take it seriously when I write it, but no one else does."

"Except the sycophants who read it aloud to you," de Rossiterre could not help saying.

"Ah, yes!" She was maddeningly calm. "Call them that, if you wish. The poor dears, it's their way of earning a living, and paying me back. They appeal to my poor vanity—I'm horribly, shamelessly vain. I can't help them in any other way—they wouldn't accept downright charity, you know; no good sycophant would. But once—would you believe it?—one of them sent me a Christmas card! I was quite touched." There was a little tremor in her voice. "Oh, I know there's a lot of insincerity among them; but once in a while you strike the real thing—like that. And it's worth waiting for. We all have a little of the hypocrite in us." She smiled. "I have, I'm sure. I sometimes pretend not to be vain; but I am. Now, you wouldn't say that about yourself, would you?"

De Rossiterre felt a chill go over him. "Few of us would. Why should we, even if it were true?"

"Ah! even if it were true! But it is. Letitia told me how you rescued her from those Gates boys—the cads, you know, who took so many highballs; but they mean well enough. And you meant well enough when you—when you tattled on them. Their foolish game, or pose—call it what you like—is being good looking and making the most of a certain boyish charm; Letitia's is painting flattering miniatures of us all; mine is being amused by

everybody, and laughing when I am alone; yours—forgive me, Sir Poet—yours is a leopard-skin coat."

De Rossiterre started to speak, but she held up her hand.

"You simply heard those Gates boys thinking aloud that afternoon; but they were sincere enough to do that. And that group of girls—yes, Letitia told me everything you said. You felt sorry for me. But you needn't have. Two of those girls are librarians, on pitifully small salaries, and they must get so tired of thumb-nail dinners at esthetic tea-rooms, so I've told them they could stay here almost any time. I'm not foolish enough, quite, to think aloud; and neither are you. But I wonder what would happen if we did?"

The poet winced. She saw the effect her words had. "Wouldn't it be wonderful to be perfectly sincere for a day? To fling away our favorite vanities or shams—just as you once threw away your long hair and Windsor ties—and be ourselves? To say frankly that we wanted to stay to dinner at a rich woman's house, in order to get some good food; to tell our friends that we were flattering them when we painted their portraits; to admit that our little vellum and levant volumes were drivel; to say that we *hadn't* called on a second Tuesday on purpose; to tell the world that the wearing of a leopard-skin coat was a pose, and that its supposed theft and restoration were a clever bit of advertising?"

"Good heavens! How did you know?"

"Because I know Carson Hope. It is all very simple. He brought you to this country to make the most of you; and you fell into his trap, you even connived with him. It's all legitimate. I'm not blaming you—or him. I'd have done the same thing myself had I been a good-looking British poet who writes really well and who needs money. For I *do* love adulation, Mr. de Rossiterre. I can't live without it." She smiled serenely, and held out her hand.

"Come, don't be worried. I know all about you, as I know all about the



others who flock here. I know you didn't have a headache that day when Clement asked you to read. You were disgusted and disgruntled. But you might have been kind enough to speak to a vain old woman by the piano. But—maybe you wanted to be alone with Letitia." She gave him a knowing look.

"That's the only mistake you've made, Marguerita Carter—showing that even a clever woman's intuitions may be wrong. And I—well, she never refused me!" His hand came down on the table, and a copy of "Lilies and Goldenrod" fell with a bang to the floor.

Before he could pick it up the bell rang suddenly, twice.

"That's Letitia now," said Mrs. Carter, rising. "Is this a rendezvous? I'll have to go to the door myself. . . . Be calm, do."

There was a flutter in the hall as the two women met; and then Letitia Dodd bustled in.

"Oh, Mr. de Rossiterre!" she exclaimed in her impetuous way, while Mrs. Carter looked at them both with her keen eyes. "I'm so glad you're here, for I have your miniature with me. See, isn't it *wonderful*, even if I do say so myself?"

She pulled it from her muff and held it up.

"Yes, it is," murmured de Rossiterre. "I'm glad you've embalmed the leopard-skin coat; for I'm not wearing it after today. Good-bye, Mrs. Carter; good-bye, Miss Dodd."

And in a twinkling he was gone.

"Letitia," said Mrs. Carter a few moments later, picking up "Lilies and Goldenrod," where it lay like a discarded flower, "tell me one thing: did he really propose to you that night in the French table d'hôte?"

Letitia looked ashamed, and moved so that she would not face the fire. "I don't think he did," she replied in a low voice. "But he told me of another girl in the Isle of Wight whom he would see soon."

"What made you tell me that he asked you to marry him, Letitia? Come, think out loud!"

"Well, I also said I'd refused him, didn't I?—so it hasn't done him any harm. I thought it would get around and be a bit of good advertising for me; and I thought—I thought it would make Alec jealous; and—and I knew how happy it would make Carson Hope to have his poet leave America in the spring with a broken heart!"

"You clever minx!" said Marguerita Carter.



## THE MYSTERY

By Edward H. Pfeiffer

I am a coward, that, I know.  
I am a nothingness, a sham;  
And yet withal I feel I am  
Fine-chiseled as a cameo.

I am a crust of slimy mire,  
A slave to fear, to doubt, to shame;  
And yet I feel within me flame  
A soaring spark of solar fire.

I am a clotted, earthy clod,  
A shade, a mere nonentity;  
I know the beast that lurks in me,  
And yet I feel that I am God!



# THE OPPORTUNIST

By Charles Caldwell Dobie

CURLED up on a divan, Estelle Vardy looked at her husband with the half-closed eyes of a passively alert cat. As was his usual after-dinner custom, he sat engrossed in a newspaper. Against the amber light thrown by a reading lamp, his profile loomed with exaggerated intensity.

He had been handsome, in a rather coarse, florid way, when she married him. No doubt, she told herself, he was handsome still, in the duller, more brutal fashion that ten contented years give men of Vardy's stamp, but the yellow light searched out for her only his heavy, paunch-like jowls, the roll of fat just above the collar-line, his thick lower lip dropped in torpid attention as he devoured his evening paper.

And to think that this probably would be their last evening together! *Their last evening together!* And he sat unsuspectingly reading his newspaper as if the years were to stretch on forever, made up each day of three square meals, eight working hours, his postprandial cigar, and the evening devoted to the newspaper and his wife—yes, his wife, curled demurely among the cushions of her divan, with the half-closed eyes of a passively alert cat.

She could not help feeling a sort of pity for Vardy as she lay back in the shadows, watching the contentment on his face. He was what the world called an alert man, and he *was* alert whenever the spur of competition pricked him forward. But he was too ponderously secure about domestic matters to suspect his wife. After all, it was this security that stung her so deeply, and the physical heaviness that the reading

lamp and her mood searched out was merely the external symbols of his spiritual sleekness, of his neglect of her—a self-sufficient neglect that made him blind to the fact that for at least six months she had been planning to go away, out of his life—with another. And now she stood upon the threshold of a new sensation, a thrilling experience. By tomorrow—

Quite suddenly she left off thinking about her husband, and she began to think of Lemoyne. She remembered distinctly his words to her at parting: "Perhaps Wednesday evening if all goes well—at least not later than Friday. Anyway, I shall 'phone Wednesday evening before nine. So be prepared—for anything!"

*Wednesday evening before nine.* Would it be tonight, then? She twisted about for a glimpse of the clock. *Eight twenty-five!* She stifled a sigh and fell back upon the pillows. It *must* be tonight. She could not endure it another day—no, not even until Friday. It *must* be tonight. She began to repeat the phrase over and over in her mind, as one repeats a prayer, endlessly, with vague childish faith.

Her husband moved about, rustling his paper, unbuttoning his vest. This last act exaggerated the sense of vulgarity his presence seemed to breed.

The telephone began to ring. She started up suddenly.

"Yes, I think—yes—I am quite sure it is for me," she said agitatedly, as her husband looked up at her.

She rose a bit too eagerly. Then, with an air of recaptured nonchalance, she glided toward the writing-desk,



reached down and lifted the receiver to her ear. . . .

She hardly remembered how she got back to the divan; she threw herself upon it and began to think—quickly, feverishly. *So it was to be tonight, after all!* Well, everything—all the methodical, prosaic things were done, had been for days. Her grip was packed, the final letter to her husband written.

What was Lemoyne planning? Would they speed south from San Francisco to perpetual sunshine and orange groves or—

She sat up on the edge of the divan, arrested from her musings by the curious look her husband threw at her.

"At the St. Francis, not later than eleven!" Lemoyne's message suddenly recurred.

She must act promptly. Being an opportunist, she always had scorned futile planning, secure in the feeling that solutions are tossed up in the wake of any problem. And then, there was so little need to plan any elaborate scheme for her escape. Almost any excuse would do for Vardy, she thought with irony, so long as his newspaper and cigar were not interrupted. Still, she had not counted on quite the agitation that possessed her. If she left the house at all, it must be soon, before it grew *too* late. It was merely a question of the most plausible pretext.

She rose and began to arrange some magazines on the center table. Then she drew a dead flower from a bouquet that Lemoyne had sent her only the day before. *A dead flower!* Yes, by tomorrow every blossom would shrivel and die. A sense of futility suddenly oppressed her.

Her husband let his paper fall as he looked up at her, and she was conscious that he was speaking.

"Did you know," he said with almost kindly gruffness, "that Dolly Atkins was coming up from Los Angeles this afternoon?"

Dolly Atkins? Why hadn't she

thought of Dolly Atkins before? Of course, she knew that Dolly was coming up from Los Angeles. She answered her husband calmly, with just the shade of a drawl in her voice.

"Yes. That was Dolly Atkins who rang up. She wants me to run down to the St. Francis. She wants to see me tonight."

Her husband bent over and picked up the newspaper again. He said nothing.

She could almost hear her heart beat. Had she managed stupidly? Why did he say nothing?

She cleared her throat. "Did you hear me? I am going out—to the St. Francis. To see Dolly Atkins. Would you mind 'phoning for a taxi?"

He did not even turn to look at her, but she could sense the malignance of the smile that must have curved his lips.

"Dolly Atkins is dead," he said dryly. "The paper prints her name among those killed in the wreck of the Los Angeles Express at Tracy this afternoon."

She stood quite still and drew another dead flower from its place. Then slowly, very slowly, she walked back and threw herself upon the divan again. . . .

What was Lemoyne planning? Would they speed south from San Francisco to perpetual summer and orange groves, or—

She looked toward her husband. The yellow light searched out his heavy, paunch-like jowls, the roll of fat just above the collar line, his thick lower lip, dropped in torpid attention as he devoured his evening paper.

And to think that this *might* have been their last evening together, when, as a matter of course, it was merely one of many evenings that would stretch out interminably—many evenings devoted to the newspaper and *his* wife—yes, his wife curled demurely among the cushions of her divan, with the half-closed eyes of a passively alert cat.



# SEARCH ME!

By Charles D. Morgan

## CHARACTERS

MADAME ROSELYNE (*a French actress*)

THE CUSTOMS INSPECTOR

THE CUSTOMS MATRON

**S**CENE—*A small, bare room on the dock of a transatlantic line. At the back a door; at the left a window, overlooking the water. Printed notices of "Customs" regulations tacked on the wall. Two wooden chairs are the only furniture.*

AT RISE—*Empty stage. The rumble of baggage-trucks outside; the blast of a steamer's whistle. The door is flung open and the INSPECTOR enters, followed by MADAME ROSELYNE and the CUSTOMS MATRON. MME. R. is a very pretty, smartly-dressed young woman, her eyes snapping indignant determination. The INSPECTOR is a thin-faced, matter-of-fact young man of the "hustler" type, dressed in a dull business suit and soft hat. He wears a silver badge on his coat. The MATRON is a fleshy, ponderous person, in plain black semi-uniform with a badge. The INSPECTOR puts down an elegant little dressing-case which he carries and turns to the MATRON.*

INSPECTOR

Search the lady, Mrs. Brown. . . .

MATRON

Laces, you say?

INSPECTOR

Laces! . . . There's been nothing found in her baggage, but we've had a sure tip from our Paris agent. They must be concealed on her person.

MME. R. (*with icy indignation*)

Monsieur, I shall not submit to such indignity! Is it not already enough that you have turned my trunks upside down . . . crushed and destroyed everything I have? . . .

INSPECTOR

Madam. . . .

MME. R.

And I have been most amiable! Permitted you to search everything. . . .

INSPECTOR (*with meaning*)

No, Madam . . . not everything!

MME. R. (*in exasperation*)

Ah! . . .

INSPECTOR (*to the MATRON*)

Be as gentle and considerate as you can, Mrs. Brown . . . that's the orders . . . you know the papers have been knocking us lately. . . . Don't



give them a chance for any sympathy stuff. . . .

MATRON

I know my business. . . .

INSPECTOR (*at the door*)

I'll be back in a few minutes. . . .  
Very careful! . . .  
(*He goes out.*)

MATRON

Now, Madam, you'd better be sensible.

(*She starts to divest MME. R. of her furs. MME. R.'s first impulse is to resist; she hesitates for a moment, pondering the situation, then meekly submits, turning on the MATRON with a winning smile.*)

MME. R.

Of course! . . . I cannot be angry with you, Madame. . . . You do but your duty, hein? . . .

(*Proferring her muff.*)

And the muff, no?

(*With friendly interest.*)

And tell me, Madame, are your duties severe? . . .

MATRON

That depends. . . . If they'd all act reasonable like you. . . .

MME. R.

And are you the only Matron on this pier?

MATRON

Yes.

MME. R. (*weighing the statement in her mind*)

Ah . . . the only matron. . . .

(*Collecting herself with a sympathetic smile.*)

That is very hard for you, Madame. . . . Ah, my gloves, of course.

(*She takes off her gloves and hands them to the MATRON.*)

And the pay is very small, no?

MATRON

Ten dollars a week. . . .

MME. R.

Ten dollars? Ciel! How can you manage with that?

(*She takes up her hand-bag and extracts a note from it.*)

Listen, chere Madame . . . here are one hundred francs. . . . You will accept them from one who sympathizes deeply. . . .

MATRON (*drawing back*)

You can't bribe me, lady! . . .

MME. R. (*offended*)

Bribe? . . . Oh! . . . you did not think! Chere Madame, I do not ask you to do *nothing* wrong . . . to neglect your search in any way . . . only to postpone it for a little while . . .

MATRON

How do you mean?

MME. R.

To leave me here for half an hour alone. . . .

(*With a gesture about the room.*)

But, Madame . . . I can do nothing. . . .

(*Going towards the window.*)

There is only this window, and below the green water. . . .

MATRON

And I'd lock the door behind me, of course. I . . .

MME. R.

Wait! The Inspector has also a key to that door? . . . When he returns?

MATRON

Oh, yes. . . .

MME. R.

Then you may lock it, Madame. . . . All I desire is to be for half an hour alone . . . alone with the Inspector! Surely no harm can come of that? . . .

MATRON

Well, I don't see that it can. . . .  
(*She takes the note and raising her*



*skirts tucks it into her coarse woolen stocking.)*

MME. R. (*amused*)

Ha, ha. . . . Madame has learnt by her profession a woman's hiding-place. (*She urges the MATRON toward the door.*)

Good-by, Madame, you must go to your mother who is ill, is it not so? . . . Of course, you are worried . . . there has been so very much influenza. . . . I hope you will find her better. Au revoir. . . .

MATRON

Only half an hour. . . .  
(*She goes out and is heard to lock the door behind her.*)

(*Left alone, MME. R. laughs softly to herself.*)

MME. R.

Ah, ha, ha! Now for that dear Inspector!

(*She takes a pose, comically burlesquing the INSPECTOR's manner. Still laughing, she begins hurriedly to undress. She takes off her hat and coat, then her blouse and shoes. She shivers; finds the floor very cold. She opens her dressing-case and slips on a frilly dressing-gown and bedroom slippers. Then she puts the open dressing-case on a chair, propping up her hand-mirror against the back and seated on the other chair begins leisurely to touch up her disordered hair and complexion, glancing at the door now and again with a malicious smile.*)

(*She sings a song to herself as she waits.*)

(*Someone outside tries the door.*)

VOICE OF THE INSPECTOR

Open up! . . . It's me, the Inspector!

MME. R. (*smiles to herself, then answers in a voice of extreme irritation*)

But unlock the door! Voyons! I have not the key. . . .

(*The INSPECTOR unlocks the door and enters. MME. R. angrily:*)

Eh, bien, Monsieur, where is that Matron?

INSPECTOR

Where is she? . . . Why? . . . That's what I was going to ask?

MME. R.

Ah . . . you do not know! . . . You are not content to drag me here to this barren stable; to be stripped by force of my clothing by a monster of a woman . . . no! you must also leave me exposed and naked to the draughts and chills . . . to await my examination. Ah!

INSPECTOR

Madam . . . I can't understand it! . . . What did the matron say? . . .

MME. R.

What she said! And is it an excuse that she said she went out to see her sick mother? . . . Is this a time to see to a sick mother? . . . She will not be so sick as I, from the cold I have here! . . . Ah, I hope she dies, that mother! . . . then perhaps your matron will return. . . .

INSPECTOR

It beats me, Madam . . . the matron ought to know it's against the rules to leave like that.

MME. R.

So! . . . then it is *she* who breaks the law . . . she is the "criminelle." . . . Charming for the government to have such people in their service . . . and with a sick mother! . . . But do not stand there gaping, Monsieur. . . . Sapristi! let another matron be called . . . immediately. . . .

INSPECTOR

Madam . . . I'm very sorry . . . but there are no other matrons . . . and . . .

MME. R. (*catching him up*)

No other matrons. Ah! . . . Is not that characteristic of your greedy, grasping government? They take the very clothes from my back, and yet they



have but one matron . . . and she is a "criminell" . . . and with a sick mother! . . .

*(She pauses to take breath.)*

Enfin, Monsieur, . . . what do you propose to do?

INSPECTOR *(nonplussed)*

Well, I don't see anything to do but wait. . . . Please, Madam, . . . take a chair.

*(He pushes one of the chairs towards her. She sinks into it with a sigh of exasperation.)*

MME. R.

Ah! . . . delightful!

*(The INSPECTOR removes the dressing-case from the other chair and also sits down. MME. R. immediately twists her chair around to turn her back to his offending presence. A long pause. She balances one leg over the other with nervous irritation; angry sighs escape her from time to time. She turns and surreptitiously contemplates the INSPECTOR'S back, and laughs mischievously to herself. The INSPECTOR sits in abject distress. He turns carefully to steal a glance at MME. R. Her smile instantly freezes and she turns back with another sigh of anguish.)*

Ah! . . . Monsieur, I have endured this farce as long as possible. I demand that the search be made.

INSPECTOR

But, Madam, that's impossible . . . seeing . . .

MME. R.

It is *not* impossible.

INSPECTOR

No? . . . How's that?

MME. R. *(with decision)*

You must make the search yourself!

*(The INSPECTOR'S face is horror-stricken. He steals a shy, hurried glance at her over his shoulder.)*

INSPECTOR *(nervously)*

Ha, ha . . . you're joking . . .

MME. R.

Joking! And why should I be joking, mon petit Monsieur? . . . Is it a joke to sit here freezing in an ice-box . . . half dressed . . . in your company? I was never more serious, Monsieur! Come, I am ready!

*(She jumps up and standing before him slips off her peignoir.)*

INSPECTOR *(jumping up in confusion)*

No! Don't! . . . I can't, really . . . I'd like to, but I can't! I'm disqualified by law from making such a search. Look here!

*(Pointing to the printed regulations on the wall.)*

Section 1089 of the Customs Laws of the United States. . . . "Men expressly disqualified. . . ."

MME. R.

Ah! Is not that a stupid law! On the contrary, Monsieur, men are very well qualified. . . .

INSPECTOR

Eh?

MME. R.

Admirably qualified! . . .

INSPECTOR

How do you mean?

MME. R.

Both by experience and by inclination . . .

INSPECTOR *(overcome with embarrassment)*

No, really I . . . I . . . don't dare!

MME. R. *(presenting her back to him)*

Monsieur! Unhook me! If the search is not made at once I shall publish my grievance in every newspaper in the country.

INSPECTOR

No, no, don't do that! The service is in wrong already.

MME. R.

Then unhook me!



INSPECTOR (*fearfully*)

And if I do, you won't say anything about it? . . .

MME. R. (*flashing a smile at him, her hand resting lightly on his arm*)

But, of course not, my friend . . . it can be a little intimate affair . . . between ourselves . . .

INSPECTOR (*desperately*)

All right. . . .

(*He kneels down and struggles with the intricacies of the fastenings of her skirt.*)

MME. R.

Wait! Had you not better lock the door? . . . We must not be discovered, eh?

(*With a smile.*)

Section 1089, remember!

INSPECTOR

You're right.

(*He goes and locks the door, leaving the key in the lock, then resumes his task at the skirt.*)

MME. R.

So! That is well! . . .

(*Sweetly.*)

A little personal arrangement between ourselves. If you find nothing you release me . . . if something, I go to jail . . .

(*Pointing in alarm.*)

Hé! Mon ami. Two more hooks . . . underneath . . .

INSPECTOR (*red in the face*)

Gee, what a job!

MME. R.

Oh, you dreadful man . . . you have torn me! . . . Tut! tut! Now I comprehend. It is for such as you they made that stupid law!

(*She stands ready to slip off her skirt.*)

Now if Monsieur will turn away until I am quite ready for the official examination . . .

INSPECTOR (*with relief*)

Yes, yes . . . by all means . . .

(*He goes to the extremest corner, and stands there nervously, his back turned towards her. On tiptoes MME. R goes and takes the key from the lock, noiselessly crosses the room, jerks up the window, and throws out the key with a cry of triumph.*)

MME. R.

Ah! . . .

(*The INSPECTOR, stealing a "peeping-Tom" glance over his shoulder, catches her in her trick, and turns aghast. In desperation he rushes at the door, of course to find it locked. MME. R. faces him with a gloating smile, mistress of the situation.*)

Now, Monsieur, the Inspector, I have you! Do you realize the terrible thing you have done? . . . You have lured me into this room on a pretext of examination . . . abused the privilege of your office . . . locked me in so that I cannot escape . . . forced me to undress . . . threatened with . . . I know not what! In one moment more I shall scream . . . the door will be broken down . . . I shall be here undressed . . . and be assured, Monsieur, I shall be quite undressed by that time! . . . Then what a scandal! You will be dishonored . . . perhaps imprisoned . . . and the newspapers! Juste Ciel! . . . the Customs Service attacked and derided! . . . And the French government! . . . Will it not demand explanations for such treatment of a lady subject? . . . strained diplomatic relations . . . your country ridiculed before the world! . . . Oh, Monsieur, it will be a gay party! . . .

INSPECTOR (*gasping*)

Oh—

MME. R. (*with an entire change of tone, very sweetly*)

Or else, cher Monsieur, l'Inspecteur, you will be very kind and pass me through immediately without further examination . . .



INSPECTOR (*doggedly*)  
You—can't blackmail me!

MME. R.  
Oh, what a disagreeable word! . . .  
However, I am quite indifferent! In  
one moment I shall scream—  
(*She prepares to slip off her skirt.*)

INSPECTOR (*suddenly losing heart*)  
Now look here . . . just a minute!

MME. R. (*pausing*)  
Well? . . .

INSPECTOR  
I'm willing to do the right thing. . . .  
See here! If you'll give up the smug-  
gled goods, I'll let you go, no questions  
asked. . . .

MME. R. (*indignantly*)  
Monsieur! How dare you to assume  
that I have smuggled goods? . . . I  
demand instant apology!

INSPECTOR  
I'm sorry. . . . Of course, I don't  
know you have them . . .

MME. R.  
So! And if I have them, should I  
profit to be released today, and to be  
followed and arrested tomorrow? . . .  
Your proposal is an infamous trick,  
Monsieur!  
(*She lets her skirt fall about her  
ankles, and stands before him in her  
ruffled petticoat.*)

INSPECTOR (*rushing forward in a  
panic*)  
Don't! Don't! I'll do anything . . .  
only . . . don't scream!

MME. R. (*drawing up her skirt again  
very crisply*)  
So! paste your label on that bag!  
Give me a pass-ticket!  
(*The INSPECTOR reluctantly kneels  
down before the bag, takes out a sheet  
of gummed labels, detaches one, licks it,  
and is about to paste it on the bag.*)

INSPECTOR (*straightening up with sud-  
den resolution*)  
No! I'll be damned if I do!  
(*He crushes the label and throws it  
aside.*)

MME. R. (*her hands seeking the fasten-  
ing of her skirt*)  
Very well! . . . I have warned you.  
(*She gives a shout—a tentative shout  
—not very loud nor very distressful—  
calculated only to warn the INSPECTOR  
of more direful possibilities.*)  
A moi! A moi!

INSPECTOR (*in terror*)  
Quiet, for God's sake! . . . Anything  
you say! Anything at all!  
(*Footsteps are heard outside; some-  
one tries the door; then rattles the knob  
impatiently.*)

(*INSPECTOR in a horrified whisper.*)  
Sh-h! . . .  
(*Still on his knees before her, he  
snatches her hand from her skirt with  
an imploring gesture.*)

(*She motions imperiously towards  
the bag. He nods his head in vehement  
assent. She motions him to make haste.  
He turns slowly to the bag. Another  
rattle of the knob acts on him like an  
electric shock. In his haste he fumbles  
with the sheet of labels, and pastes on  
the bag not one but half a dozen in  
rapid succession.*)

MME. R. (*holds out her hand, under  
her breath*):

The pass-ticket.  
(*He hurriedly hands it to her. She  
bows her thanks with a malicious little  
smile. Retreating footsteps outside.*)  
Ah, they are gone!

INSPECTOR (*sinks into a chair—heaving  
a great sigh of relief.*)

Gee! . . . that almost killed me!

MME. R. (*in mocking laughter*)  
Ha, ha, ha!  
(*She tucks the ticket into the neck of  
her déshabille.*)  
It is now in a safe place, Monsieur!  
. . . with the smuggled goods, hein?  
. . . ha, ha, ha!



INSPECTOR (*faces her sourly*)

Well, now that you've got what you want, what do you intend to do?

MME. R.

Wait for the matron to come back.

INSPECTOR (*with sudden hope*)

Do you expect the matron back?

MME. R.

Ma foi, she should be back some time . . . when the sick mother is well . . . or dies . . . after the funeral, perhaps! . . . I can wait! . . .

INSPECTOR (*impatiently*)

Well, for the Lord's sake, put some clothes on—anyway! . . . You make me nervous standing around like that.

(*Glancing towards the door.*)

They might come back! Here! . . .  
(*He holds out her blouse to her.*)

MME. R.

No! I do not trust you, Monsieur. . . . If I dressed you might repent, or try some trick . . . and then it would be all to do over. . . . But in this costume I am always prepared . . . one scream and you are mine!

INSPECTOR (*proffering the peignoir*)

Just this . . . please. . . .

MME. R.

That? Eh bien, but it is a concession, Monsieur. . . . I am so cold!

(*He helps her into it with a sigh of relief. They sit down in the two chairs, facing each other.* MME. R. *mischievously*):

Eh bien, here we are once more! Such a cosy little party!

INSPECTOR (*crustily*)

Humpf!

MME. R.

My dear Monsieur, you do not appreciate your good fortune . . . to be shut up in a small room with a pretty woman, in a peignoir and slippers.

INSPECTOR (*sarcastic*)

I suppose not . . .

(*She shrugs her shoulders, and picks up a yellow-covered novel from her dressing-case, and begins leisurely to read to herself. A long silence. The* INSPECTOR, *with a gasp of impatience*):

Hm . . . looks as if we were here to stay. . . .

MME. R. (*without looking up*)

It looks so . . .

INSPECTOR (*after pondering deeply*)

Now, when the matron comes back, what's to prevent me from walking out with you . . . when you're dressed—and having you arrested? . . .

MME. R. (*sharply*)

You think of doing that? . . .

INSPECTOR

Perhaps. . . .

MME. R. (*jumping up*)

Then unless you promise on your honor that you will not I begin to scream . . . and this time to really scream. . . .

(*She lets the peignoir fall from one shoulder.*)

INSPECTOR (*quickly*)

I promise! I promise!

MME. R. (*resuming her reading*)

Traitor! . . . As I thought, you are not to be trusted. . . .

INSPECTOR

Then what makes you think I'll keep my promise?

MME. R. (*scathingly*)

You have sworn on your honor . . . a trifle, I suppose. . . .

INSPECTOR

But when I took this job I also swore on my honor to uphold the laws and Constitution of the United States. That promise came first, didn't it?



MME. R. (*indifferently*)

Oh, as you will . . . if you think the laws and Constitution are more to be feared than I am!

INSPECTOR (*with growing assurance*)

You know, the moment you go out that door you'll have nothing on me.

MME. R. (*serenely*)

Oh, I shall have something else on you by that time. . . .

INSPECTOR

No, you won't! I know my line now . . . watchful waiting!

MME. R.

Delightful!  
(*She goes on reading. A long silence.*)

(*She puts down the book with a little yawn of boredom.*)

Eh bien, mon ami, what are you going to do to entertain me?

INSPECTOR (*sourly*)

Me entertain you? I'm thinking it's up to you to entertain me.

MME. R. (*jumping up gaily*)

Very well. . . . I am more obliging than you, Monsieur. . . . I shall sing you a little song. No? . . .

(*She sings a flirtatious little song, darting back and forth before him, at once elusive and provoking. Finally, with a little sigh of abandonment, she sinks down in her chair beside him. He had been visibly fascinated by the song.*)

INSPECTOR

Say, you're all right . . . fine . . .

MME. R.

Oh, yes. . . . I am an actress.

INSPECTOR

What! Are you an actress?

(*With a low whistle.*)

Whew . . . think of that! A French actress! . . . Why didn't you tell me?

MME. R. (*leaning toward him coquettishly, a hand on his arm*)

And if I had, Monsieur, what would you have done?

INSPECTOR (*with a nervous gurgle*)

Ha, ha. . . . I don't know. . . .

(*He edges away, overcome with embarrassment.*)

MME. R.

Would you have been very naughty?

INSPECTOR (*keeping his distance, tongue-tied*)

Ha, ha . . . ha, ha . . . Gee! . . .

MME. R. (*shaking her head sadly*)

I fear you still suspect me, Monsieur? . . .

INSPECTOR (*uneasily, running his finger under his collar*)

Well, I don't know. Give me a little time, won't you? . . . to see where I stand. . . .

MME. R. (*glancing at a tiny watch on her wrist*)

You have had half an hour!

(*Looking expectantly at the door, piteously.*)

But you still think I am a smuggler . . . a wicked woman . . . oh, dear . . . it is dreadful. . . .

(*She gives a little sob and turns away, holding her handkerchief to her eyes.*)

INSPECTOR (*glances about in desperation.*)

Holy smoke!

MME. R. (*through her sobs, but watching the door over her handkerchief*)

But I shall prove to you that I am innocent. . . .

(*Jumping up and standing before him.*)

No more of this acting! I shall dress myself immediately and give myself up. . . .

(*She slips off her peignoir, preparatory to dressing.*)



INSPECTOR

Here! Hold on! Let me think that over.

MME. R.

No, I am quite determined. . . . Will you hold this for me, Monsieur?

*(She hands him her dainty little blouse, all muslin and ribbons. He hesitates to take it. MME. R. with a pleading smile.)*

You will not help me, please?

*(He reluctantly takes the blouse and holds it out gingerly before him with the tips of his fingers.)*

INSPECTOR

I'm nothing but a damned lady's maid . . . taking 'em off, and putting 'em on. . . .

MME. R.

So . . .

*(Keeping her eye on the door and sparring for time.)*

But first a little powder. . . .

*(She goes to her dressing-case and, humming a song, shakes a mist of powder over her neck and arms. She prolongs the pauses of her song, listening intently for a warning sound from without. Suddenly, in the midst of a pause, she runs to the INSPECTOR.)*

Now, if you please, Monsieur . . . quickly! quickly!

*(He awkwardly holds out the blouse for her, with comical preoccupation, his back to the door. She slips in one arm, stops, watching the door.)*

Be careful, Monsieur. . . .

*(The door quietly opens and the MATRON enters. MME. R. immediately begins to struggle with the sleeve of her blouse, and with violent gestures frees her arm from it, crying out in agonized tones):*

Aie! stop! stop! you beast! You monster!

*(As if perceiving the MATRON for the first time.)*

Ah, it is you, Madame? You arrive too late, alas!

*(She turns on the INSPECTOR, who, dumbfounded, still holds the blouse in his hands.)*

Look! This creature has searched me . . . stripped the clothes from my body! You are my witness, Madame! And you found the door locked! You see him, the infamous animal!

MATRON

Yes, I see him all right.

MME. R. *(pointing to the printed regulations)*

And you know section 1089, Madame? What is the penalty? . . . one year . . . five years in prison? . . . I wish it were ten.

INSPECTOR *(stands back aghast)*

Well, I'll be staggered.

MME R. *(to the MATRON)*

Help me to dress, please!

*(With the MATRON'S assistance she hurriedly throws on her things.)*

*(The INSPECTOR sneaks towards the door. MME. R. peremptorily):*

Remain here! Do not stir!

*(He meekly obeys, shaking his head in surrender. MME. R. extracts the pass-ticket and shows it to the MATRON.)*

You see, Madame, I am quite free! At least he found nothing in his brutal examination. . . .

*(She picks up her dressing-case. To the INSPECTOR):*

Au revoir, Monsieur. . . . So charmed! . . .

*(She starts towards the door. An end of lace trails from under her skirts along the floor. As she passes the INSPECTOR quietly puts his foot on it and MME. R. proceeds, leaving a long wake of lace behind her. At length, feeling the tug of the lace at her skirts, she turns and regards it coolly.)*

Ah, thank you, Monsieur, I had almost forgotten my lace.

*(With a sad shake of his head, the INSPECTOR winds up the lace and hands it to her. MME. R. sweetly.)*

So kind . . . good-bye!



*(She thrusts the lace into her dressing-case and starts out.)*

MATRON *(running towards the door)*

I'm going out to have her arrested.

*(The INSPECTOR with one bound springs upon the MATRON.)*

INSPECTOR

Don't! For God's sake, woman! She'll ruin me!

*(His arms are about her, one hand over her mouth.)*

MATRON

Let me go! . . . She can't ruin me! . . .

MME. R.

Oh, yes, I can. . . . Hold her fast, Monsieur!

*(She pulls up the MATRON's skirts and produces the hundred-franc note from her stocking.)*

You see these hundred francs, Monsieur? I am so glad to have them back! They were given as a bribe and weighed upon my conscience.

*(The MATRON ceases struggling; the INSPECTOR releases her. They stand on either side of the door with mouths agape, as the conquering MME. R. slips the money into her purse and sweeps out triumphantly.)*

CURTAIN



## ELEGY

WHAT a world, alas, it is! So much to do, and life so short! So many men, and so few honest! So many women, and how rare the one with sense! So many hairs, and not a one on my bald head! Such a plethora of births, and dearth of hangings! So many drinking, and so little in a keg!



NO man is ever too old to look at a woman, and no woman is ever too fat to hope that he will look.



THE charm of a man is measured by the charm of the women who think that he is a scoundrel.



MORALITY consists of the crimes left uncommitted by those we dislike.



# A LITANY FOR MUSIC LOVERS

By Owen Hatteras

FROM all piano-players save Paderewski, Carreño and Mark Hambourg; and from the "Wilhelm Tell" and "1812" overtures; and from bad imitations of Victor Herbert by Victor Herbert; and from persons who express astonishment that Dr. Karl Muck, being a German, is devoid of all bulge, corporation, paunch or leap-tick; and from the saxophone, the piccolo, the cornet and the bagpipes; and from the theory that America has no folk-music; and from all symphonic poems by English composers; and from the tall, willing, horse-chested, ham-handed, quasi-gifted ladies who stagger to their legs in gloomy drawing rooms after bad dinners and poison the air with Tosti's "Good-bye"; and from the low, prehensile, godless laryngologists who prostitute their art to the saving of tenors who are happily threatened with loss of voice; and from clarinet cadenzas more than two inches in length; and from the first two acts of "Il Trova-

tore"; and from such fluffy, xanthous whiskers as Lohengrins wear; and from sentimental old maids who sink into senility lamenting that Brahms never wrote an opera; and from programme music, with or without notes; and from Swiss bell-ringers, Vincent D'Indy, the Paris Opera, and Elgar's "Salut d'Amour"; and from the doctrine that Massenet was a greater composer than Dvorák; and from Italian bands and *schnellpostdoppelschraubendampfer* orchestras; and from Raff's "Cavatina" and all of Tchaikowsky except ten percentum; and from prima donna conductors who change their programmes without notice, and so get all of the musical critics into a sweat; and from the abandoned hussies who sue tenors for breach of promise; and from all alleged musicians who do not shrivel to the size of five-cent cigars whenever they think of old Josef Haydn—good Lord, deliver us!



## FROM THE DAY-BOOK OF OLD DR. BOLUS

MEDICAL note by the learned Prof. Orison Swett Marden, B.S., LL.B., M.D., A.M., B.O., the Hippocrates of the New Thought:

There is nothing that will ruin the digestion . . . quicker than worry.

Nevertheless, I make so bold as to offer \$4 at even money on a heaping *demi-tasse* of ground glass.



THERE are two times in every man's life when he is thoroughly happy: just after he has met his first love and just after he has parted from his last one.



# WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA

**LIPINSKI, Abraham**, editor; *b.* Mogilef, Russia, August 16, 1869; *s.* Isidor and Rachel (Hipski); *m.* Sarah Gondorfsky, of Syschevka, Russia, 1889, Leah Ranalowski, of New York, 1897, Minna Rosensweig, of New York, 1906. Editor, the Socialist Quarterly, the Russian-Jewish Gazette. *Author*: "Freedom for the Poles," "The Case for the Russian Peasants," "The Dangers of Democracy" and sixteen children. *Address*: New York, New York.

**O'CALLAHAN, Patrick Michael**, public official; *b.* Dublin, Ireland, December 6, 1873; *s.* Seumas and Bridget (O'Shea); *m.* Mary Shaughnessy, of Glennamaddy, Ireland, February 12, 1890; came to New York, 1891, and was on police force 1891-2, leader 12th Assembly District, New York, 1893; 18th Assembly District 1894; 14th Assembly District 1895; commissioner of docks and ferries, New York, and treasurer of the board, 1896; Tammany Hall leader 1896..... *Address*: New York, New York.

**DREZZETTI, Pietro**, charity organizer; *b.* Milan, Italy, October 10, 1873; *s.* Garibaldi and Maria (Arezzo); *m.* Rocca Frignano, of Giovinnazo, Italy, 1897; came to New York 1892 and began as bootblack; leader 6th District Republican Rally Club 1899-1904; organized Italian Charities League, 1906; president and treasurer Italian Charities League, 1906—, Italo-American Chowder Club, 1907—, Italian Immigrant Relief Society, 1908—, Italian Workmen of the World, 1908—. *Address*: New York, New York.

**CHILLINGS, Algernon Ronald**, playwright; *b.* Manchester, England, December 9, 1871; *s.* Hubert and Gladys (Windcourt); was actor in London, 1889-1903; came to America 1904; has written four American plays, "Lord Dethridge's Claim," "The Savoy at Ten," "The Queen's Consort," and "Lady Cicely's Adventure." Has lectured on the American drama at Yale and Harvard Universities. Vice-president Society of American Dramatists. *Address*, New York, New York.

**OBERHALZ, Gustav**, ex-congressman; *b.* Düsseldorf, Germany, May 20, 1868; *s.* Ludwig and Hannah (Draushauser); *m.* Kunigunde Kartoffelbaum, of Teklenburg, Germany, 1884, Theresa Waxel, of Neuholdensleben, Germany, 1889; came to America in steerage 1886; joined the Deutsche Gesellschaftsverein 1886 and became its president in 1896; merged this organization in 1897 with the Vaterland Bund; presented his native city with a library in 1898. *Author*: "Deutschland und Der Kaiser." *Address*, Brooklyn, New York.



ONCE a woman has got her arms around a man's neck it is all up with the man. And usually it is all up with the woman too.



WHEN a man gets his wits together enough to tell a woman that he loves her, it is a sign that he is beginning to get over it.



# THE BUREAU D'ECHANGE DE MAUX

By Lord Dunsany

I OFTEN think of the Bureau d'Echange de Maux and the wondrously evil old man that sate therein. It stood in a little street that there is in Paris, its doorway made of three brown beams of wood, the top one overlapping the others like the Greek letter *pai*, all the rest painted green, a house far lower and narrower than its neighbors and infinitely stranger, a thing to take one's fancy. And over the doorway, on the old brown beam, in faded yellow letters, this legend ran, "Bureau Universel d'Echange de Maux."

I entered at once and accosted the listless man that lolled on a stool by his counter. I demanded the wherefore of his wonderful house, what evil wares he exchanged, with many other things that I wished to know, for curiosity led me, and, indeed, had it not, I had gone at once from the shop, for there was so evil a look in that fattened man, in the hang of his fallen cheeks and his sinful eye that you would have said he had had dealings with Hell and won the advantage by sheer wickedness.

Such a man was mine host, but above all the evil of him lay in his eyes, which lay so still, so apathetic, that you would have sworn that he was drugged or dead; like lizards, motionless on a wall they lay, then suddenly they darted, and all his cunning flamed up and revealed itself in what one moment before seemed no more than a sleepy and ordinarily wicked old man. And this was the object and trade of that peculiar shop, the Bureau Universel d'Echange de Maux: you paid twenty francs, which the old man proceeded to take from me, for admission to the bureau, and then had the right to ex-

change any evil or misfortune with anyone on the premises for some evil or misfortune that he "could afford," as the old man put it.

There were four or five men in the dingy ends of that low-ceilinged room who gesticulated and muttered softly in twos as men who make a bargain; and now and then more came in, and the eyes of the flabby owner of the house leaped up at them as they entered, seemed to know their errands at once and each one's peculiar need, and fell back again into somnolence, receiving his twenty francs in an almost lifeless hand and biting the coin as though in pure absence of mind.

"Some of my clients," he told me. So amazing to me was the trade of this extraordinary shop that I engaged the old man in conversation, repulsive though he was, and from his garrulity I gathered these facts. He spoke in perfect English, though his utterance was somewhat thick and heavy; no language seemed to come amiss to him. He had been in business a great many years, how many he would not say, and was far older than he looked. All kinds of people did business in his shop. What they exchanged with each other he did not care, except that it had to be evils, he was not empowered to carry on any other kind of business.

There was no evil, he told me, that was not negotiable there; no evil the old man knew had ever been taken away in despair from his shop. A man might have to wait and come back again next day and next day and the day after, paying twenty francs each time, but the old man had the addresses of his clients and shrewdly knew their



needs, and soon the right two met and eagerly changed their commodities. "Commodities" was the old man's terrible word, said with a gruesome smack of his heavy lips, for he took a pride in his business, and evils to him were goods.

I learned from him in ten minutes very much of human nature, more than I had ever learned from any other man; I learned from him that a man's own evil is to him the worst thing that there is or could be, and that an evil so unbalances all men's minds that they always seek for extremes in that small, grim shop. A woman that had no children had exchanged with an impoverished, half-maddened creature with twelve. On one occasion a man had exchanged wisdom for folly.

"Why on earth did he do that?" I said.

"None of my business," the old man answered in his heavy, indolent way. He merely took his twenty francs from each and ratified the agreement in the little room at the back, opening out of the shop, where his clients do business. Apparently the man that had parted with wisdom had left the shop upon the tips of his toes with a happy though foolish expression all over his face, but the other went thoughtfully away, wearing a troubled and very puzzled look. Almost always, it seemed, they did business in opposite evils.

But the thing that puzzled me most in all my talks with that unwieldy man, the thing that puzzles me still, is that none that had once done business in that shop ever returned again; a man might come day after day for many weeks, but once do business and he never returned; so much the old man told me, but when I asked him why, he only muttered that he did not know.

It was to discover the wherefore of this strange thing, and for no other reason at all, that I determined myself to do business, sooner or later, in the little room at the back of that mysterious shop. I determined to exchange some very trivial evil for some evil equally slight, to seek for myself an

advantage so very small as scarcely to give Fate, as it were, a grip; for I deeply distrusted these bargains, knowing well that man has never yet benefited by the marvelous, and that the more miraculous his advantage appears to be, the more securely and tightly do the gods or the witches catch him. In a few days more I was going back to England and I was beginning to fear that I should be seasick; this fear of seasickness, not the actual malady, but only the mere fear of it, I decided to exchange for a suitably little evil. I did not know with whom I should be dealing, who in reality was the head of the firm (one never does when shopping), but I decided that neither Jew nor Devil could make very much on so small a bargain as that.

I told the old man my project and he scoffed at the smallness of my commodity, trying to urge me on to some darker bargain, but could not move me from my purpose. And then he told me tales, with a somewhat boastful air, of the big business, the great bargains, that had passed through his hands. A man had once run in there to try and exchange death, he had swallowed poison by accident and had only twelve hours to live. That sinister old man had been able to oblige him. A client was willing to exchange the commodity.

"But what did he give in exchange for death?" I said.

"Life," said that grim old man with a furtive chuckle.

"It must have been a horrible life," I said.

"That was not my affair," the proprietor said, lazily rattling together as he spoke a little pocketful of twenty-franc pieces.

Strange business I watched in that shop for the next few days, the exchange of odd commodities, and heard strange mutterings in corners amongst couples who presently rose and went to the back room, the old man following to ratify.

Twice a day for a week I paid my twenty francs, watching life, with its great needs and its little needs, morning



and afternoon, spread out before me in all its wonderful variety.

And one day I met a comfortable man with only a little need; he seemed to have the very evil I wanted. He always feared the lift was going to break. I knew too much of hydraulics to fear things as silly as that, but it was not my business to cure his ridiculous fear. Very few words were needed to convince him that mine was the evil for him; he never crossed the sea, and I, on the other hand, could always walk upstairs, and I also felt, at the time, as many must feel in that shop, that so absurd a fear could never trouble me. And yet, at times, it is almost the curse of my life. When we both had signed the parchment in the spidery back room, and the old man had signed and ratified (for which we had to pay him fifty francs each), I went back to my hotel, and there I saw the deadly thing in the basement. They asked me if I would go upstairs in the lift; from force of habit I risked it, and I held my breath all the way up and clenched my hands. Nothing will induce me to try such a journey again. I would sooner go up to my room in a balloon. And why? Because if a balloon goes wrong you have a chance: it may spread out into a parachute after it has burst, it may catch in a tree, a hundred and one things may happen, but if the lift

falls down its shaft you are done. As for seasickness, I shall never be sick again; I cannot tell you why, except that I know that it is so.

And the shop in which I made this remarkable bargain, the shop to which none return when their business is done, I set out for it next day. Blindfold I could have found my way to the unfashionable quarter out of which a mean street runs, where you take the alley at the end, whence runs the *cul-de-sac* where the queer shop stood. A shop with pillars, fluted and painted red, stands on its near side; its other neighbor is a low-class jeweler's, with little silver brooches in the window. In such incongruous company stood the shop with beams, with its walls painted green.

In half an hour I stood in the *cul-de-sac* to which I had gone twice a day for the last week; I found the shop with the ugly painted pillars and the jeweler that sold brooches; but the green house, with the three beams, was gone.

Pulled down, you will say, although in a single night. That can never be the answer to the mystery, for the house of the fluted pillars painted on plaster, and the low-class jeweler's shop, with its silver brooches (all of which I could identify one by one), were standing side by side.



THE surest way to get a reputation as a liar is to pretend to be very good.  
The next surest way is to pretend to be very wicked.



PHILANTHROPY is the art of paying the public a fair interest on its money—and getting a receipt for the principal.



# EFFICIENCY

By McLandburgh Wilson

**S**POKE the Drop of Spray:

"I make the mighty ocean and bear the treasure ships afar. I fall upon the rock and the coast is changed; can any be greater than I?"

"Nay," cried the Mocker; "you of yourself accomplish nothing. Can you make a billow or break a proud ship by your single strength?"

Spoke the Raindrop:

"I moisten the earth. I raise the crops whereby men are fed, and fill the streams whereof they must drink or perish."

"Nay," cried the Mocker; "you of yourself bring nothing to pass. You could not grow a single grain of wheat unless millions of your brothers fell afterward—you are not sufficient to cool one thirsting tongue."

Spoke the Dewdrop:

"I bring refreshment. I gem the grass blade and the flower, and fall so gently I do not break the spider's web."

"Nay," cried the Mocker; "you are

born of the air; and the first sunbeams suck you up. You have no continuing strength, and are of little worth."

Spoke the Drop of Holy Water:

"I save men from the Devil, and he hates me above all else. Can any greater work than this be done?"

"Nay," cried the Mocker; "you save but for a time; are there not multitudes whom he afterward wins? You have no permanency."

And they were all silent while the Mocker boasted:

"I am the mightiest of you all, for I accomplish perfectly what each of you attempts imperfectly. With my salt drop I can float whole argosies, and I have broken Man, the stronger vessel. I can wear away a stone by falling only once. The arid places cannot resist me, and I can make the desert to blossom like the rose. I gather more cunningly than the dewdrop, and the gems I make remain after the sunshine has dried me. And I can save man from the Devil—for I am a Woman's Tear."



## TANAGRA

**I** WILL tell you a little parable. Each life is like a wonderful castle, with hundreds of mysterious rooms. Through the whole expanse of that castle runs a broad, comfortable passage—ultimately leading to the small room that contains an honored and peaceful deathbed. . . .

If you would be safe, you must stay in this passage. You must pass by without opening them the hundreds of alluring doors. You must pass by without following them the secret winding stairs leading up or down to unknown places—

And you will never know all you really own. You will never see the festive hall with its brilliant revels, nor

the taper-lit chapel with its mystic ecstasies—you will never find the hidden chamber with its lotus joys, nor the romantic balcony with its bizarre assemblage—you will never reach the tiny tower room with its view across land and sea and up into the skies. . . . And you will never see the dark cells where weird things are kept—nor the ghastly dungeon deep down below the ground, where one lies sobbing and bleeding and broken, and whence there is no returning.

I have opened many a door in my castle—said Christine—and I fear I shall never find my way back to the broad, comfortable passage. . . .



# THE LAST ADVENTURE OF CRAIG KENNEDY

By Frank R. Adams

CRAIG KENNEDY looked at his ingersollometer. He could not use an ordinary watch in his experiments, but with this faithful companion he knew to a hundredth part of a second how much it lost every day, and it never took him more than a minute to calculate within an hour or so the correct time.

He frowned.

"What's up?" I asked.

"The February *Boscopopolitan Magazine* goes to press in twenty-nine hours," he announced shortly, "and I haven't had an adventure yet that will do for copy for this month."

"Heavens," I murmured, aghast at the possibility of a number of *Boscop*, as we had nicknamed it, coming out without an adventure of Kennedy's in it. I am a newspaper man and I realize the value of publicity as much as anyone. What if the reading public should forget for an instant the name and methods of my friend, the scientific detective?

"Why not use 'The Adventure of the Submarine Dirigible?'" I asked, turning over in my mind the events of the last crowded month.

"They are using that in the February *Globe Magazine*," he rejoined. "Have you forgotten? And *Glover's Weekly* is using 'The Adventure of the Radio-active Pomeranian.' The *Purple Book* has 'The Great Kilowatt Robbery' and the *Congressional Record* comes out with 'Poisoned by Wireless.'"

I gazed at my friend in admiration.

"It is a killing pace," I admitted. "The magazine publishers demand too

much of you. One adventure a month is enough."

"It is tough to be a magazine detective," admitted Craig musingly. "Look at Sherlock Holmes. I have always had a sincere sympathy for that man. After he had been dead for a year or more they had to go and revive the poor fellow and make him do stunts that even a young man would have found difficult."

"He only had to make one magazine a month, though," I reminded him, "while you have to fill contracts with six monthlies, two weeklies and a newspaper syndicate."

"I don't mind the work," said Craig modestly. "The trouble lies in getting material."

"The world is full of crooks," I remarked sententiously.

"Yes, but not scientific ones. It takes an awfully clever man to give me enough opposition to make a five-thousand-word story nowadays. The public is getting educated. Any yeggman who uses old-fashioned methods like nitroglycerine for breaking into a safe doesn't amuse them. Can you imagine anything tamer than running down a gentleman who has simply shot a friend in the head with a revolver? Yet it is happening every day. Even the police know enough to handle a case of that calibre." Craig sighed fretfully. "When will criminals get enough scientific education to discard obvious methods? I wonder," he paused as if struck by an idea, "I wonder how an academy of scientific crime would go? It is worth looking into. We could have a



correspondence department for pupils in Sing Sing and other affiliated institutions."

He made a note of the idea on the telautograph on his desk, and a peculiar whirring noise in the next room told that it had been communicated to his transcribing department.

For a space of ten minutes thereafter he sat in deep thought, his head sunk on his breast, his eyes fixed on nothing.

At last he sprang to his feet.

"There is only one man who can give me a problem worthy of my talents—only one who can commit a crime that I cannot detect with one hand tied behind me. I doubt whether even he could escape the logic of scientific reasoning, but it is worth trying—it is worth trying."

The great detective seized his hat and coat and picked up a slender piece of bamboo about three feet nine inches long, with a band of some metal around one end of it and a piece of polished bone at the other, fastened at right angles to the length of the bamboo. Craig followed my glance of inquiry, which rested on this peculiar piece of apparatus.

"A cane," he explained tersely.

With those words he strode from the room, a look of determination in his eyes.

He did not come in again until late that night, not until well toward morning, in fact.

His face was haggard and in his eyes a strange glitter that some way seemed out of keeping with what I knew of Craig's character.

"What's the matter?" I asked anxiously.

"Nothing, old chap—not a thing. Go to bed," he responded wearily, taking his ingersollometer from his pocket once more. "A quarter of four," he murmured, after a few moments' calculation. "We have still twenty-two hours to make the *Boscopolitan*."

I went to bed and when I got up twenty minutes later, greatly refreshed, I found that Craig had been working

all night in his laboratory, as was his custom.

After he had boiled an egg scientifically over a Bunsen flame we had breakfast.

While we were still dallying with the remains of the embryonic chicken the door burst open and a middle-aged man dashed into the room. He was well dressed. This is one of the requirements. Craig Kennedy does not see people unless their clothing is absolutely correct.

"What has happened?" Craig inquired, after he had motioned the intruder to a chair.

"I have been robbed, Professor Kennedy," the man sobbed, "and unless I can recover the stolen goods I am ruined."

"Let's start at the beginning of the story," suggested Craig in his most reassuring manner. "Tell me just what has happened and maybe I can help you."

Craig calculated the time and cast a cryptic remark at me. "Twenty hours yet until press time."

Our visitor collected his thoughts and began. "In the first place, my name is Lyman Legion. I am, as you may happen to know, one of the governing body of the Metropolitan Museum. Among the treasures of the museum directly in my charge is the famous Gorgonzola."

"Ah," ejaculated Kennedy with kindling interest. "Since the war it is the only European cheese in this country. Am I right?"

"Yes. Probably it is the only one left in the entire world. Gentlemen," he said impressively, "I am now telling you facts not known to the general public, but I think that you should understand that this Gorgonzola is a genuine antique. We have little reason to doubt that it belongs to the Louis Quinze period. At any rate it is of incalculable value."

He paused as if to collect his thoughts and then went on. "Last evening I gave a dinner party. Among the guests were the ambassadors of



Italy, Spain and Russia. My wife was very anxious to have the dinner a success and she prevailed upon me to borrow the Gorgonzola from the Metropolitan Museum." The strong man made this confession with a shaking voice.

"I know I should not have done it. I had no right to take from the museum a treasure belonging to the public, but we wanted to impress on our guests our wealth and social position. We wanted them to think that we owned the whole cheese."

"You were not going to eat it!" exclaimed Craig in horror-stricken tones.

"No," protested the wealthy man, burying his face in his hands. "Not that. I only intended to pass it to let our guests sniff it. That was all I meant to do. Even a sniff from the famous Gorgonzola is very nourishing." His nostrils dilated in recollection. "Ah, it was rare."

"The party was a great success. Everyone congratulated us on giving quite the most enjoyable dinner this season. After the last guest had departed, I put the Gorgonzola away with my own hands in the safe and locked it."

"Early this morning I was awakened by something that seemed to choke me. My first thought was that the gas was turned on, but I recollected that we used only electricity. I lay there in bed for a moment, wondering what it was, and then all at once I knew. The cheese had been taken from the safe. There was no mistaking that odor, the house was full of it. I dared not light a match for fear it would explode. Someone had opened the safe and taken my treasure."

"I leaped from bed and groped my way to the safe. It was closed and showed no signs of having been tampered with, but I was still suspicious, so I set the combination and opened it."

"The cheese was gone! Nothing was left but a few crumbs and an indefinable something which permeated the walls of the safe and haunted the atmosphere like the ghost of a dead love. That is

all. I closed and locked the safe and came to you."

Craig Kennedy sat in silence for a moment, overwhelmed by the greatness of the calamity. "You say this cheese was a Gorgonzola?" he repeated musingly.

"Yes," repeated the other man eagerly, "the case was eighteen-carat Gorgonzola with a very fine Swiss movement. I suppose we may as well notify the police and have them watch the pawn brokers."

"Useless," commented Craig. "The thief will not attempt to sell it. He will know that an expert would recognize the Gorgonzola a block off. Whoever stole your cheese intends to eat it."

"Eat it!" the millionaire almost shrieked. "It couldn't be. It must not be."

"Then we must take steps quickly before it is too late," said Craig, getting up and donning his hat and coat.

Mr. Legion led the way with eager haste to his limousine, which was waiting outside.

We were driven rapidly to his home. Outside a throng of curiosity-seekers had already gathered.

"I wonder how they knew that a robbery has been committed?" asked Mr. Legion.

"It's in the air," said Craig.

I sniffed. So it was.

We pushed our way through the crowded street into the house.

Kennedy started automatically for the library. That is where crimes are always committed.

The shades were still drawn.

The owner of the house turned a switch; a soft light flooded the room.

I started forward around the huge library table and my foot struck something soft. "What is that?" I ejaculated, drawing back.

Before me on the floor lay a huddled body, that of a man in dress clothes, and as I looked to my horror I noticed a large brownish stain on his shirt front and under him crept insidiously a broad stream of a dark sticky liquid.

"Look here, Craig," I said.



Both men came around the table to where I stood.

"It's Jones, my butler," whispered Legion in an awed voice.

Craig leaned over the body of the prostrate man.

"Is there no hope?" inquired his master anxiously.

"Not much," returned Craig briefly.

"You might try the Keeley cure."

"But that pool of blood," I pointed with horror to the red liquid under the man's body.

Kennedy stuck his finger in it and smelled of it. "Port wine," he said briefly and reached under the table and picked up a decanter which had been overturned. "Possibly this fellow knows something about the robbery."

Craig left the room hastily and returned in an instant with a small glass cylinder covered at one end with a silver cap perforated with tiny holes about an eighth of an inch apart. He held the cylinder deftly between his thumb and forefinger and inverted it over the face of the inert butler.

"What is it?" I asked, wondering what new appliance science had perfected.

"A pepper shaker," Craig explained briefly, patient as always with my lack of familiarity with the tools of his profession.

In an instant the man on the floor stirred uneasily. His face twitched and then his entire body was convulsed. He seemed to explode before my very eyes and with a report that shook his entire frame he sat up suddenly.

"Lemme sleep."

Craig insisted on his staying awake, however, and questioned him closely but he knew nothing of the robbery. He had apparently begun drinking his master's wine before the guests left and had put the finishing touches on a six-cylinder bun directly after the family had retired.

Kennedy's next move was to examine the safe. At his request Mr. Legion opened it. There on a plate were a few pathetic crumbs, all that was left of the masterpiece of the dairymaking

industry. I covered my eyes and my nose to keep out the horrible sight.

Even Craig could not remain before the safe unmoved. All at once his eye lighted up with a discovery. "What's this?" he exclaimed, running his hand underneath the safe. "Someone has knocked the bottom out of your safe, Mr. Legion."

"No," replied the other, "there never has been any bottom in it. What's the use? No one would ever attempt to get into a safe that way, anyway. So it is really superfluous and I had mine made without it."

"Clever," commented Kennedy admiringly. He carefully swept up the few crumbs and put them in a fire-proof box which he always carried for such purposes, and we retired to another room where the details of the disaster did not oppress us.

"Who knew the combination of this safe besides yourself?"

"No one," the millionaire assured us confidently.

"Your wife?"

"No, but you can question her if you like."

"I should."

Led by Legion we ascended the broad staircase to an upper room.

Mrs. Legion had just finished dressing and she viewed our intrusion into her boudoir with disfavor.

"She is afraid," Kennedy murmured.

"Mrs. Legion," he said aloud, "I want to make a slight experiment with you. I will speak a word and I want you to mention the first thing that comes into your head in connection with it. Like this, if I should say 'river' your natural reply would be 'water' or possibly 'bank.' Whatever you think of first offhand say it aloud."

Kennedy thought for a second and then said, "Cheese."

"Crackers," the lady answered.

"Safe."

"On first," came the reply instantly.

"Combination."

"Underwear."

"That will do." Kennedy turned to Legion, who with wondering eyes had



followed his every move. "Your wife has the combination of your safe concealed in her underwear," he said tersely.

"I have not," she protested.

"Walter," said Craig, addressing me, "look and see."

I did. Embroidered in the hem of Mrs. Legion's underwear were the damning numerals 8, 11, 14.

"I told you so," said Craig exultingly, grabbing the suit from my hand and holding it under the astonished eyes of his client. "See, isn't that the combination of your safe?"

The millionaire gazed upon the numerals as if fascinated. "No," he answered at length huskily.

"You are trying to shield her," exclaimed Craig accusingly. "If that is not the combination of your safe, what is it?"

A laugh interrupted him. "I can tell you what those numerals represent," said Mrs. Legion, her pretty face flushed at the confession. "Whenever I buy anything new I embroider the date on it so that I can tell how long it lasts. Those numerals simply mean that I bought this suit on the eleventh day of August, 1914."

She took the garment from the nervous grasp of Craig Kennedy and threw it back in the drawer where I had found it.

Baffled, we filed silently from the room.

"There is more to this than appears on the surface," Craig murmured as we stood once more down-stairs, viewing the scene of the crime. "I shall have to get my scientific apparatus before I can make public my solution of this crime. Mr. Legion, I wish you and your wife and Jones, the butler, to report at my rooms at nine o'clock in the evening. At that time I promise you to solve the mystery."

Thus it was that the final scene of this drama took place at Kennedy's rooms.

He spent the entire day in his laboratory locked in. Curious muffled explosions occurred from time to time, while

strange, outlandish odors filtered through the keyhole where I kept my eye, hoping to get some light on the solution of this most dastardly of all crimes.

Shortly before the hour which Craig had appointed for the final scene of our little drama he came out of the laboratory and thoughtfully placed a sheet of sticky flypaper in each chair.

"What is that for?" I asked curiously.

"I hope to get some valuable data in this way," he replied obligingly. "As you know, the thumb prints of no two individuals are exactly alike and criminals are often detected by them. I hope to demonstrate that the same is true of trouser prints."

I was speechless with wonder at the accomplishments of the most scientific mind of our century.

Promptly at nine o'clock our little audience assembled. Besides the members of the Legion household there were two men whom I did not recognize. They wore a sort of dark, inconspicuous uniform and carried two sets of circular iron bands connected by chains and a curious appliance consisting of half a dozen or more padded wooden bars connected transversely with straps. These two men seemed to take little interest in the proceedings and stood in the background. The others were seated at ease around the room. An air of excitement held us all in its spell. What was science about to disclose?

Craig took a position beside his desk, on which was an orderly collection of bottles, measuring glasses, glass tubes, delicate scales and the fire-proof box in which he had carried away the crumbs of the Gorgonzola. Beside the table was a circular brass container about eight inches in diameter, the top part or cover of which was slightly concave and had a hole in its center about an inch and a half across. Craig had explained to me before the guests had arrived that it was a cuspidor.

"Friends," said the great detective, "as you know if you have read any of my adventures, the perpetrator of every



crime which I have ever detected always puts himself in my power by coming to this apartment. This case is no exception. The person who stole the Gorgonzola is in this room."

Everyone took a deep breath of expectancy and all hitched forward on the edge of their chairs. Every eye was fixed upon the pale, keen features of my friend, the scientific detective.

"I was so sure that the criminal would be here this evening that I had two attendants from the insane asylum sent over to take charge of him when he should be discovered." Here Craig indicated the two uniformed men who stood in the back of the room. "That apparatus, Walter, which they are carrying, and which I see you have been wondering about, is a strait-jacket and the irons are handcuffs and ankle-irons. It may occur to you to wonder why I had attendants from the insane asylum instead of the police to take care of this criminal. The reason is because the purloiner of the great Gorgonzola is insane. There is no possibility of anything else being the case. No man in his right mind could ever expect to get away with an antique of that sort without detection. He couldn't sell it; he couldn't hide it successfully. His only hope of escaping detection was to eat it, the entire cheese.

"Therefore, I deduce that the person who abstracted the Gorgonzola from Mr. Legion's safe has by this time put all of it into his system. Someone in this room is full of cheese."

Craig paused after this startling statement. All sat in tense silence, waiting for him to go on.

"The problem of discovering who has eaten the Gorgonzola is in reality very simple. Fortunately the thief left behind a few crumbs of the famous cheese. I have most of them here," he tapped the fire-proof box. "A few I have used up today in experimenting. I have discovered a solution which when mixed with Gorgonzola has a result which I will explain by demonstration.

Kennedy opened the fire-proof box

and took therefrom with a pair of pliers a small crumb of cheese, which he placed carefully in a curiously shaped glass retort. Then he picked up a bottle containing a strange, purplish-looking liquid and put a few drops of it into a glass half full of water.

"I have succeeded in isolating the active principle of the adult onion," explained Kennedy, "and this is it." He tapped the bottle containing the purple liquid. "It is obvious to the merest tyro in science what will happen when this is confined in the same receptacle with free Gorgonzola."

At the conclusion of his remark, he poured the diluted solution over the cheese crumb.

For a second there was no reaction, then bubbles began to rise in the water, then more bubbles, until finally the retort flowed over. Then there was a slight, muffled explosion and the bubbles subsided, leaving the liquid clear as crystal.

"You see how simple it is to detect the thief by the aid of science," said Craig with a wan smile. "I shall have to ask each one of you to drink half a glass of this liquid. I do not think it is poison. At least I am pretty sure that it will not kill you until after we have discovered the thief."

One at a time we each took a drink of the purple liquid.

Nothing happened! We waited for a full moment in perfect silence. Could the great scientific detective be wrong? Even Craig himself wore a disturbed frown.

"Mr. Kennedy," a soft voice spoke from a corner of the room. It was Mrs. Legion. "You did not drink any of the liquid yourself," she said with gentle reproach.

"That's right," assented her husband.

I started to my feet and obligingly poured out half a glass of the reagent and held it up for my friend.

"Do I have to drink it?"

"Yes." All united in answering him.

At this moment the door burst open. A youth of sixteen dashed into the room.



"What do you want?" I said, barring his progress.

"I have come for copy for the *Bosconopolitan*," he said, excitedly. "They are holding the presses for the Craig Kennedy story."

"What shall we do?" I turned to my friend in dismay. "'The Adventure of the Great Gorgonzola' is not finished yet. The mystery is still unsolved."

"Wait," Craig commanded, with a face at once so noble and so full of regret that tears sprang unbidden to my eyes. "'The Adventure of the Great Gorgonzola' is about to be finished. The mystery is about to be solved."

He lifted the glass in his hand before I could stop him and drained the contents.

No one stirred in that room. All held their attitude of rigid expectancy as if they had been frozen to the spot. Suddenly there came a hissing sound which grew louder and louder and then a lather of bubbles appeared at Craig Kennedy's lips.

"Not you, Craig, not you!" I ex-

claimed, burying my face in my hands.

"Yes, I. I ate the great Gorgonzola." He turned a piteous eye upon me. "Walter, I told you that there was only one man who could escape scientific detection. I was mistaken. There is no one who can defy my methods. I thought I could do it, but I failed. I have proven myself insane."

With head erect and firm step he advanced to the two attendants who had stood at the back of the room and held out his wrists for the handcuffs. The manacles closed with a snap. One of the attendants stood on each side of him.

"Good-bye, Walter," he said. "Forward my mail to Matteawan."

To the accompaniment of clanking chains he reached in his pocket and drew forth his faithful ingersollometer. "You just have time to get this adventure in before midnight."

Still bubbling, Craig was led from the room. The door swung to gently after him.

A moment later we heard a muffled explosion.



## HOLIDAY

By Arthur Ketchum

It seemed as if the day guessed—  
As if the morning knew!  
That my new joy would need the sun  
And want the utmost blue.

It seemed as if the winds had word  
That they must sing to-day:  
As if the very streets were glad,  
And all the faces gay.

So I will crown my joy with sun  
And wrap me in the blue—  
It is as if the day had guessed  
As if the morning knew.



## IS CIVILIZATION, THEN, A FAILURE?

IT is a sad commentary upon our boasted civilization that science has yet to devise an effective weapon against the common cockroach, or *Blatta orientalis*, that agile aborigine of our inns and homesteads. As I compose these lines a young *Blatta* of extremely doggy aspect, apparently a fashionable fellow, enters from the pantry and diverts himself by observing my labors. I call to Hyacinthe, the waiter, and he lets fly with a lemon—and misses. He follows it with a jug of red wine—and misses again. I myself, entering the fray, take careful aim with a syringe of permanganate of potassium. But, alas, M. *Blatta* is gone!

Whither? Where? By what route? Who, indeed, knows? Who can follow that zigzag track, that dark and sinister escape? The *streptococcus* gives way before advancing science and the *Anopheles masculipennis* already faces doom, but the swift and supple *Blatta* hangs on. He faces us, flouts us, fools us. He carries on his low foraging, his disgusting intrigues, beneath our very noses. The multitudes of proprietary poisons on the market are of no avail against him. They kill, true enough—but poets and working-girls as well as *Blatta*. Projectiles? Missiles? Mitrailleuse? They damage the furniture more than they disconcert the roach.

Traps? Always out of order! Avid for thumbs! Ferrets? Dogs? Falcons? No breed is small and slippery enough to pursue the *Blatta* to his secret caves.

A bacteriologist of my acquaintance, annoyed by blattic raids upon his agar and beer-wort, attempted to breed a spider capable of pursuing and gobbling the invaders. He succeeded, after many failures, in producing such a spider, but the reptile, alack, did more harm than good, for some, at least, of the *Blattæ* always escaped, and those that did so, by well-known Mendelian laws, begat a race of *Blattæ* of extraordinary and even incredible fleetness, so that in the end my friend's laboratory was alive with darting and unsotchable forms. When, in despair, he killed his spider—a story in itself: full of failures and thrills—the *Blattæ* began to degenerate, and now they are not much speedier than their relatives in the ordinary hotel kitchen or newspaper office.

There remains the one genuinely effective weapon: the common mallet of commerce. A bit cruel, perhaps, and undoubtedly very laborious—but once you land squarely on a *Blatta* with a mallet his sinews are bound to give way with a sharp, staccato click. One blow across his withers—and he is done.



A CLERGYMAN is one employed by the wicked to prove to them by his example that virtue does not pay.



# SIMPLE SUZANNE

By Elinor Maxwell

I COULD have fainted from joy when Mrs. Clarkson Porter's note came, asking me to a week-end at "San Souci," her country home, several hours' ride from St. Louis; for Mrs. Clarkson Porter's name is spelled in capitals in the Blue Book, and as for Clarkson, the old top, he's not much on hair or a slim waist-line or drawing-room tête-à-têtes, but when it comes to a bank account! whoops my dear! And their country home is the kind you read about in Robert Chambers' novels—breakfast served in your room, luncheon on the terrace, tea in the sunken garden, a stable full of riding horses, a garage bursting with the year's models, blase youths strolling about in white flannels—and so on.

Well, I'd always been wild and woolly to go to one of Mrs. Porter's week-ends, and at last my bid had come. I was thrilled by that itself, but when I heard the list of guests, my joy ranneth o'er. Of the men, there would be Ed Townsend—tall, blond, blue-eyed, and clever, but with absolutely no get-up or future; Payton Mooney, a Chicago man of forty, not very good looking, rather small and squatty (you know the style) but terribly well thought of in business and belonging to a family of excellent position; then, Bixby Edgerton, whose name sounds like the hero in "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl," but who really isn't hero-like at all, being at least sixty, short, fat, with white hair and mustache, and a tendency to spit all over you when he talks. He's a bachelor, however, and many a desperate old maid, wishing to become a rich widow, has made goo-goos to him to no avail.

You're wondering, no doubt, through

all this rambling description, why I felt overjoyed about the men, as none of the above would take a prize at a peach show. Well, I'm saving the best till the last, in the person of Jim Starkey Wayne. Yes, *mon enfant*, the one whose sister married Prince Michel Shello, and who, with her, inherited the millions and millions from James Starkey Wayne, deceased. I had never seen him, but report had it that he was twenty-five years old, bored to death with life, and most horribly, awfully, terribly good to look at. I'm not a husband-hunter or mercenary, but, I concluded, if Jim Starkey Wayne should fall violently in love with me, I could be forced to marry him.

I soon discovered that all of the feminine guests were of that opinion. I arrived at Sans Souci at five in the afternoon when tea was being served on the wide south veranda. All the guests were there and the air was simply surcharged with—"Oh my dear Mr. Wayne, just take notice of what a peach I am! Look at me! I'm a heart-breaker, a home-smasher." Each woman was vying with the other for Mr. Wayne's notice. The fight was on, and I jumped in, both feet.

I was glad I'd worn my wistaria-colored suit of soft silk and little wistaria bonnet. My skirt was draped so attractively—sort of slit up the side in a way that showed the steel buckle on the satin slipper of my left foot when I walked. Laura Jean Libby, or someone, says the first impression is the most important one, and I thanked my stars that I had dolled up to within an inch of my life.

The "man of the hour," dressed



faultlessly in white from head to foot, was loling in a big wicker chair as I stepped through the French window to the porch, and when Mrs. Porter presented him to me, he rose from his seat as if it pained every bone in his body. He was all that I'd heard about him, and then some—very big and broad and well-groomed, with blue eyes that you'd be willing to let smile into yours until death you did part; black hair, brushed straight back from his forehead, and a big, sweet mouth that you wanted to kiss. Sometimes men do have kissable mouths, you know.

I've often been told that my eyes were my strongest point, so I try to use them to the best advantage—I *specialize*. Oh, rotten! Well, to continue, I gazed at Mr. Wayne with my large brown orbs, attempting to do my darndest at the very beginning. In fact, I gazed until it was impossible to do so longer, as Ed Townsend came to my side and stood waiting patiently with a cup of tea until I took my hand from Jim Wayne's.

After everyone got settled again, I found myself in a wicker divan with Mr. Wayne, so I began to get in my work. Ed Townsend once told me that my lisp was very attractive, so I used it decidedly; having tried it before my mirror once, I knew it did not detract from the expression of my mouth. I didn't get much chance to talk, however, for everyone's attention was soon drawn to what Mrs. Porter was saying.

"I received some rather annoying news today," she began in her low voice, which is a thing of beauty and a joy forever; and as she leaned her head wearily against the back of the chair and spoke in that blasé tone of hers, she certainly was the picture of annoyance. It seems that a younger brother of hers had, twenty years ago, married a Quakeress in a little Pennsylvania town, and lived there until a year before, when he died, leaving a wife and child whom Mrs. Porter had never seen or cared to see. That morning, she had received a letter from the daughter saying her mother had died, and that,

wishing to see her father's relations, she would arrive on the evening of July sixteenth for a visit. The letter had, somehow or other, been delayed, and *this* was the evening of July sixteenth.

"Of course, it rather disproportions our nice little party," Mrs. Porter said, frowning. "It's such a bore, don't you know, to have one girl too many. Besides there's no telling what the child is like."

"No indeed," broke in Ed Townsend, "she may have a mustache, or a fondness for spring onions, or, worst of all, a desire to vote."

"She won't be a suffragette if she's a Quaker," chirped in Bixby Edgerton, and as he had to lean across me to address Mrs. Porter, I was the victim of a regular shower bath, "and if she's a Quaker, she's bound to be charming, or, at least, out of the ordinary. How I do love an original young girl!" He looked languishingly at me out of his watery blue eyes.

Of course, it was up to me to look lovingly back at him and gush. "Oh, you like anything that's under twenty-five and feminine, original or not, Mr. Edgerton."

"But she may be terribly bourgeois and impossible," continued Mrs. Porter in her annoyed, low voice. "One can never account for the woman one's brother marries—or her children. Imagine marrying a person who continually reminded you of a breakfast food! She arrives on the seven thirty-two, however, so we won't be kept in suspense much longer."

A few minutes later we all went to our rooms to dress for dinner. The girls looked their best, an hour after, when we descended the steps to the dining-room, and believe me, "looking their best" means something, for Mrs. Porter had made a good choice of damsels. There was Loleeta Gaynor, "divinely tall," a marvelous dancer, and so devilishly handsome that you'd like to stab her to the heart every time she appears in a new Paquin creation. She glided down the steps, and the men,



waiting in the hall below, sighed with joy when they saw her approach. After her went Maud Allison, looking, with her pretty nose held high in the air, like an illustration of the "Why do they call me a Gibson Girl?" She plays the piano wonderfully, and once confided in me that she could make an Indian cigar sign propose to her, simply by playing certain songs, and looking up from under her eyelashes, which are long and black and curly—curses on them. I believe the "Stair Case Waltz," and something from the "Tales of Hoffman" were part of the magnetizing music. Next came Tevis Langdon, very sparkling as to eyes and wit, and brilliant as to cheeks and hair.

That bunch of beauties against me, all vying for the attention, and incidentally the lily-white hand, of James Starkey Wayne! If only I had an accomplishment like Loletta and Maud—some attraction! Of course men sometimes like a woman for her looks. My motto has always been "Give me beauty or give me death"—and I'm not dead yet. Still, pitted against that bunch of sirens!

We had just reached the salad course when we heard Chassus, the butler, holding forth in conversation with some one in the hall. "Mrs. Porter is dining in here," he said, and he was so polite and caressing in his tone that I thought he must be taking measles or something, for I knew Chassus of old, and he's a born grouch.

"I thank thee, friend," came a shy, feminine voice, in return, and Mrs. Porter half rose from her chair. "It's that girl!" she exclaimed.

Then Suzanne appeared in the doorway—a slim, wide-eyed young thing, in a gray frock whose sheer white cuffs and fichu gave a most scrupulous effect. Her hair, very black and very curly, despite its severe Quaker training, was parted in the middle and caught in a big knot at the back of her neck. She held one slim white hand over her heart as if to calm its wild beating, and, as she gazed at us, a brilliant red suffused her cheeks.

Finally Mrs. Porter rose from her chair. "My dear Suzanne! So you have come. Let me introduce you to my friends." She gave the girl a little pecky kiss on the cheek, and then proceeded to introduce us. Suzanne turned to each person as Mrs. Porter named him, and her eyes—eyes like blue forget-me-nots, lingered helplessly in those of the stranger until the next person was mentioned. Chassus placed a chair for her at the foot of the table next to Mr. Porter. Now and then they exchanged remarks—the girl shyly, the man, perfunctorily.

When dinner was nearly over, I happened to glance at her suddenly, and, to my surprise, found her long-lashed eyes on me as if in appraisal. For an instant, she continued to gaze, unembarrassed, and then passed on to Payton Mooney, who sat at my right. Next she took Maud Allison in from head to foot, and then she reached Jim Wayne.

The corners of his mouth twitched with amusement, as he met her eyes, and he leaned forward smilingly. "Well, how do you like us?"

Suzanne didn't seem in the least abashed at his reading her thoughts. Her red mouth was serious, but the forget-me-not eyes laughed into his from under the long lashes, as she bent toward him to answer.

"Thee reminds me of a barn of well-groomed horses," she replied without hesitation, and we, the topic of her analysis were, not to say the least, surprised. "Thee are sleek and clean and brushed, and thy feelings and thy passions are held in leash most of the time, but when thee are aroused, thee are like unto the devil."

Of course every one howled at this, and then went on with his own conversation, but Jim Wayne, apparently entertained, pushed the matter. "And have you diagnosed our cases—ah—er—individually?"

"Yes," answered Suzanne in her soft voice, and not cracking a smile. "Yes, and I find thee the handsomest of all. Thee are good to look at, friend. Thy mouth is firm, thine eyes are clear and



honest. Thee is a good man. Thee will make a noble husband—a kind father.”

A dull red spread to Jim's high cheek bones. “Oh, really, you know—really—” he stammered, but Tevis, who had not heard this conversation, unconsciously came to his rescue.

“Oh, Jim” she called, from the other end of the table, “Ed and I have just made up a new limerick about Maud. Listen!

*“There was a young lady named Maud,  
Who was a society fraud,  
She was haughty and cold  
In the ball-room, I'm told—  
But in her back parlor—oh Gawd!”*

This didn't make as much of a hit with Jim as had been anticipated. “My dear Tevis,” was his only remark on her composition, “don't you think that's rather hard on Miss Allison?”

“No, Jim, I'm willing to sacrifice sweet friendship for art's sake.”

“Art who?” inquired Bixby Edgerton, thinking he was saying something side-splittingly funny.

“Honestly, Tevis,” interrupted Jim Wayne, feigning prudishness, “you oughtn't to be so profane, you know. You shock us all greatly. All your verses seem to end with ‘Oh Gawd!’ I remember the one about Maud and the pantry.” (Bixby Edgerton murmured something about wondering if the pantry was anywhere near the vestry, but it was such an old chestnut no one even let on he heard). “Can't you,” pleaded Jim, “can't you end your verses—some other way?”

“Oh, my dear, yes!” Tevis flashed back, “Have I never told you the pathetic story of Miss Keller? Listen!

*“There was a young lady named Keller,  
Who went with a bow-legged feller,  
When he came to her flat,  
She sat on his lap,  
And fell clean through to the cellar.”*

Jim Wayne receiving this with due appreciation, she went on— “Then,

there's the one about the pants. My dear, haven't I told you that? Well—

*“There was a young man named Horatius,  
Who lived in an attic most spacious,  
When he went to a dance,  
He always wore pants,  
But up in the attic—oh gracious!”*

It was then that Suzanne, horrified, leaned forward and addressed Tevis in a pitying little voice. “Why, oh why does thee say such things?” she demanded. “Why does thee spoil thy pretty lips by letting such wicked expressions fall from them? Why does thee lower thyself to the ground, merely for the sake of attracting men? Does thee not know that in their hearts they pity thee and disrespect thee?”

A horrible silence followed. No one knew just where to look or what to do. Finally, Tevis, flushed to the roots of her hair, relieved the awful tension by saying, “You dear, funny child! If I did not know you were in fun, I should be furious with you.” She laughed a ringing, hollow, gurgle and we all knew that *she* knew that Suzanne had meant what she said, and we girls (women are born cats) were tickled to death because in the face of the little intruder's remark, Tevis would not dare to get off any of her limericks, which are so attractive and disgusting. She depended on her wit to attract Jim Wayne, and Suzanne had queered her beyond redemption.

After dinner we went to the long, cool, rose-lighted drawing-room. One of those darling little three-cornered pianos stood at one end of the room. Someone wanted Maud Allison to play, but she fell back on a divan in that languid way of hers, and, stifling a yawn, said, “Oh, my dear, I'm too tired.” However, when the men, through with their smoking, came in a few minutes later, Maud did not hesitate for an instant when Ed Townsend asked her to play “You're My Baby,” which he had hardly stopped humming since my arrival in the afternoon.



A small rose-colored lamp, sitting on the piano, cast a fairy-like sheen over Maud, as she sat on the long mahogany bench and began tearing over the keys in the raggiest rag you ever heard. From that she went to "On the Mississippi," and one man after the other collected about the piano—except Jim Wayne. I knew, from the way Maud now and then glanced over her lovely bare shoulders at him as he stood, arms folded, talking to Suzanne, that she was terribly uneasy because he failed to be drawn.

I sat in a big chair near the offenders and could hear everything they said. It was all very stupid—about Suzanne's trip, or the farm she had lived on, or her aunt. She looked constantly at Jim as he talked to her, her forget-me-not eyes so shaded by the black lashes as to be almost violet, her slim white hands clasped before her demurely. What a dear little country thing and how appalled she must be by Jim Wayne's good looks and personality! No doubt she would soon be apprised, by Mrs. Porter, of his gobs of money, and with the rest of us, take part in the hunt.

I knew how countryfied and *gauche* she must seem to Mr. Wayne, and really felt sorry for the simple Simon when, knowing that he was making fun of her, he said in his smooth, charming voice, "I wonder if you know you are quite the most beautiful thing I've ever seen?"

A deep red surged up under her creamy, soft cheeks, but her voice was calm to fridity when she spoke. "Thee is a liar," she said, "and thee is a fool, for one who flatters is both. Why does thee say I am beautiful? Beauty lies in the heart, not the face, and thee has but met me. Thee does not know whether I possess a beautiful heart, or one as black as that of Richard the Third."

Jim Wayne bowed solemnly, "Very well," he laughed, "if you feel *that* way about it, I won't say so again. However, you're the first girl I ever saw who wouldn't *eat* a compliment."

"Why does thee not join the men at

the piano, then?" demanded Suzanne, waving her hand toward Maud.

Mr. Wayne looked at the funny little person before him, and then turned in the direction she had waved. "I think I shall," he said coldly.

Well, as soon as he got over there, Maud set to in earnest, while he stood back of her, his hands in his pockets. I knew from past experience that she would never be satisfied till Jim got into such a state of admiration that he'd drape himself over the piano and look into her eyes. In an indecently short time, she began on that repertoire she once confided to me would make the most indifferent man in the world wild about her.

The last notes of the "Barcarolle" from "The Tales of Hoffman" had hardly been coaxed from the keys by her wonder-fingers when Jim Wayne, a rapt look in his eyes, was leaning across the piano in the desired attitude. He had edged a trifle nearer at the sound of each chord.

"That's wonderful," he breathed and she finished, and Maud's face fairly glowed with triumph. I could have screamed with envy, for once Maud's claws were on a man, all other women had to go off and soak their heads, so to speak.

From the "Barcarolle" she melted into "The Stair Case Waltz" and so on, and so on—one musical delight after another—and there stood Jim Wayne, more and more fascinated as time went on.

After what seemed ages to me, Mrs. Porter suggested that we play bridge, and Maud was forced, by laws of politeness, to vacate the piano bench. Jim Wayne walked with her to one of the tables, his head bent as he talked to her, his big, good-looking mouth smiling at her, his blue eyes caressing her.

Some one faintly suggested that Suzanne take a hand, but luckily she had sense enough to refuse. Horrors! Her bridge would have equaled "Old Maid" in technique and sense.

"I will bid thee all a good night," she said in her soft, shy voice, her red



mouth curving faintly in a smile which included everyone.

"Heavens, child," Mrs. Porter said, "You can't go to bed now, my dear, it's only half-past nine."

"Ah, Aunt, when one rises at six, one must retire at a sensible hour," returned Suzanne, slipping her hand into Mrs. Porter's.

"At six! my dear Suzanne, no one but your—ah—uncle ever rises before ten, and that is merely because he has a foolish notion he must catch an early business train to St. Louis."

Suzanne ran to Mr. Porter and placing her hand shyly on his arm, smiled with a sort of sweet wistfulness at him. "We shall eat breakfast together then, shall we not? And may I pour your coffee for you—Uncle?"

Mr. Porter (poor man, no one ever pays the slightest attention to him) was so overcome by this display of kindness, and Suzanne's appealing loveliness, that he put his arm around her, and said, "My dear little niece, I shall be honored."

He made an attempt to kiss her, but she held her hands, palms forward, before her face. "Don't kiss me!" she cried, frightened. Then with her eyes lowered till the long lashes fell on the soft cheek, and blushing furiously, she murmured, in a voice so low we all had to prick up our ears to hear, "I—I am saving my kisses for my—my husband."

Mr. Porter, very red in the face, stammered, "Quite right, my dear, and ah—quite unusual."

Then Bixby Edgerton stepped forward, and made one of his southern-gentlemen bows, his face leering with a watery-eyed smile, "Ah, Miss Suzanne, would I were the lucky man for whom those honey kisses are being saved!"

Suzanne, the color dying from her face, backed away from him, one hand over her heart in that helpless, frightened way of hers. "Oh," she gasped in a horrified voice, "why does thee, an ugly old man, dare even to speak to me of kissing? Does thee not know that the very thought of it is repulsive? If thee wishes to love some one—and from thy

remarks I judge thee is bent on it—why does thee not find an old woman who would welcome thy advances?"

For the second time that evening there was an awful silence. Suzanne had said what many a girl had thought, but not possessed the courage—or rudeness—to say to silly, ogling old Mr. Edgerton. His compliments, his languishing looks, his foppish ways had disgusted people for years, but his social standing was such a solid thing that no one had dared repel his advances. An old man is a dear, but an old bachelor, who considers himself a heart-breaker, is a pest.

Finally Mrs. Porter, her voice shaken with anger, broke the silence. "Suzanne, you forget yourself. Your frankness is appalling, to say the least." Then, a maid, for whom Mrs. Porter had rung, appeared, and with almost an audible sigh of relief, Mrs. Porter turned Suzanne over to her. "Bliss will show you your room," she said coolly, and Suzanne, like a naughty child being led away to a-week-of-bread-and-milk, followed the maid from the room.

Somehow or other we got settled down to our game and Jim Wayne and I started out as partners. Suzanne's snub seemed to have put a damper on every one's spirits—Mr. Edgerton was white and sullen, and Tevis couldn't have been *hired* to say anything—so we broke up early for bed.

Jim Wayne had had eyes for no one but Maud Allison all evening, and they stood at the foot of the stairway, Maud on the first step, her hand on the rail, talking and laughing—taking at least ten minutes to say "Good night." When she at last started to go, she let her hand rest in his for what seemed to me an indecently long time. "Good night," she murmured, giving him the soulful look she wears when playing the "Barcarolle."

"You will play for me, then, tomorrow morning?" he asked softly, and she put over another dying-calf look which showed only too well she'd play for him for life, if necessary.



Just as I started up the steps, Ed Townsend came lounging into the hall. "Say, Katrine," he drawled, "want to go riding in the morning? There are some dandy little thoroughbreds in the stables."

As Maud had disposed of Jim Wayne for the morning, and there was nothing doing for me in his direction, I thought I might as well go with Ed, and we arranged to start at seven—nice ungodly hour!

For some reason or other I could not go to sleep after I reached my lovely white and gold room. I kept thinking of James Starkey Wayne, and his good looks—and his millions, and the instantaneous hit Maud had made with him. After I had put my hair up in magics, and rubbed cold cream on my nose (my living horror is that the pores will get large) and manicured my nails, and dabbed violet water on my lips and the lobes of my ears, I still felt wide awake. A tiny balcony was built from off my room, so I decided to drag a chair out on it, and gaze at the moon, and plan what I'd buy after Jim Wayne had fallen desperately in love with me and we'd returned from a honeymoon in Italy. I spent at least five minutes wondering which I'd rather buy—a seal-skin or a moleskin coat, and then it had dawned on me that, with Jim's money, I could have five or six of each kind, when the sudden sound of hushed voices in the garden below startled me from my dream. I came to with an alacrity that would make Anna Eva Fay jealous.

Then a man and a woman slipped softly through a French window of the library, and started to walk slowly along the gravel path. The moon shone so brilliantly that I recognized Loleeta Gaynor at once—and the man, the *man* was Jim Wayne. Loleeta, tall, willowy, liquid-eyed, ravishing! Her blue-black hair, caught at the nape of her neck in a huge coil, was banded with a filet of glittering gems, and her bare throat and sinuous arms gleamed white in the moonlight. The trailing gown she had worn at dinner was replaced by a cling-

ing white creation, girdled loosely, and with diaphanous flowing draperies of chiffon. You would have thought from her costume that she was the première danseuse at the Winter Garden.

"It was very good of you to come," Jim began. "One can't be expected to let a heavenly night like this go by playing bridge. I've been wild to get out doors, all evening, and now to get you and the evening together! It's too perfect!" He leaned toward Loleeta and touched her lightly on the arm. "Do you know, I've tried all day to talk to you. You can't imagine what a pleasant surprise it is to see you again."

"Then you hadn't forgotten me?" Loleeta, alluringly lovely, swayed toward Jim, and looked into his eyes for a questioning, anxious moment.

"Forgotten you? Well, rather not! I was fortunate to get just one dance with you that night, Miss Gaynor, but a dance with you is enough to furnish a man with pleasant memories the rest of his life."

"Ah, I'm so glad," breathed Loleeta, sighing a little. Then she flashed Jim a brilliant smile, and pirouetted away from him along the gravel path, ending with both arms outstretched in a sort of curtsy. "Don't ever forget me!" she whispered flippantly, blowing him a kiss.

"Not I," promised Jim, "Not I!" "Did you ever know such a night?" asked Loleeta walking slowing back to him. "Such a moon! Such stars! Such roses!" Again she sighed and stretched her arms above her head, as if thanking the heavens for the night's glory. "Oh, oh, oh, I'm glad I'm alive!" Her voice came in little staccato bursts of joy. "Listen, Jim Wayne," Loleeta touched him lightly on the sleeve, "I am a nymph! A wood-dryad! And these roses are fairies who love me. They are singing a fairy love song! They want me to dance!"

With graceful bare arms swaying, she flitted lightly away, humming something sweet and strange and low, her gauzy draperies floating about her. For a few wonderful moments she danced—



madly, divinely, gloriously. Then, the filet about her head became unfastened, and her glorious, blue-black hair fell about her in a great cloud.

Breathless and laughing she came to a stop, and with slim white hands, which in the moonlight seemed whiter than ever, tried to coil the riotous locks into a knot at the back of her neck.

"Don't fix it up," Jim called, starting toward her, "You are a dream with it down. Ah, Loleeta, Loleeta, you witch!" He caught her in his arms, and kissed her impudent, laughing mouth again and again. "I'm mad with the beauty of the night and you! You lovely little devil!" He kissed her hair, her eyes, her mouth—and I, ensconced on the balcony, and not daring to move for fear they'd hear me, could have died of embarrassment. Believe me, it was no place for a sweet young thing!!

Finally, Loleeta disengaged herself, and murmured something polite about having to go in, as it was rather late, *and*, what's more, she *went*. *And* she had not fascinated Jim Wayne, despite her moonlight loveliness and fairy-like dancing, into proposing. *And* he had not told her he loved her—simply that she was a little devil—which is complimentary but not binding.

When she had gone, Jim produced a flat silver case from some mysterious pocket, and taking a cigarette therefrom, lighted it, and began pacing up and down under my balcony. A few minutes later his cigarette ended, he went into the library, quietly locking the window after him.

Of course I was dead tired the next morning, and sorry that I'd promised to go riding with Ed. It would have been much pleasanter "to lie between the sheets my bed adorning." I felt somewhat less dejected after a cold plunge, however, and managed to start downstairs, wearing my good-looking riding-habit, just as the clock struck seven.

Ed was waiting in the hall for me, looking rather droopy about the eyes. "Want to eat some breakfast?" was his fond greeting. "There's oatmeal and

fruit and rolls on the buffet, I suppose. Mrs. Porter always has a few life-savers ready in case some demented persons, like ourselves, have the idea they want to get up early and eat breakfast."

"Maybe food *will* cheer me up some for having risen at this horrible hour," I answered, so we trotted to the breakfast-room.

At a tiny round table, a bowl of roses in the centre, a silver percolater bubbling gayly at one end, sat Suzanne, dewy fresh and rosy, and opposite her—Jim Wayne. She wore the same gray dress of the night before, but fresh white collar and cuffs of sheer lawn had replaced the old ones, and a dainty white cap covered her head, allowing only a few riotous curls to peep out. A stiff little bow tied under the soft pink chin, added alarmingly to the general effect.

Jim Wayne must have heard her say that she would rise early, and determined to do so too! A nice little party like that could never have been accidental—not on both sides.

"How many lumps does thee like?" Suzanne inquired of Jim as she poured the coffee into thin gold-rimmed cups. The scene was decidedly cozy—and homelike. Love in a cottage, you know.

"Two lumps, please," answered Jim, "And, please, won't you taste it to see if it's all right?"

Suzanne raised questioning blue eyes. "Why should I taste thy coffee?" she asked, surprised. "Hasn't thee sense enough to taste for thyself?"

It seemed a shame to interrupt this interesting tête-à-tête, so I beckoned Ed to come away, promising faithfully that there'd still be food for him when we returned.

In order to be in practise in case Jim Wayne should be put next to me at luncheon, I gave Ed the full benefit of my lisp and eyes, and really you could have knocked me down with a fraternity pin when, after we'd been riding for about half an hour, he said, "Say, Katrine, how would you like to marry



me?" Embarrassing you know, for I couldn't tell whether it was a question or a proposal! However, I took it for the latter, and when we rode up the avenue to "Sans Souci" two hours later, we were engaged. Of course I didn't care about Ed particularly, but it's always convenient to have a fiancé or so buzzing around, and until Jim Wayne was definitely disposed of, no one need know that Ed had placed his ten cents a week at my feet. I figured that if Jim Wayne saw him doing the attentive, he'd begin to think that maybe, after all, there was something to me besides looks, and follow the lead.

Hardly anyone appeared at luncheon. Tevis and Payton Mooney were playing golf. Bixby Edgerton and Loleeta had gone off on an all-day automobile trip. Mrs. Porter couldn't account for Jim Wayne. She hadn't seen him since the night before, and Maud, in consequence of his having forgotten his engagement to hear her play, had evidently repaired to her room for smelling salts and absolute quiet. I bet she wished he had died when he was teething!

When Ed asked about Suzanne, Mrs. Porter shrugged her shoulders, raised her eyebrows and said, "My dear Ed, I'm sure I don't know where the little barbarian is. Perhaps she's conversing with the butler. All that I ask is that she keep away from me."

I spent the afternoon with Ed, because since he considered us engaged it was up to me to be a trifle devoted—in private. I warned him that he'd be shot at sunrise if he breathed I'd ac-

cepted "his heart and hand," as they say in Bertha Clay's novels.

At about six, I went to my room to dress for dinner. Bliss was hooking me up, and I was licking a beauty spot, preparatory to placing it in the north-east corner of my face, at right angles with my eye, when Mrs. Porter burst into the room.

"Katrine, Katrine," she screamed, her low voice having got lost somewhere in her evident excitement, "Katrine, will you listen to this telegram." She was horribly out of breath and her hand trembled so that the telegram did a regular Highland fling as she tried to hold it before her eyes, but she managed to read.

"Please forgive us for sudden disappearance. I kidnapped Suzanne. Only way I could get her to notice me. Episcopal minister at Hannibal did the job. We sail for Italy on the nineteenth. Suzanne hates me, but I simply forced her to marry me. Isn't it great?"

"JIM WAYNE."

Zip! went another millionaire! I suddenly felt violently ill, but Mrs. Porter's arms were about me, and she was screaming something about her darling niece, and that she had loved her from the minute she laid eyes on her. Then she flew off to the other girls' rooms to spread the news. If I felt surprised and—ah—slightly indisposed at the news of Jim Starkey Wayne's flight from the scene of battle, just imagine, sympathetic reader, the feelings of Tevis and Maud and Loleeta! I, at least, had Ed.



**M**AN is a natural polygamist. He always has one woman leading him by the nose and another hanging on to his coat-tails.



**A** LAWYER is one who protects you against robbers by taking away the temptation.



# A LANE IN GRENSTONE

By Witter Bynner

1

THE lane at night is dimly lit  
Through many deepening tree,  
And few there are who travel it,  
And none of them with me.  
But there's a step I cannot learn,  
A foot I cannot trace,  
That follows me at every turn  
With faint familiar pace.  
Perhaps forgotten time ago  
I wandered here content  
With one I shall not fully know  
Till all the years are spent,  
With someone who was kind to me . . .  
But only this is clear:  
I wish that she would let me see  
Her face and be my dear.

2

From the lane I turn to look,  
Till my eyes are cool with seeing:  
Bright before me comes a brook  
Out of branches into being.  
And behind me, while I turn,  
Follows the familiar pace.  
Then at last I look and learn,  
Finding Celia face to face.  
Out of whispers of concealment,  
Like the brook my Celia slips  
In a sibylline revealment,  
And I greet her, and her lips  
Tell me, where the leaves are green,  
How beside her often moved  
Someone she had never seen,  
Someone she had always loved.



MAN'S objection to love is that it dies hard; woman's is that when it is once dead it stays dead.



THE best thing that may be said of most portrait painters is that they are excellent whitewashers.



# THE INTERIOR HIERARCHY

By Owen Hatteras

THE world awaits that pundit who will study at length the relative respectability of the inward parts of man—his pipes and bellows, his liver and lights. The inquiry will take him far into the twilight zones of psychology. Why is the vermiform appendix so much more virtuous and dignified than its next-door neighbor, the cæcum? Considered physiologically, anatomically, pathologically, surgically, the cæcum is the decenter of the two. It has more cleanly habits; it is more beautiful; it serves a more useful purpose; it brings its owner less often to the doors of death. And yet what would one think of a lady who mentioned her cæcum? The thought chills; that way lies the decay of the republic! But the appendix—ah, the appendix! The appendix is pure, polite, ladylike, even noble. It confers an unmistakable stateliness, a stamp of position, a social consequence upon its possessor. And, by one of the mysteries of viscerology, it confers even *more* stateliness upon its *ex*-possessor!

Alas, what would you! Why is the stomach such a libertine and outlaw in England, and so highly respectable in the United States? No Englishman of good breeding, save he be far gone in the liquor, ever mentions his stomach in the presence of women, clergymen, or the Royal Family. To avoid the necessity—for Englishmen, too, are subject to the colic—he employs various far-fetched euphemisms, among them, the poetical Little Mary. No such squeamishness is known in America. The American discusses his stomach as freely as he discusses his business. More, he regards its name with

a degree of respect verging upon reverence—and so he uses it as a euphemism for the whole region from the diaphragm to the pelvic arch. Below his heart he has only a stomach and a vermiform appendix.

In the Englishman that large region is filled entirely by his liver, at least in polite conversation. He never mentions his kidneys save to his medical adviser, but he will tell even a parlor maid that he is feeling liverish. "Sorry, old chap; I'm not up to it. Been seedy for a fortnight. Touch of liver, I dessay. Never felt quite fit since I came home. Bones full of fever. Damn old liver always kicking up. Awfully sorry, old fellow. Awsk me again. Glad to, 'pon my word." But never the American! Nay, the American keeps his liver for his secret thoughts. Hob-nailed it may be, and the most interesting thing within his frontiers, but he would blush to mention it to his lady friend.

Myself intensely ignorant of anatomy, and even more so of the punctilio, I yet attempted, one rainy day, a roster of the bodily parts in the order of their respectability. Class I was small and exclusive; when I had put in the heart, the brain, the hair, the eyes and the vermiform appendix, I had exhausted all the candidates. Here were the five aristocrats, of dignity even in their diseases—appendicitis, angina pectoris, aphasia, acute alcoholism, astigmatism: what a row of a's! Here were the dukes, the cardinals, nay, the princes of the blood. Here were the super-members; the beyond-parts.

In Class II I found a more motley throng, led by the collar-bone on the one hand and the tonsils on the other.



And in Class III—but let me present  
my classification and have done:

## CLASS II

Collar-bone.  
Stomach (American).  
Liver (English).  
Bronchial tubes.  
Arms (excluding elbows).  
Tonsils.  
Vocal chords.  
Ears.  
Cheeks.  
Chin.

## CLASS III

Elbows.  
Ankles.  
Aorta.  
Teeth (if natural).  
Shoulders.  
Windpipe.  
Lungs.  
Neck.  
Juglar vein.  
Ribs.

## CLASS IV

Stomach (English).  
Liver (American).  
Solar plexus.  
Hips.  
Calves.  
Pleura.  
Nose.  
Feet (bare).  
Shins.

## CLASS V

Teeth (if false).  
Heels.  
Toes.  
Kidneys.  
Knees.  
Diaphragm.  
Thyroid gland.  
Legs (female).  
Scalp.

## CLASS VI

Thighs.  
Paunch.  
Æsophagus.

Spleen.  
Pancreas.  
Gall-bladder.  
Cæcum.

I made two more classes, VII and VIII, but they entered into anatomical details impossible of discussion in a magazine designed to be read aloud at the domestic hearth. Perhaps I shall print them in the *Medical Times* at some future time. As my classes stand, they present mysteries enough. Why should the bronchial tubes (Class II) be so much lordlier than the lungs (Class III) to which they lead? And why should the æsophagus (Class VI) be so much *less* lordly than the stomach (Class II in the United States, Class IV in England) to which *it* leads? And yet the fact in each case is known to us all. To have a touch of bronchitis is almost fashionable; to have pneumonia is merely bad luck. The stomach, at least in America, is so respectable that it dignifies even seasickness, but I have never heard of any decent man who ever had any trouble with his æsophagus.

If you wish a short cut to a strange organ's standing, study its diseases. Generally speaking, they are sure indices. Let us imagine a problem: What is the relative respectability of the hair and the scalp, close neighbors, *corpsbrüder*, offspring of the same osseous tissue? Turn to baldness and dandruff, and you have your answer. To be bald is no more than a genial jocosity, a harmless foible—but to have dandruff is almost as bad as to have beri-beri. Hence the fact that the hair is in Class I, while the scalp is at the bottom of Class V. So again and again. To break one's collar-bone (Class II) is to be in harmony with the nobility and gentry; to crack one's shin (Class IV) is merely vulgar. And what a difference between having one's tonsils cut out (Class II) and getting a new set of false teeth (Class V)!

Wherefore? Why? To what end? Why is the stomach so much more respectable (even in England) than the spleen; the liver (even in America)



than the pancreas; the windpipe than the œsophagus; the pleura than the diaphragm? Why is the collar-bone the undisputed king of the osseous frame? One can understand the supremacy of the heart: it plainly bosses the whole vascular system. But why do the bronchial tubes wag the lungs? Why is the chin superior to the nose? The ankles to the shins? The solar plexus to the gall-bladder?

I am unequal to the penetration of this great ethical, æsthetical and sociological mystery. But in leaving it, let me point to another and antagonistic one: to wit, that which concerns those viscera of the lower animals that we use for food. The kidneys in man are far down the scale—far down in Class V, along with false teeth, the scalp and the female leg. But the kidneys of the beef steer, the calf, the sheep, or whatever animal it is whose kidneys we eat—the kidneys of this creature are close to the borders of Class I. What is it that young Capt. Lionel Basingstoke, M.P., always orders when he drops in at Gatti's on his way from his chambers in the Albany to that flat in Tyburnia where Mrs. Vaughn-Grimsby is waiting

for him to rescue her from her *cochon* of a husband? What else but deviled kidneys? Who ever heard of a gallant young English seducer who didn't eat deviled kidneys—not now and then, not only on Sundays and legal holidays, but every day, every evening?

Again, and by way of postscript, No. 2, concentrate your mind upon sweetbreads. Sweetbreads are made in Chicago of the pancreases of horned cattle. From Portland to Portland they belong to the first class of refined delicatessen. And yet, on the human plane, the pancreas is in Class VI, along with the cæcum and the paunch. And, contrariwise, there is tripe—"the stomach of the ox or of some other ruminant." The stomach of an American citizen belongs to Class II, and even the stomach of an Englishman is in Class IV, but tripe is far down in Class VIII. And chitterlings—the excised vermiform appendices of the cow. In man the vermiform appendix is the hall-mark of aristocracy. But of all the towns in Christendom, Richmond, Va., is the only one wherein a self-respecting white man would dare to be caught wolfing a chitterling in public.



## FOR A NEW THESAURUS OF SIMILES

AS willing to be convinced as a legislator with a mortgage on his farm.  
 As obvious as a toupee.  
 As dear as a cheap cigar.  
 As fat as a Wagner contralto.  
 As over-praised as home cooking.



TO be found out: to escape from suspicion.



ARCHBISHOP: a Christian ecclesiastic of a rank superior to that attained by Christ; see also *bishop* and *archdeacon*.



# A LOVE STORY

By Parkhurst Whitney

**D**ISCUSSING literature the other day with a young woman, she said: "You'll never make money unless you write love stories."

I was greatly impressed by the originality of the remark, but chiefly by the promise implied. I love my art for art's sake, but I have my little responsibilities, too; and if the young lady's advice is correct, I *can* make money if I *do* write love stories.

Casting about for a plot for such a tale, the idea came to me, almost with the force of an inspiration, to construct a story of the grand passion, using the Eternal Triangle as a basis. Two women in love with one man, or two men in love with one woman. No more, no less; Utah, Thibet and the East to the contrary notwithstanding.

This love story opens, then, with two men in love with a woman. Two, and the lists are closed. Deep students of life have decided that this three-sided figure is a permanent and unchangeable feature of all affairs of the heart. I have no desire to oppose them. I am for realistic fiction every time.

Before we go to other things, I wish to call your attention to the rapidity with which this narrative has been developed. In accordance with the instructions in "How To Become An Author," here we are right in the middle of things. The story is barely under way, yet the reader knows just what is on foot. It is not necessary to say that this is quite an accomplishment.

Now, however, the action must be delayed for a few paragraphs while I give you some impressions of the various sides of this triangle. The girl comes first, of course. She is Gladys

Dorkington, only but unspoiled daughter of T. Chester Dorkington, the well-known financier.

Glad—so her intimates in the exclusive younger set call her—is a darling with a heart of gold. Neither Father Dorkington's immense wealth—and it *is* immense, believe me—nor her own unquestioned social standing, has made her red lips less red, her raven tresses less ravenous. Her ivory skin is entirely free from alkali, her slim yet well-rounded figure shows no indication of becoming more round than slim. In the language of the lower classes, which really has no place in this atmosphere, she is "some kid."

Next we have Peter Stuyvesant Van Wart. Yes, you have guessed correctly. Peter is a member of one of New York's oldest families. He can trace his line back to the days when Broadway was a cowpath. He can go farther yet, but he doesn't care to.

He lives in Washington Square, in a house filled with portraits of all Van Warts, memories, musty smells, and servants who were born in the family service. When Lafayette was taken with the severe attack of sleeping sickness which spoiled his last visit to America, Peter's house was one of the places where the distinguished invalid slumbered.

Peter's occupation is to rise, bathe, eat, dress in a lounge suit and lounge about the club all morning; call, properly garbed, in the afternoon, and, having put on evening clothes—not a dress suit, mind you—dine out in the evening. He has a fairish income from real-estate holdings which his great-great-great-great-grandfather bought



from the Tammany Indians at about the same rate for which Manhattan was purchased.

Peter would like to increase this income, and there seems to be no reason why he shouldn't. The dowagers regard him as a great catch.

Completing the geometrical figure, we have Charley Stubbs, junior partner in the well-known firm of brokers, Rockingham, Morton & Stubbs. Charley, as his last name implies, is a man of the people. He began life as an office-boy, but his astounding ability was soon recognized by old J. D. Rockingham, and by gradual stages he has worked up to a membership in the greatest firm in Wall Street.

During business hours, Charley is all business, but he has a heart just the same. He has been gradually breaking into the inner circles and just recently he got in far enough to meet Gladys Dorkington, richest and most beautiful of last year's débutantes. Charley no sooner learned that she was T. Chester's daughter than he fell desperately in love. It was practically love at first sight. Which shows that high finance doesn't harden a man to the finer things.

This has been quite a digression, but it seemed necessary. Now, without taking any more space than I need, let me tell you that the race between Charley and Peter, for the hand, heart and dowry of Glad, is very close.

Mother Dorkington favors Peter. She realizes the great social value of an alliance between the D's and the Van Warts, and she is using every feminine trick to win. And as mother had to fight her way up from the ranks to her present social position, and took some pretty stiff beatings on the way, she is a neat little fighter.

Father Dorkington, despite his immense wealth—previously noted—and his general air of dyspeptic grouch, is a democrat at heart. He prefers a live man to dead ancestors, and he has a great respect for Charley's ability. He thinks young Stubbs would be a good man to have in the family. (Charley's

firm has trimmed Father D. in several big deals.)

Mother and Father have had several wordy battles about Glad and the Right Man. Neither one has weakened, but as far as deadly personal thrusts are concerned, Mother has many more points than Father to her credit.

And how about Gladys, you ask? What is her preference? Ah, you ask in vain. That is a secret, to me as well as you, at present. Beautifully bred young thing that she is, she is nice to both suitors. No sooner does she ride in the park with Peter than she sits with Charley in a box at the theatre. And so it goes. She has everybody mystified, including herself, perhaps.

And now for the tense and dramatic. Charley and Peter are asked to join a week-end party at the Dorkington country place, Lenox. Both accept, and furthermore, go prepared to propose.

You must admit that here is a situation packed full of possibilities. Country house, beautiful grounds; house full of servants and interesting people; distinguished foreigner, rumored to be something or other, to lend a cosmopolitan flavor; and into this setting come two eligible young men determined to win the unspoiled heiress to the Dorkington millions.

Of course these surroundings are an old story to the descendant of the long line of Van Warts. Even Charley, plebeian that he is, is not so impressed as he would have been a year ago. But we who are on the outside can properly be thrilled. Romance, flavored with an exquisite blending of bare backs, evening things, costly silver and napery, to say nothing of the rare vintages in Father D.'s cellar, is in the air.

Peter, long, lean and aristocratic (see A. B. Wenzell) treats his rival as only a thoroughbred can. Studiously polite, you know, but distant, very distant. A nervous snapping of the thumb and forefinger on one of his perfectly, but not too perfectly, manicured hands, is the only indication of emotion he betrays.

Slight enough evidence of feeling, it



is true; but it means a great deal in the case of a thoroughbred.

After dinner, which was enlivened by some exceedingly brilliant stable talk, the gay party takes to bridge. All, that is, except Peter, Charley and Glad, who is considered too young for the stiff game that will be played. Our two heroes refuse to play for obvious reasons.

Charley, who is the truly aggressive American, immediately tries to get Glad where he can ask the fatal question, and shows his common bringing up by cursing vehemently under his breath as every attempt fails. Glad is an innocent-looking bud, but she has a way of dodging the issue that is amazingly clever.

Besides Charley lacks practise in dealing with these hot-house plants. When it comes to fine work in the high places, he is still uncut and fresh from the mines.

Be it said to his credit, however, that Peter, despite the ancestors and the house in Washington Square, has no better luck. And by the time the evening is over, the skin between his thumb and forefinger is smarting sharply. Which shows that under a cold exterior hot fires are often burning. You never can tell about these exclusives.

It is mean to make you wait at this juncture. But the hour is late, Charley and Peter are worn out with their attempts to tell Glad how necessary she is to each of their lives, and they want to get their beauty sleep, and rise well fortified for the morrow. In fact, save for a few blades in the gunroom who are trying to reduce Father Dorkington's supply of Scotch, the whole party is ready to retire. As is the custom among the fashionables, there is shooting in the early morning.

To repeat, it is mean to make you wait while our heroes get in their eight hours. But I assure you it will pay you to be patient. A startling dénouement awaits the dawn of another day.

Servants awake Charley and Peter quite early. No, the servants have not

come to say, "Your bawth is ready, sir," although I have no doubt they would have said it ordinarily. This, however, is an extraordinary circumstance. The menials have come to say that Father and Mother Dorkington would like to see our heroes immediately.

Yes, indeed, it is an extraordinary situation which greets Peter and Charley when they get downstairs. T. Chester is storming about wildly, a piece of white paper clutched in his hand. Mother D., who never was a raving beauty, looks worse.

The keen-witted Charley is at once alive to the fact that something dreadful has happened. Peter, who has missed his tub, and doesn't grasp things in the morning anyway, only manages to look exceptionally foolish. Father, meanwhile, continues his restless walk up and down the room. The things Charley said under his breath last evening aren't a circumstance to the things the well-known financier is saying out loud this morning.

Well, the horrible truth must eventually out. That note in Father Dorkington's hand is from Glad. Glad wrote it late last night, just before leaving the house with Henri, her own chauffeur. She and Henri, she says, expect to be married in a nearby village. She does hope Father and Mother won't think too harshly about her, and besides if they knew how nice Henri is—

I might as well stop right here and admit that I have failed miserably in my attempt to make this story adhere to real life and the rules of the Eternal Triangle. I fully expected that things were going as they should, until last night when I saw Glad and Henri having a talk in the garage. You can blame him for spoiling the realism of this story.

P. S. I have recently learned that Henri is the prosperous proprietor of a garage and that he and Glad are very much in love with each other. So I do claim that I have succeeded in weaving a strong heart-interest into this tale.



# IN THE DARK

By Theodore Dreiser

**SCENE**—Kerry Patch, adjoining the car-yards, at one in the morning. Long, dimly lighted streets, with here and there a gas lamp flaring in the wind. On the fourth floor of Kerrigan's flats—a detached, tatterdemalion row of buildings facing Eleventh Avenue—a dim light behind a tightly drawn curtain is suddenly put out.

FIRST SPIRIT (*sweeping by*)

A murder! A murder!

CALLAHAN'S GRAY BULL (*in the next block north*)

Wow! Wow! Wow! Gr-r—

SECOND SPIRIT (*sweeping by*)

A murder! A murder!

MONYHAN'S HOUND (*three blocks east*)

Yow-wee! Yow-wee! Yow-wee!  
—ee!—ee! (*subsiding with a whine*).

THIRD SPIRIT (*sweeping by*)

A murder! A murder! A murder!

KORNBLUM'S GREAT DANE (*from the back yard of the grocery store, three blocks south*)

Ow-wow! Ow-wow! Ow-wow!  
Yoof! Yoof! Yoof! Ur!

A DOZEN DOGS (*in all directions, taking up the chorus*)

Ow-wee! Ow-wee! Yoof! Yoof!  
Ur! Ur! Ooo! Ooo! Ooo!

OFFICER BRADY (*stepping out of the family entrance of Dryheisen's Café, three blocks south, and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand*)

'Tis a strange noise these dogs do be makin'. What's scratchin' them?

FIRST SPIRIT (*sweeping by*)

A murder! A murder!

OFFICER BRADY (*he suffers an odd tremor of the flesh and adjusts his*

*belt and revolver. He scratches his ear meditatively*)

A windy night.

JOHN REPISO (*coming down the back stairs of Kerrigan's flats in the dark, the wraith of a new spirit before him, a vile ghost with red eyes behind. Over his shoulder a thick, brown bundle. He opens the door carefully and peers out*)

Alla right so far. Musta no maka de noise. (*Peers out still further, sees a home-hurrying plumber and retreats.*)  
Jesu! Santa Maria! San Tomo! (*He wipes his brow with one grimy finger and listens until the steps die away in the distance.*)

THE RED-EYED GHOST (*from behind*)

Fine! Fine! Ah, Life! Life! The smell of new blood! Fine!

THE WRAITH (*before*)

Ah, me! Ah, me! Am I really dead? Where am I? I do not want to die!

A SCORE OF SPIRITS (*rushing from street to street*)

A murder! A murder! Awake! Awake!

(*The dogs begin to howl as before.*)

JACOB WOITEZEK (*upholsterer, a victim of insomnia and Bright's disease, opening his window on the third floor opposite and leaning out*)

Ach, I sleep so badly. I think I am going to die. What is all the noise?



The dogs! They never sleep! Why do they howl?

A SPIRIT (*sweeping by*)

A murder! A murder! Awake! Awake!

JACOB WOITEZEK (*a tremor passes down his spine*)

Dark! And empty! The streets are very bare. When the dogs howl they say someone is dead. I must go back or I will take more cold in my back. How they howl! (*He rubs his flabby, sickly face, looks up and down the long, dim street, and puts his hand on the window-frame to pull it down.*)

OFFICER BRADY (*strolling north, twirling his night-stick nonchalantly*)

'Tis a great racket they make. Ye'd think they'd lost their last fren'. Me gran'mother used to belave that whin dogs howled someone was dyin'. That was in the country. 'Tis different in the big cities, no doubt. (*He thumbs his belt and looks inquiringly around.*)

FIVE SPIRITS (*circling around him in a wreath*)

A murder! A murder! A murder! Awake! Awake! Watch! Wake!

(*He feels the same tremor as before, and peers into every entry and store-front.*)

JOHN REPISO (*still waiting, but hearing no sound*)

No can wait. They no can tell with-out the head. One, two, three block. Then cars! Then alla right! (*He steps out.*)

THE EVIL SPIRIT WITH RED EYES

Courage! Well done! Fine! Fine! Ah! Life is fine! (*It keeps step behind.*)

THE WRAITH (*drifting on before*)

Perhaps I am not dead. I must stay near. I do not want to die!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS (*clouding the air overhead*)

A murder! A murder! Vengeance! Come one! Come all! Vengeance!

JACOB WOITEZEK (*at his window*)

There comes a man with a bundle at this hour in the morning. I wonder what is in it? He keeps close to that wall.

A SPIRIT (*sweeping by*)

A murder! A murder!

GEORGE STEPHANIK (*a shoe-dealer, coming home from a lodge meeting*)

That was a fine business I did this afternoon. Fourteen pairs in three hours. It is because of the cold weather. If I could do as well as that every day I would open a bigger store in a little while. In a better neighborhood, too. This is nothing—very bad, trash. But why do the dogs howl so?

(*There is continued yowling in near and far places.*)

THREE SPIRITS (*wheeling about him*)

A murder! A murder! Watch! Behold!

THE SHOE-DEALER (*hunching his shoulders, drawing his coat tight, and looking about him*)

I don't like these dark neighborhoods. They are dangerous. Is that a man with a bag in the next block? He is going into Santangelos's, or the next place to it. But Santangelos is asleep. No, the man is just stopping there. What can he be carrying in a bag at this hour of the night?

THE THREE SPIRITS (*still sweeping in a circle above him*)

A murder! A murder! Awake! Watch!

THE SHOE-DEALER (*bustling on*)

It is half-past one. It will be hard to get up at seven in the morning.

JOHN REPISO (*crowding into a dark doorway, waiting for the stranger to pass, and adjusting the bundle on his back*)

Jesu! Santa Maria! San Tomo! One—two block more. Then no can see. Railroad track. No can tell. Come back same as any man.

(*He adjusts the bundle and grasps the handle of a knife in his shirt-front.*)



STEPHANIK (*passing by on the other side of the street and peering over*)

There he is—someone waiting there. It is too dark to see. Someone with a bundle. There ought to be an officer hereabouts. They never do their duty, these police. You never can find one when you want one.

THE CLOUD OF SPIRITS (*over Santangelos's door*)

A murder! A murder! Come! Come!

THE THREE SPIRITS (*circling over Stephanik's head*)

A murder! A murder! Come! See!

STEPHANIK (*unreasoningly disturbed*)

It is strange—that man! Why should he hide here? He may be trying to break into Santangelos's store! And these dogs! They make me creepy! If I could see an officer now!

(*He hurries on, looking right and left, for he is a great coward.*)

OFFICER BRADY (*two blocks away, twirling his stick*)

'Tis the devil's own night for dogs! I never heard the like!

(*He peers in at other doorways.*)

GEORGE STEPHANIK (*drawing nearer on the other side of the street, and crossing over to him*)

Officer! I saw a man in the next block, there, on this side of the street, hiding in a doorway. He had a bundle over his shoulder. It looked to me as if he had broken in somewhere or was going to. He didn't want me to see him. There are so many thieves around I thought you might want to see him. He is in Santangelos's doorway.

OFFICER BRADY (*stiffening with a sense of duty and adventure*)

In the next block, you say? I'll have a look at him. Come along if you like. (*Clouds of spirits wheel overhead, crying "A murder! A murder!"*)

JOHN REPISO (*peering out*)

Alla gone! Two more block! No more can tell without the head! Jesu!

I no meant he die. (*He wipes his brow and starts.*)

THE EVIL SPIRIT WITH THE RED EYES  
Fine! Fine! Two more blocks! The smell of new blood! Ah! Ah! (*He keeps step behind.*)

THE WRAITH (*going before*)

Am I alive? Am I dead? I must stay near. I do not want to die!

THE SPIRITS (*circling above in a great cloud*)

A murder! A murder! Come one, come all!

(*The dogs begin to howl again.*)

OFFICER BRADY (*sighting the figure in the distance*)

There he goes now. That's the man ye mean, no doubt. Well, we'll have a look at what he has in that bag. Come, now.

(*He sharpens his pace.*)

THE RED-EYED DEMON

Hurry! Hurry! Ah, a good deed. Good life! Good life! Would that I were alive!

THE SPIRITS

A murder! A murder!

JOHN REPISO (*hearing steps and looking about*)

Ah, Jesu! Ah, San Tomo! (*He begins to run.*)

OFFICER BRADY (*beginning to run, also, two blocks behind*)

Come, now! None o' that!

(*He raps on the sidewalk with his night-stick, then extracts his police-whistle and blows a blast.*)

(*Jacob Woitezek, who has only just closed his window, opens it. Other windows fly open.*)

SPIRITS (*sweeping before one and all*)  
A murder! A murder!

JOHN REPISO (*turning into the car-yard*)

Ah, Jesu! Ah, Santa Maria! Gratia Dio!

(*He slips between two lines of idle boxcars, dark and sombre, and hurries*)



*past ten before he deposits the bag behind the wheels under one of them.)*

They may not find it yet. The police! That is my terrible luck, that there should be a policeman!

*(He slips under the cars, while spirits hover overhead, passing through the wood and steel, leaving the wraith beside the bag. Outside the whistle of Officer Brady is sounding, the while other police-whistles answer from a distance, drawing nearer and nearer.)*

THE WRAITH *(hovering over the body)*

Am I dead? Am I dead? I do not want to die!

OFFICER BRADY *(turning into the yard)*

We may have a job finding him in here. And the river is just beyond.

*(He blows new blasts.)*

FIRST OFFICER *(running up)*

What's the trouble? What's the trouble?

OFFICER BRADY

A thief, be God! He's just turned in here with a bag. Right through here he went.

SECOND OFFICER *(arriving breathless)*

What's the row?

OFFICER BRADY

Wait here and tell the others. A thief has just turned in here with a bag.

*(Other officers arrive. A spirited search begins. The place is surrounded.)*

THE DEMON *(at the heels of Repiso)*

Fine! Fine! Well done! The body smells of blood! Fine!

THE SPIRITS *(a cloud over each officer)*

Murder! Murder! Murder! This way!

*(They pass to Repiso and then back to the officers. The air is vibrant with their motion.)*

REPISO *(stumbling out from the last line of cars at the water's edge, and surveying the retaining wall. The water flows silently below.)*

Jesu! No can swim! *(He hears the continued shrieks of many whistles and at the same time discovers a sewer-*

*vent.)* Ah! Gratia Dio! Ah, Santa Maria! Gratia!

*(He seeks, via rocks and a projecting beam, to lower himself into it.)*

FIRST OFFICER *(reaching the water's edge and flashing a bull's-eye out over the wall.)*

This is where he would make for first.

*(He keeps a cocked revolver poised lightly in his hand.)*

SECOND OFFICER *(revolver and bull's-eye in hand)*

I'll look after the other end, George.

THIRD OFFICER

There's a sewer-vent here somewhere. He may make for that. *(He walks along the wall toward it. A police-boat passing, he calls.)* Shoot a light in here, captain, will you? We think a pigeon may have ducked in here.

*(The boat draws near and a powerful ray is flashed.)*

SPIRITS *(filling the air like gulls)*

In here! In here! In here!

AN OFFICER *(on board the boat)*

Come out of that.

*(Revolvers are drawn. Three men are landed. They return with Repiso.)*

THE GHOST WITH RED EYES *(close behind)*

Blood! More blood! Fine! Fine!

OFFICER BRADY *(forcing himself to the front)*

Now ye'll be tellin' me what ye did with that bag ye had. Where did ye put it?

ANOTHER OFFICER *(shaking him roughly)*

Come, now! Out with it! Where did ye put it?

JOHN REPISO *(cautiously)*

No spika da Anglais.

OFFICER BRADY

Ye Guinea scut! It's no English, is it? Well, we'll make ye talk something before long. Bring him along, boys. The bag's here, if it ain't in the river.



We'll soon be findin' it. Ye say it's not in the sewer there?

AN OFFICER

It's not in the sewer.

*(The air is full of spirits weaving between the body and the searching police. Determined effort is made by the former to transmit knowledge in terms of thought.)*

OFFICER KELLY *(of the fifth precinct, throwing a bull's-eye light between the trucks of each car of the second row)*

Hi, now, here's somethin'! *(He reaches under and draws forth the bag.)* This'll be it, I'm thinkin'. *(He takes out a knife, cuts the cord and reveals the wet wrappings of the body.)* Mother of Mary! *(He blows his police-whistle.)*

FIRST OFFICER *(appearing)*

You've found it, have you?

SECOND OFFICER

This'll be more black-hand work, I'm thinkin'. Well, he'll talk English or somethin' like it before we get through.

*(Other officers attend. Spirits, a legion, thread and weave.)*

REPISO *(arriving with several officers, the light of various bull's-eyes on his face. To himself, sotto voce)*

Jesu! Santa Maria! I will pretend not to know.

OFFICER BRADY *(also present)*

Here ye are, my fine one. So that's what ye had in the bag? Now will ye speak and tell us where ye brought it from?

OFFICER DINGWALTER *(one of those who has brought him, his hand on his collar, shaking him)*

Come, now, speak, will you?

REPISO *(wet and blanched)*

No spika da Anglais! No understan'!

OFFICER KELLY *(outraged by the horror of it)*

We'll spika the English for ye, ye black scut! Ye'll swing for this.

OFFICER SYFAX *(newly arrived on the scene, and edging his way through)*

A murder? Whaddye know about that! Is that the man? Say *(edging closer and peering into Repiso's face)*, I think I know this fellow. He used to be hangin' around Kerrigan's flats when I did the day trick there. Where'd ye see him first?

OFFICER DINGWALTER

Brady saw him here in 11th Avenue somewhere.

OFFICER BRADY *(eagerly)*

Sure, I thought that's where he might a been comin' from when I seen him with the bag. Them flats is full of Eyetalianans.

OFFICER BOCOCK *(another captor)*

We'd better take him down there then and see what we can find out.

*(The air is still thick with spirits weaving and threading; the red-eyed ghost behind Repiso, the wraith over the dead body repeats its vacuous plaint.)*

THE WRAITH

Am I dead? Am I dead?

THE RED-EYED GHOST

Blood! More blood!

OFFICER DINGWALTER *(officially)*

That's the idea. Someone ring for an ambulance. Someone ought to stay here and look after this.

OFFICER KELLY *(too old to be eager for publicity)*

I'll be lookin' after that.

*(The procession starts, with Repiso held by Dingwalter and Bocock and followed by the ghost with red eyes. In front, Syfax and Brady; behind, Officers Train, Bones, Emmett. Over the body in the car-yards, the wraith. Overhead, a legion of spirits. The procession approaches the entrance to Kerrigan's flats.)*

OFFICERS SYFAX AND BRADY *(to citizens who have crowded in before)*

Out of the way there!



*(They make their way up the stairs to the first landing, followed by Dingwalter and Bocock with Repiso and the others.)*

OFFICER SYFA *(pounding vigorously on the door)*

Hello! Hello!

*(An Italian fruit dealer puts his head out of the door.)*

FRUIT DEALER *(recognizing Repiso in the hands of the police)*

What's da mat'? What's da mat'?

OFFICER BRADY *(irritably)*

Cut that, ye heathen Guinea! Ye'll soon know what's da mat'. Did yez ever see this man before?

THE FRUIT DEALER *(fearing Italian retaliation)*

No un'stan'! No spika da Anglais!

OFFICER SYFAX *(vigorously)*

You lie, you hound! They're all in cohorts. Somebody watch this man until we see about the others.

*(Officer Emmett takes charge of the fruit dealer. They turn to another door.)*

OFFICER BRADY *(beating it)*

Hello! Hello!

*(He shakes the door-knob. An old woman puts her head out of the door.)*

OLD WOMAN

Whatever is the matter?

OFFICER BRADY

Tell me, now, have ye ever seen this man before?

OLD WOMAN *(unconscious of Repiso's strain and terror)*

Why, yes, that's Mr. Repiso. He's a nice man. Whatever are ye holding him for?

*(Repiso shivers convulsively.)*

OFFICER SYFAX *(facetiously)*

A fine man! Perfectly good! What floor does he live on, old lady?

THE OLD WOMAN

The fourth. I'm very sorry, I'm sure. What's he done?

*(Repiso shivers again. The eyes of the ghost become vaguely luminous.)*

OFFICER BRADY

What *hasn't* he done! Be all the saints! Does he speak English?

THE OLD WOMAN

Sure he speaks English. He always speaks it to me.

REPISO *(to himself)*

Jesu!

THE GHOST WITH THE RED EYES  
Blood! More blood!

SPIRITS *(sweeping in clouds through wood and stone)*

Up here! Up here!

OFFICER DINGWALTER *(to Repiso)*

I thought so. Now maybe you'll talk, Charley.

*(They mount the stairs.)*

OFFICER SYFAX *(pounding on the door)*

Hello! Hello! *(No answer.)* Open the door! Hey! Open the door!

*(He presses to break it in.)*

OFFICER BRADY *(to Repiso)*

Is this where yez live? Say!

OFFICER DINGWALTER

You might as well talk. It's all up with you, anyhow. It might do you a little good to be honest.

JOHN REPISO *(weakly, almost in a fainting condition)*

No can spik. No un'erstan'.

SPIRITS *(sweeping)*

In here! In here!

*(The door is broken down with a crash. They enter a tenement kitchen, oilcloth on the floor much worn, the stationary washtubs dirty and filled with junk, the walls painted a dull green and badly smeared. Beyond, a sitting-room badly arranged with cheap red-plush furniture, so worn that it looks as if it had been collected from ash-heaps. In one corner an imitation walnut table upset and the white marble top broken. A chair is piled on a black*



iron and wire couch. A zinc washtub holds the segments of a man's arms. In one corner of the room lies a roundish bundle. In another, on oilcloth, lies a pair of legs. By the zinc washtub on a newspaper are dumped a small saw and a knife. Brooding over it all, the wraith, unconscious of duality.)

OFFICER SYFAX (*breaking in the door, sweeping a bull's-eye around, then striking a light*)

Well, I'll be damned! Here's a howdy-ye-do! Whaddye know about this? He's been tryin' to cut him up into bits. Say, you're a wonder, Spaghetti! They'll make a hell of a noise over this.

(*He kicks the zinc tub with his foot, proud of his official association with so grim a crime.*)

OFFICER BRADY (*interested in the publicity he will get as the original pursuer, yet nauseated and anxious to have done.*)

Mother of Moses! And I thought he was a second-story man!

(*He sees the round bundle, suspects what it contains, but refrains from approaching it.*)

THE WRAITH

Am I dead? Am I dead?

THE GHOST WITH RED EYES

Blood! Blood!

OFFICER DINGWALTER (*shaking Repiso*)

Come, me fine one! What've ye got to say to this? Can't ye talk English now a little?

OFFICERS TRAIN AND BOCOČK (*crowding close*)

Speak up now! Whadyu kill'm for? Hey?

THE GHOST WITH RED EYES

Blood! Blood!

OFFICER SYFAX (*bringing forward the round bundle*)

Here's somethin' else.

(*He unties the rough twine and reveals a gory head, black-haired and curly, with a short black moustache. At sight of the face Repiso falls on his knees, uttering a cry and rocking emotionally to and fro.*)

REPISO (*frenzied and incoherent, the while the spirits sweep and swirl*)

No meana to kill. No maka da strong word, no maka da first blow! I alla time maka da safe word. He alla time follow me out. He my brod. Hata da job! Hata da work! No maka da mon! Alla time beg! Alla time maka da lie! Say he no can find job. Alla time maka da game. No maka da fair game. He cheata da cards. Showa da stiletto—taka da mon—Madre de Dio! No can see, no can hear. He grabba all what I got.

(*He raves on incoherently as to the details of the crime, the while the spirits weave and twine.*)

OFFICER DINGWALTER

That's the stuff. Now it's comin' out. Good for you, Italy!

OFFICER BONES

Sure, that's the way. They had a card game. This fellow gets sore and cuts him up. It's always the way with these sphagetti.

OFFICER TRAIN (*coming back from the legs*)

Well, it's the chair for him, hey?

OFFICER SYFAX

Sure; not a ghost of a chance.

(*They ring for an ambulance. The coroner arrives. Officers, surgeons, gather up the remains. The second representation follows them. Spirits fill the air, thinning and disappearing as they lead Repiso down the stairs.*)

THE GHOST WITH RED EYES (*glowing with a strange lustre*)

Blood! More blood!



# TWO LOVE SONGS

By Folger McKinsey

## I

**L**OVE, the dream immortal,  
Light that never dies,  
One with morns of splendor,  
One with twilight skies;  
Stars and moon of summer,  
Birds on boughs of spring,  
The brilliant blush of autumn,  
The winter's sombre wing.

The hope, the light, the promise,  
The song, the sob, the tear,  
The music and the laughter,  
The sunshine and the cheer,  
The sun beyond the sunset,  
The moon beyond the moon,  
The song beyond the shadow,  
The rose beyond the June.

Fields and brooks of springtime,  
Meads and dells of dew,  
The pink rose of the wingtime,  
Of red birds and of blue,  
Elation and uplifting,  
The leader and the led,  
The one dream onward drifting,  
When all the rest are dead!

## II

Deck not thy form in silken garb for me,  
But on thy face a smile,  
And on thy snowy bosom, sweet, disclose,  
Where love's lips, lingering for a little while,  
Have left—a rose!

Deck not thy hair with ornaments of price,  
But let its beauty stream  
Upon the winds that toss it where you go,  
Till, like a flash of sunlight in a dream,  
I see its glow!

Deck not thy brow with blossoms; 'tis enough  
'Neath it to see thine eyes,  
As some lone voyager from his course afar,  
With sudden rapture, in the alien skies,  
Beholds a star!



## "ASHES TO ASHES"

By James Gardner Sanderson

JULES withdrew the silver cover of the *entrée* deferentially, but with a respectful flourish—a flourish subtly expressive, a flourish of subdued confidence and faith. The Baron drew his chair as close as his physical being permitted and inspected the offering in silence.

"Is it well, *chéri*?" asked his companion anxiously.

"One never knows," responded the Baron heavily. "We shall see."

With unostentation, he reserved the delicacies of the dish for his own plate and served his waiting consort. Jules filled the glasses and retired; for a few moments conversation ceased.

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed the girl at last. "A little lightness, a little gaiety! Is a dinner with me a funeral?"

The Baron regarded her gloomily. "It is the fifteenth, Coralie," he said. "Thou knowest that on the fifteenth I am never gay."

"*La la!*" cried Coralie tartly. "Is it, then, the thought of her you have lost? Thou hast been but a bear to-night, at dinner a bear; at the comedy a bear; at supper"—the palms turned slightly upward. "I care not to sup with bears who dream of lost bear-mates."

"A thousand thunders!" exploded the Baron. "Do I care that she has gone? No! Life was hell with her. She was *bourgeoise*. Figure to yourself—she expected me, the Baron d'Artois, to follow her peasantry and to be gallant to none other."

"An ignorant woman-pig," commented Coralie, sympathetically.

"Say thou an American; it is enough," the Baron retorted, tucking

his napkin further into the rolls of his titled neck. "And this is of the month the fifteenth." He glanced uneasily toward the door of the room as he spoke.

"Is it not worth what thou must pay?" asked Coralie.

"It is not the payment, though the good God knows I have sought to avoid it. I do not cavil at twenty-five hundred francs. It was for my honor that I scorned the *procès-verbal*. We soil ourselves with these *canaille*. Yet, though I refused to submit, the recreant judge dared to place it upon the books that each month I—Gustav d'Artois—must pay twenty-five hundred francs. For what? For whom? For *her*. No longer of my house, no longer under my protection, no longer Madame la Baronne, and yet must I pay her such money. It is of the most damnable." The Baron gulped bitterly of his wine.

"I have defied them. 'Pouf!' I have said, when first the paper came. Then came a gendarme in uniform, with a hat like a bowl. I threw him across the apartment he dared defile and soon there came three, five, ten others. Am I Samson? They knelt upon me, bound me with steel as a criminal and drove me in a grated wagon away to vile incarceration. I lay with one named Bowery Mike, who fought for prizes, and with another such, called Paddy the Sneak. They called me Frenchy."

The Baron paused and shuddered heavily at the memory. Coralie shrugged a pair of gleaming shoulders in commiseration.

"Also there were vermin," the Baron continued wearily. "In the



morning I paid—accursed alimony of an accursed country."

"Yet a d'Artois need not miss the paltry money," suggested Coralie smoothly.

"It was not the money," said the Baron, a trifle peevishly. "That thou knowest, Tender Chicken; for hast thou not had ten times as much, given from my heart? Of a certainty, I did not wish to pay it, but still it was not the money."

"She is an animal," commented Coralie, with sudden conviction. "Otherwise this money thou mightest have given me as well."

"Truly," assented the Baron.

Jules removed the *entrée* and presented a capon for inspection. The Baron nodded gloomily and wiped his forehead. The waiter noiselessly served the course and melted, pad-footed, into the colors of the velvet hangings.

"*Mon ami*, why stay in this provincial city? Let us depart," said Coralie.

"To what good?" asked her companion. "The fifteenth is the fifteenth. I know it. The second time it came I buried myself, I went to Philadelphia, I humiliated myself to hide. She watched through the eyes of a secret agent and the Prefect of Police, and they broke down the door of my apartment. I paid."

"In Paris," suggested Coralie wistfully, "one may live apart from cattle."

"So some day, Present Angel of my Soul, shall we live. But now I may not go. On the third fifteenth I placed myself in *La Gascogne* and there came a man and brought me from my cabin back to the judge, saying that I was about to flee. They made me sign a paper whereby if I fail to pay they may strip me bare as a featherless chicken. No. It is inexorable; it is fate. Accursed woman and accursed land! I paid."

"Drink thou to forgetfulness," said Coralie, thirstily raising her wine.

The Baron drank noisily, mopping his mustachios with all his napkin, and

the watchful Jules slid with stealth from the gloom and refilled the glasses. The violins exulted in the *crescendo* climax of Broadway's latest Viennese waltz, and, after the applause, the interval fell upon the *café* with its usual silently noisy contrasts. The clatter of knives, forks and dishes rose into insistent existence; the swift steps of the servitors, passing and repassing, became softly audible. Above them mimic clouds drifted gently over the mimic sky; at their sides the fountain tossed sparkling drops prismatically into its pool, and over all hung the hum of many voices, rising louder as the laughter-loving theater contingent drifted more swiftly in.

The Baron turned apprehensively with the entrance of each newcomer. The hour was drawing near. Both pudgy hands lay on the spotless cloth of his table, and the light, glowing up from below, threw dancing shadows where the finger-tips drummed in nervous anticipation.

"The fifteenth," wailed the Baron. "She will come."

"*Peste!*" scowled Coralie. "Let a thousand like her come."

"She will come," the Baron asserted, unheeding. "She will come alone and she will take but tea. They will serve her and she will sit—and sit. Then will they bring to her a silver tray—" His voice broke suddenly. Directly across the narrow room an unoccupied table had been placed facing him. The Baron's roving eye looked upon it with quick horror. So might a murderer gaze from his cell upon the waiting scaffold.

The table's single chair lay tilted forward in reservation. Its napery, glass and silver shone in severest simplicity, and even the central decoration—a single American Beauty rose in a tall, slender vase—marked the differentiation from its neighbors. At the wall behind it stood a tall waiter immovably biding the arrival of its occupant. In all the *café* lay no other vacant chair. And in the lobby without crowds waited.



"It has come," said the Baron tragically. "Again it has come. It will always come, see thou!"

Coralie attacked her salad. The tragedy was not in her life, and she was hungry.

"When next thou suppest, sup alone," she said tartly. "Am I less than nothing?"

But the Baron's eyes widened and he began to breathe heavily through his flattened nose. The strain was telling, and, in anticipation of greater danger, even the possible loss of Coralie paled to insignificance.

"Little Crab of the Brooks," he said with an effort, "thou art all. But I have paid her *such* money today—twenty-five hundred francs—and she will come. She always comes; it is the fifteenth. Let us depart."

"I shall wait; there is a Biscuit Tortoni," said Coralie calmly.

"*Soit!*" said the Baron. "It is fate. I can never go, and she always comes. And I have paid her *such* money."

The maître d'hôtel passed them, honoring a guest, and the Baron's figure stiffened in swift fear.

"It is she!" he whispered.

In the functionary's wake an untended girl walked with quiet unconcern. The eyes of the curious diners swept her impudently up and down, but she made her way to her waiting seat in cool disregard of the sensation which her entrance created, and, as she sank gracefully in her place, thanked the solicitous maître with a smile. The lounging waiter sprang into galvanized action, and the girl, without consulting the *carte*, gave him a short command. Then her glance roamed idly over the *café* until it rested briefly and impersonally upon the Baron.

The Baron's eyes burned. Gaily he raised his glass. "Coralie, to thy blue eyes," he cried. "To thy lips, *Petite Amie!* Drink!" He clinked her glass.

"Art a muttonhead?" asked Coralie amazed.

"La la la la la," laughed the Baron rapidly. "Let us be gay. *Vive la France!*"

"Thou art *dronk*," announced Coralie.

"With love of thee," cried the Baron, with a fluttering upward gesture of his hand. "Sweet Poultry, canst not see my beating heart?" He bowed and placed his hands over the organ mentioned. Coralie noted the beads of perspiration standing out upon them, and passed from astonishment to angry comprehension.

"*Cochon!*" she hissed in jealousy. "Seek not to defend yourself with me."

The cool eyes of the girl across the room rested briefly upon him again, and he clenched his teeth in a last effort to demonstrate indifference.

"Fool!" he snapped, smiling. "Laugh! Be gay. *A votre santé.*"

But Coralie refused to raise her glass. There are limits to feminine endurance.

"I shall leave you," she said angrily, "so soon as I have had my Biscuit Tortoni."

The waiter across the way set down a dainty dish of toast and a pot of tea with its cup and saucer, and the girl sipped it in apparent abstraction. The Baron sat crumpled in his seat, spent with his effort at masking.

"It is well," he said, hollowly, to Coralie's statement. "But look—*vois-tu.*"

"*Tutoyer* me never again," said Coralie. "Besides, I have already seen her." She glanced across the room at the girl in high-necked black. "And the robe is most abominable," she added.

"Thou hast seen her, yes," the Baron said, oblivious to her injunction against further intimacy. "But never hast thou seen what soon will be. It is the inexorable fifteenth. Six times have I seen it and six times six times and more shall I see it. It is as the eternal ocean. Always shall I pay and always watch."

The girl across the room sipped her tea; one would have said that she was slightly bored, and distinctly not of the



*café's* habitués. The rich severity of her black gown, cut high in the neck and bearing but a single pearl for ornament, contrasted sharply with the powdered ivory, the dancing jewels and the colors at the other tables. The curve of her lips suggested a shadow of mockery, of disdain and perhaps of self-contempt, as she held immovably and with lowered glance to the apparent justification of her unattended presence, and the battery of eyes, opened in force at the sight of tea and toast in a New York *café* at midnight, made seemingly no whit of indentation upon the Harveyized steel of her poise.

The Baron watched her slightest movement in agony of soul. There had been a divorce—banal and usual result of an international marriage, forced by progenitors equally so—and the Baron was free and enriched by the settlement. But the stern hand of the American law had decreed alimony, and the alimony monthly decreased the patrimony of matrimony. If that had been all! Seven months had passed since the jury had gallantly given its verdict, and on the fifteenth of each month succeeding she who had been by the grace of the god of ambition Madame la Baronne d'Artois had dined where the Baron dined.

The girl leaned back slightly and the waiter bent to catch her commands. He paused in respectful bewilderment, and the girl repeated her low-toned order sharply. Across the room the Baron sucked in his breath.

"It has come!" he cried in a mighty voice of anguish.

Coralie finished her sweet. "I am

done," she said. "See how all regard you with eyes amused. Come! I will make you a nauseating drink of ammonia, and you shall sleep." She crumpled her napkin, pushing away her chair.

The Baron half rose, but dropped back heavily. "Sour Apple Tart of my soul," he replied dully, "it is too late. I am bound. I cannot move. I *must* watch."

The tall waiter had removed the tea and toast; in its place lay a silver tray bearing the lighted lamp of a chafing-dish with nothing more. The girl opened a purse of chained gold and drew therefrom five crisp one-hundred-dollar bills.

"My money," moaned the Baron. "My own money!"

For a fleeting moment the girl looked across and laughed.

"Seven times," whispered the Baron, "and seventy times seven will come. God of my Israel!"

Then, one by one, calmly and without hesitation, the girl fed the crackling bills to the flame. The ashes dropped gently to the tray. The Baron, heedless of the throng, rose and extended pleading, supplicating hands. The fifth bill burned slowly, but at length it, too, followed the others, and the girl listlessly stirred the ashes with her fingertip.

For a moment the Baron groped blindly; then he fell, dragging the cloth, glasses and dishes with him. They came, and Coralie touched him scornfully with a dainty slippered toe.

"Take him away," she said, "for he is a swine, and he is very, very *dronk*."



THE trouble with clever people is that they talk a good deal less than they would if they weren't so clever.



# THE PRICE OF SHOES

By Frank Hurburt O'Hara

AND all the time that senseless impression of something slowly dripping throbbed at her ears. She didn't know how long she had been standing there with her hands clasped behind her upon the brass knob. The metal was growing warm and slippery in her grasp. It had been cold at first. It had made her shiver. Now it was warm—unpleasantly so—and a feverish perspiration came out on her face and bared arms. The dripping sound kept on. She began to wonder if the moisture from the knob were dripping. Then she smiled faintly and started to loosen her hold; but a dizziness swept over her and she tightened her fingers once more about the brass.

A gong sounded far below. It was time to go to work. She left the door, and walked rapidly down the little stairway to the floor beneath. There she took the elevator. It seemed to her as if she were slipping through great spaces to a fate that was waiting, close at hand.

And the dripping never stopped.

"H'lo, kiddie," someone said, beside her.

She looked up with a start. It was the nasal voice of Maisie Crane, who was speaking with a hat-pin between her teeth, her arms lifted upwards to remove her hat.

"Believe me, Rena, this is goin' to be some hot day—what?"

Rena smiled weakly. She realized that she was hanging up her wraps with the other girls. But she had no recollection of the walk across the room from the elevator. She could not clearly remember anything except that idiotic drip—drip—drip that sounded reg-

ularly at her temples. Yet all the time she knew she was chattering with Maisie Crane. She suddenly thought she was like a girl in a movie. She felt as if she were stepping along a screen and talking and smiling and gesticulating without once knowing definitely what she was doing. If she were down in the audience away from the screen, then she'd see herself and know all about it. She put her hands up to her forehead and pressed her temples tightly to drive away the crazy notions that besieged her.

"Ain't you feelin' right, dearie?" It was the voice of Maisie, nasally persistent.

"Never felt better in m' life!" Rena returned with a hollow laugh.

And she looked up, surprised to find they were at their counter. Maisie was measuring off ribbon to the earliest shopper.

The day had begun.

The crowds increased and the thermometer went steadily up. The heat did not trouble Rena. She worked mechanically and well. While she matched and measured and displayed and put back countless ribbons, her thoughts went on roaming everywhere. She remembered things pretty much forgotten in her grown-up years. She recalled a little pink-and-green checked dress she had worn when she went to school in Miss Marston's room. She remembered the twilight shadows that used to move across the ingrain carpet as she sat at the window waiting for her aunt—the same tall, tired woman who stood at the head of their counter, smiling wearily at her now and then—to return from work on autumn evenings,



and as she thought of those times the memory of the dry leaves whirling to the pavement somehow became one with the dripping sound that never left her. This led her fancy to the story of the babes in the wood they had told her long ago, and gradually the babes disappeared and the many-colored leaves were piling fast on the sleek, motionless face of the man lying on the floor far up in that stuffy twelfth-story room—with the dripping going on ceaselessly upon the floor beside him.

"I should worry," she said to herself, and shivered at the awfulness of her profanity. "Well, why not?" a mental whisper added.

"Romeo's taking a day off again," Maisie snickered into her ear.

She knew who was meant. She saw vividly the white teeth beneath the sleek grayish mustache. She visualized the tight-fitting gray suit. She even felt the warm breath of him. She shuddered.

"Oh, these old bachelors!" Maisie was philosophizing. "Not that they *ought* to be, eh, girlie?"

"I don't know," Rena answered.

"Oh, *excuse me!*" the other laughed.

"Nothing personal, y' know."

"I know," said Rena.

Didn't she know! If she had not known, there wouldn't be any visions of the man in the room above, the smooth face pressed to the floor, that open wound slowly dripping. "A day off." That is what Maisie had said. It would be a long day off—and Rena should worry.

The thinning of the chameleon line of shoppers indicated the approach of noon.

Her aunt stopped before her. She leaned over the shiny glass and took the girl's hand briefly in her own.

"I'm going up to lunch," she told her. The weary eyes lighted as she spoke. "Do take it easy, my dear," she urged, looking anxiously into Rena's face. "You're pale today."

"Why, I feel tip-top, Auntie," Rena replied, with a smile.

"You must take that vacation next

week, Rena. It's the country you want; that's all. Fresh milk and eggs and—air, and buttercups down by the river, and all that." The older woman was looking vacantly down the aisle. She caught herself, and smiled at the sentiment. "I'm dreamin'!" she ended with a smileless laugh.

"I would have liked that vacation," Rena sighed, unguardedly.

"Yes, and you must take it, too, dearie."

"I don't know," the girl said, listlessly.

"Someone's told you!" A troubled expression came over the finely wrinkled face. "Never mind, maybe it's just as well. I did think we could take it together this year, but Mr.—"

"Oh-h, then he wouldn't let us be together, after all!" She clenched her hands until they felt numb, down under the counter where her aunt could not see them. A picture of his leering lips making futile promises in that early morning flashed through Rena's mind. Her anger grew. "The brute!" she cried between closed teeth.

"S-sh!" her aunt cautioned.

"Oh, he's not here today," exclaimed Rena, a wild exultation swelling within her. "He's taking a day off!"

"Yes."

The voice was very weary.

"He's never been decent to you, Auntie, has he? The cur!"

"Not in a long time, Rena. It's the younger ones he's— But never mind about him."

"We should worry," Rena heard herself repeating foolishly. Then again indignation possessed her. "So he was hog enough to keep you from going on your vacation when I did! Oh, how I wish I had a father! *He'd* have fixed this—this Romeo!"

Tears began to come—hot ones—but the girl smiled determinedly.

"Anyway, I've had a regular mother with a shoulder to cry on!" she added with a tremulous smile. "You're a real fellow, Auntie. Can't think what mothers are like if they're not like you."

The tired-looking woman pressed the



fresh young hand tightly, and said, "Don't kid your old auntie," and went on to get her lunch.

Rena stood there in the noonday lull, looking over soulless counters into some strangely conjured land peopled only with fathers, and mothers who were as good as aunts.

All the vain regrets she had nursed through childhood and girlhood trooped around her during this fevered noon. Little incidents that had sunk deep into her came to the surface to be remembered. The old-time pains of "not being like the others" twitched through her. She looked down at her shoes, shabby somehow as they had always been, and the far-away tears of the girl she had been seemed to be welling in her eyes again. She brushed them away, and went on thinking—this, too, as she had always done.

At last her retrospect was broken by the arrival of one o'clock. It was her lunch hour. She reached the elevator, but faltered at the door. After all, she could never go up in the direction of that room. Down through the shaft floated the music of a piano in the girls' recreation room. She could hear the dancing of a few merrymakers. She felt a stifling desire to be up there with them, to dance, too, and forget everything in the whirl of the music. But the prostrate form in the quiet, out-of-the-way room up toward the smoky sky sent her from the elevator, and out into the Loop in search of a lunch-counter.

She ordered soup, but left it untouched. The fear of drops dripping from her spoon haunted her. She was panic-stricken. She did not know what to ask for. Finally she weakly suggested pie—à la mode. And she ate it resolutely, staring all the while at a hideous Roast Beef Sandwich sign before her that danced in a red haze. Then she paid her fifteen cents and stepped out into the hot street, a dizzy nausea relentlessly rising within her.

She hurried over to the lake front. A breeze swept in from the big expanse of water and revived her. The waves

seemed to be calling to her, somehow speaking of freedom. For a moment a wild thought took hold of her. Then underneath the thought came the insinuation that the lake might not be offering freedom. It might only take her to him!

She walked hurriedly back to work.

There was a different atmosphere in the store. Rena felt an inexplicable tension. The suppressed excitement made her strangely calm. She felt that something had happened—or was, perhaps, about to happen. She did not know what. She waited.

"I say, 've y' heard the latest?" Maisie whispered to her between customers.

"The—latest? N-o, can't say that I have."

"About Romeo."

"Oh!"

"He left for work this morning. didn't plan to stay away. 'N other words, there wasn't anything doing today. See?"

"But he isn't here," Rena said, rapidly winding white baby-ribbon.

"But he *was*!" the nasal voice interjected, its owner frankly gloating over the freshness of her news.

"Well?" Rena queried. Now she didn't hear so much as a single drip! Things were happening—happening fast. Things were heading to a crisis. She sensed it without knowing that she did. "Well?" she repeated, indifferent without, painfully tense within.

"He was seen coming in this morning—and no one ain't seen him go out. Savvy?"

The pause seemed hideously weighted to the girl who was now unconsciously unwinding the ribbon she had finished winding.

"Well, he's probably been up to—Oh, you know! Some other poor little goose. See?"

Rena felt still that all had not come. She waited, silent.

"So—I've peached on him," Maisie said dramatically. "I've told 'em where he's got a way of going. You don't know—bless your white little heart!—



Anyway, it's a sort of deserted place up beyond the twelfth—place where he keeps a darned old gun just to scare poor boobs like—oh, well, like me, 's far as that goes. And—they've gone up there to smell out the rat. See?"

See? Rena saw nothing but unnameable fingers moving through the air and pointing at her. She could not elude them. She walked unsteadily over to her aunt's counter. A customer was talking with the one woman Rena needed above all others. It made no difference.

"Auntie—come—come quick. I need you," she said hoarsely.

"In a minute, please," the woman responded, surprised and troubled.

"No—now."

Just then there was a hurried movement through the aisles. A man with a physician's case brushed past. Officers in uniform and the house detective stepped into the elevator with him. The door rattled shut, and they moved swiftly up and out of sight. Rena's thoughts ascended with them to the room where the dripping had begun again. Her mind was red with it now.

"Yes, yes, my dear," a voice was saying over the head buried on the aunt's bosom. "Yes, yes, my dear?"

"They"—Rena pointed to where the men had disappeared going upward—"are going to get him now. But he's taking a day off—a long day off—we

should worry— What do you mean, buttercups, Auntie?"

"See here, Rena, the heat's got the better of you. Brace up!"

She shook the girl gently. Rena looked up, startled.

"Yes, I was off for a minute. Listen: They've gone to get him. And he's dead."

The aunt clutched the frail arms of the girl.

"What do you mean? What's happened?"

"He's dead."

"Who's dead?"

"Why, Romeo—of course." Rena wished to add, "We should worry," but talking was too difficult. Her throat was dry.

When the other spoke, her voice, too, was strained and far away.

"What's—what has happened?"

"I did it. I did it. I shot him!"

The older woman did not speak. Her hands relaxed their vise, and began to stroke the girl's hair, gently.

Everything grew very dark for Rena, but through it all she could hear the dull thud of the elevator as it stopped, hear the clanking of the door as it opened, catch the sound of lowered voices, and the measured tread of men carrying something.

And all the time her temples were beating a senseless, ceaseless drip—drip—drip.



## NIGHT LIFE IN AMERICAN CITIES

By Archie Bell

**S**AN FRANCISCO—Mrs. Pankhurst dancing on a red-hot stove.

Boston—Old Mother Hubbard looking for a bone for her dog.

Chicago—Gaby Deslys in hysterics because Rome fell.

Cleveland—Maude Adams trying to do Salome's dance in a mackintosh.

St. Louis—Schumann-Heink singing "When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam."

Philadelphia—Marie Dressler and the ghost of P. T. Barnum playing "Hamlet."

New Orleans—Ella Wheeler Wilcox performing on the trapeze in a cathedral.

Pittsburgh—Elsie Janis giving an imitation of Jesse James.

Minneapolis—Trixie Friganza and Ibsen trying to foxtrot.



# A FEW PAGES OF NOTES

By William Drayham

## §1

*The Light of Reason.*—An idealist is one who, on noticing that a rose smells better than a cabbage, concludes that it is also more nourishing.

## §2

*An Immortal Sinner.*—If George Washington were alive today, what a shining mark he would be for the whole camorra of uplifters, forward-lookers and rabble-rousers! He was the Rockefeller of his day: the richest man in the United States, a promoter of stock companies, a land-grabber, an exploiter of mines and timber. He had a distrust of all entangling alliances, including peace treaties; he was an enemy of watchful waiting when the national honor was at stake; he believed that its best defender was gunpowder. He had a liking for all forthright and pugnacious men, and a contempt for all lawyers, platitudinarians and other such fact-dodgers. He was not pious. He drank red liquor whenever he felt chilly, and kept a jug of it handy. He knew far more profanity than Scripture, and used and enjoyed it more. He had no faith in the infallible wisdom of the common people, and did his best to save the country from it. He advocated no sure cure for all the sorrows of the world. He took no interest in the private morals of his neighbors.

Inhabiting this fair republic today, George would be ineligible for any public office of honor or profit. The Senate would never dare confirm him; the President would never think of nominating him. He would be on trial in all the uplift magazines and yellow journals for belonging to the Invisible

Government, the Hell Hounds of Plutocracy, the Money Power, the Interests. The Sherman Act would have him in its toils; he would be under indictment by every federal grand jury south of the Potomac; the triumphant prohibitionists of his native Virginia would be denouncing him (he had a still at Mount Vernon) as a debaucher of youth, a recruiting officer for insane asylums, a poisoner of the home. The suffragettes would be on his trail, threatening him with their black-list. The initiators and referendos would be bawling for his blood. He would be used to scare children in Kansas. The chautauquas would shiver whenever his name was mentioned. And what a chance there would be for that ambitious young District Attorney who thought to shadow him on his peregrinations—and grab him under the Mann Act!

## §3

*Vox Dei.*—Democracy is the theory that the common people know what they want, and deserve to get it good and hard.

## §4

*An Ancient Fraud.*—The childish legend of man's natural polygamy has no foundation in fact, but it is supported ardently by both sexes: by women because it confers upon them that bogus martyrdom which is their chief delight, and by men because it confers upon them that bogus devilishness which is theirs. Every woman likes to think that she is neglected and put upon: the thought fills her with an agreeable melancholy and inspires her to voluptuous tears. And every man



likes to think that the career of a Don Juan is always open to him, and that other folks think he pursues it. This explains the notorious preference of women for men of bad reputations. They would rather have a grievance than an archangel.

But in point of fact, of course, very few men are actually polygamists—perhaps not more than two per cent. For one thing, not many of them have the necessary enterprise and pertinacity. The conquest of one woman exhausts the average man's resources; he remains a romantic bankrupt so long that he has usually lost her before he recovers. To carry on two affairs at once is beyond his intellectual and emotional capacity: the effort would probably drive him crazy. And in the second place, a double life is commonly beyond his means. Nothing in the world is more expensive. It doesn't mean merely supporting two women; it means *stupefying* two women to such an extent that neither will suspect nor reason out the existence of the other. And for the materials of such stupefaction extortionate tradesmen send in their heavy bills. A \$5 hat is good enough for a monogamist's wife, but the wives of a polygamist draw the line at \$12.

#### §5

*A Theological Mystery.*—The moral order of the world runs aground on hay fever. Of what use is it? Why was it invented? Cancer and hydrophobia, at least, may be defended on the ground that they kill. Killing may have some benign purpose, some esoteric significance, some cosmic use. But hay fever never kills: it merely tortures. No man ever died of it. Is the torture, then, an end in itself? Does it break the pride of strutting, snorting man, and turn his heart to the things of the spirit? Nonsense! A man with hay fever is a natural criminal. He curses the gods, and defies them to kill him. He even curses the devil. Is its use, then, to prepare him for happiness to come—for the vast ease and comfort

of convalescence? Nonsense again! The one thing he is sure of, the one thing he never forgets for a moment, is that it will come back again next year!

#### §6

*The Art Profane.*—Herbert Spencer's objection to swearing was not an objection to its sinfulness (for he had no more sense of sin than any other intelligent man), but to its charm. In brief, he was an ascetic, a joy-hater. The boarding-houses in which he dragged out his gray years were as bare and cheerless as so many piano boxes. He avoided all the little vices and dissipations that make existence bearable: good eating, good drinking, dancing, tobacco, poker, poetry, the theatre, personal adornment, philandering, amour. He was insanely suspicious of everything that threatened to interfere with his work, however slightly. Even when that work halted him by the sheer agony of its monotony, and it became necessary for him to seek recreation, he sought out some recreation that was as unattractive as possible, in the hope that it would quickly drive him back to work again. Having to choose among methods of locomotion on his holidays, he chose going afoot, the most laborious and least satisfying of them all. Brought to bay by his human need for a woman, he directed his phosphorescent fancy toward George Eliot, probably the most unappetizing woman of her race and time. Drawn irresistibly to music, he avoided the Fifth Symphony and "Tristan and Isolde," and joined a crowd of old maids singing part songs around a cottage piano. Tyndall saw clearly the effect of all this and protested against it, saying, "He'd be a much nicer fellow if he had a good swear now and then"—that is, if he let go now and then, if he yielded to his healthy human instincts now and then, if he went on some sort of debauch now and then. But what Tyndall overlooked was the fact that the meagreness of his recreations was the very element that attracted Spencer to them.



Obsessed by the fear—and it turned out to be well-grounded—that he would not live long enough to complete his work, he regarded all joy as a temptation, a corruption, a sin of scarlet. He was a true ascetic. He could sacrifice all things of the present for one thing of the future, all things real for one thing ideal.

## §7

*The Adipose Advantage.*—The common disposition to think well of men of girth is founded upon accurate observation. A large, bulging, Himalayan man is commonly just as steady and dependable as he looks. All other things being equal, the man with a paunch is the man to trust. He has, to begin with, self-respect. He fills more space in the cosmos than the average man, and he knows it. And in the second place, he has might—the devastating might of sheer weight. He may be soft, blubbery, out of training—but one blow from his ham-like fist were worth a thousand men. And finally, he has dignity, poise, what the vulgar call a good front. Nature planned him for the forefront of the fray. He looms up majestically in the thick of things. He is never lost in a crowd. Unable to run, even if he would, he superbly stands his ground.

## §8

*In the Volkstheatre.*—All vaudeville acts fall into five general classes, each representing an idea as old as the stage. There is, to begin with, the idea that a pretty woman would be even prettier if she had on fewer clothes. There is, in the second place, the idea that it would be pleasant to see an actor break his neck. There is, in the third place, the idea that the merit of a musical composition is measured solely by its loudness. There is, in the fourth place, the idea that whatever is hard to do—*e. g.*, to jump over three tables, to beat a tattoo with the soles of the feet, or to balance a beer-keg on the end of the nose—is worth doing. And there is,

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finally, the idea that an emotion is an idea. Take away these five ideas, and vaudeville would be as empty as a blown egg.

## §9

*The Rule of the Mob.*—All great popular leaders are the slaves and victims of their followers. Four-fifths of their apparent leading is merely following. Even Abraham Lincoln, a brave and honest man, had to yield and yield again his whole life long. Upon the three great issues of the war he was opposed to the mob and succumbed to the mob. He was in favor of conciliating the South, he was against enfranchising the negro, and he was against punishing the South after the war. The mob that shouted for him beat him three times running.

## §10

*The Escape.*—The one thing to be said in favor of a self-denying morality is that it is a self-limiting disease. The human system, soon or late, throws it off. We are incurably sinful. Let the germs of virtue but enter our arteries, and at once the phagocytes of original sin tackle them, biting their ankles, whaling them with slapsticks, planting torpedoes and cakes of soap in their path. *So ist das Leben.* Great moralists have raged and roared for ten thousand years on end, and yet in this year of grace 1914, with the uplift in full blast and enough law on the books to hang us all, six of the nine justices of the Supreme Court of the United States still chew tobacco.

## §11

*The Barometer of Art.*—More and more it is coming to be understood that the physical and mental states of man depend upon variations in his nutrition, upon the ebb and flow of his victuals. What a man thinks and says and writes depends very largely upon what he has in his stomach. The beery note in Haydn's Surprise Symphony was detected by the critics a hundred years ago—and so was the even beerier note



in his Militaire. That Ludwig von Beethoven was fond of *ochsenmaul* will never be news to anyone who has heard the vocal parts of his Ninth. Can you imagine a teetotaler writing the Dogberry scene in "Much Ado About Nothing?" Or a vegetarian? Surely not. Roast beef and honest ale are in every syllable of it. . . . The trouble with Chopin was that he ate recklessly. A social favorite in Paris, he was invited everywhere, and so he sat under a multitude of cooks, some excellent, but others very bad. Hence the astonishing variations in the quality of his music. With well-cooked dinners under his belt he wrote his preludes, his études, most of his mazurkas and some of his waltzes. But when he wrote his nocturnes there were ptomaines in him, or I am no critic of the arts. The ingestion of a handful of soda-mint tablets might have improved

them; a dose of ipecac would have saved them. But such simple remedies, of course, were then unknown. In that barbarous day the one cure for all malaises was bleeding—and the more they bled Chopin the worse his nocturnes became. In the end they bled him to death. Poor fellow!

§12

*An American Philosopher.*—As for William Jennings Bryan (of whom so much piffle, pro and con, is written), the whole of his political philosophy may be reduced to two propositions, neither of which is true. The first is the proposition that the common people are wise and honest, and the second is the proposition that all persons who refuse to believe it are scoundrels. Take away the two and all that would remain of Jennings would be a bald-headed man with his mouth open.



## THE HOMECOMING

By Catherine Sisk Macomb

I shall come homie again, my Dears,  
I shall come home again,  
Some beautiful and prayerful night  
All gray with mist and rain.

My feet will find the old, old path  
That leads up from the sea,  
The wet, wild smell of violets  
Will haunt the heart of me.

The little house against the hill  
Will send its hearth's gold light  
Adrift down the darkling road,  
Adrift through the night;

And O, the dreams that once I dreamed  
Will all come back, my Dears,  
Their poor white wings a little soiled,  
Their eyes aglint with tears.



A RATHSKELLER for my palace, a pipe for my scepter, a waltz tune for my national anthem, a napkin for my flag, a waiter for my subject, a stein for my prime-minister, a thousand tomorrows for my harem!



# THE PUNISHMENT

By Joshua Rosett

THE illusion vanished; iridescence became gray dusk; glamour became ashes. The hideousness of a most hideous reality was upon me—cold, livid, clammy, ugly as death.

Something urged me to shout aloud my shame, to proclaim before the whole world the naked ugliness of my soul, to appear immediately before the unrelenting tribunal of mankind with the horror of my deed written in letters of scarlet upon my forehead. But my heart was frozen within me; my feelings were numb, my sensibilities blunted. One sense was paramount and overpowering—that of disgust; disgust with no one particular thing—disgust with everything and everybody: disgust with an environment and conditions of life that had given birth to a craving for vile things; disgust with a hypocritical civilization that strained the strings of convention until they snapped and broke; disgust with the flesh and blood of the body; but above all disgust with myself and with—my accomplice.

And she—she did not even suspect what was happening in my mind. She looked at me questioningly and smiled a challenge. There was an utter, an absolute lack of conscience in the creature. She was a being without a soul.

Yet who would have suspected it? That very evening she might have entered the house of decent people; the housewife would have kissed her; the husband would have courteously taken her coat and furs; they would have asked her to make herself at home, invited her to dinner and exerted themselves in every way to make her comfortable. Had I not done the same?

Had I not, like everybody else, showered praise upon her in her absence? She was beautiful, she was accomplished, she was cultivated, she was gentle, true, innocent! She—that vulgar, treacherous, soulless creature!

Such are appearances! And I—what difference was there between her and me? Was not I, too, known and praised as an able and generous man, a kind and devoted husband? I—was generous, kind and devoted! I—hear you!

Could anything more cruel have been perpetrated, anything more repulsive? If it had been done, at least, on the impulse of the moment; if I could by any stretch of imagination or reasoning persuade myself that I had committed a thoughtless, a foolish action—an action spurred on by the ordinary instincts of the unreasoning beast! But such it was not. The thing had been carried out deliberately, cautiously, wisely, with all the care and prudence of a trained hypocrite. For weeks I had thought over every possible contingency, weighed every danger and taken a thousand precautions to avoid suspicion. For weeks I seemed reluctant—*reluctant*, mind you—to make a necessary business journey of three days to New York. How *could* I leave my little wife alone for three whole days in the company of a stupid chambermaid and a still more stupid cook? She urged, however, that since the journey must be taken sooner or later, it had best be taken sooner. I, in my turn, did what I could to prove to her the extent of my unwillingness to go. I was more loving and devoted than ever. Every day I brought some little token of my love—flowers, candies, pictures,



books. I suggested that we ask her brother James, who lived in a neighboring town, to come for a short visit. But James was busy with his family and his office and could not come. Finally, after weeks of discussion on the question of the journey, I announced that I had decided to send one of my clerks to attend to the matter and that I would remain at home. Of course, the transaction was not half so certain of success without my personal attention, but what cared I? Surely, the company of my beloved, my kind and gentle wife, my own little Margaret, was worth a thousand times more than the few paltry dollars I might lose. But she would not hear of it. She pouted prettily and accused me of treating her like a child. I then proposed that she invite HER—the fiendish irony of it!—I proposed that she should invite HER to stay in our house during my absence. But Margaret abruptly refused. She would have nothing of the kind. She was bent on proving to me that she was a WOMAN; that she could get along without me, as she said, for three days as well as for three years. This last joke did not appeal to me as funny. It sounded suffragettish, bold, unwomanly. But I laughed good-naturedly—understand me, *good-naturedly*.

On the afternoon appointed for my departure I was a little disappointed to see my wife in a cheerful mood—a mood rather more cheerful than usual. I had expected tears of affection, a pale, care-worn face, a sad expression—there was nothing of the sort. She smiled a little cunning smile. But that was merely put on in order to ward off my anxiety. When I put my arms around her and kissed her, she stood erect, and, as I thought, rather indifferent. But of course it was not indifference. She was simply holding herself back for fear of breaking down. I understood perfectly and patted her on the head. I tried to say something to the effect that she must not worry, that railroad accidents were not very frequent, that she would see me again in

three days as well as ever and so on. But she simply waved her hand and ran off gaily. I opened the street door, walked along the sidewalk a safe distance and smiled to myself. I had succeeded.

You know the rest.

It was near midnight when the train pulled into town. In some twenty minutes I would be entering my house. What should I say? What could I do? My sense of disgust—that benumbing, freezing sense of disgust—had to a large extent worn off and the acute sufferings of a guilty conscience were setting in. Should I ask her over the telephone whether she would admit into her presence a guilty wretch such as I? No, that would never do. She would be frightened to death, she would fall to the floor in a dead faint and there might be no one at hand to help her. Besides, the things that I wanted to say could not be said over the wire. For I wanted to lay my soul bare before her. I wanted not only to tell her that I had committed an act of perfidy—I wanted to tell her *how* I had committed it—the deliberateness, the cautiousness with which my plan had been carried out. I wanted her to know what those flowers, those candies, those pictures, those books I had bought for her, meant. I wanted to lay the abominable business before her in its minutest details. No, the telephone was not the proper means. I then thought of stopping at some hotel and writing to her. But I was known in every hotel in town and my presence overnight would be construed as a breach in the family. I should have stopped at some hotel in New York and written from there. But it was too late now. What I wanted above all was to see her. What greater punishment could I inflict upon myself than to see her face at that moment? I would enter the house quietly and walk into the bedroom. She would be asleep. I would walk up to the bed on tiptoe and sink down on my knees to the floor. I would lean my head against the edge of the bed and remain in that attitude all



night. Should she wake up before morning and see me, in the dim light of the night-lamp, she would be horribly frightened, it is true, but the fright would last only a moment. She would then call me by name: I would reply in four words: "Yes, it is I." She would ply me with questions. I would neither reply nor change my kneeling attitude. She would then grasp me by the shoulders, shake me, try to raise me, perhaps put her arms around me and kiss me, but I would shrink away exclaiming: "Do not touch me, you are soiling your hands!" She would then weep over me, beg me to tell her what had happened, promise forgiveness. I would ask her to sit at a distance and begin my narrative. I would begin at the beginning—some six months ago, when I had met HER, the trusted friend, on the street. I would not omit the least detail. I would make not the slightest effort to point to any extenuation of my offense. I would not attach any of the blame to the woman. Not because she was to be pitied, not because there was an extenuation for her offense, but because I wanted all of the blame myself. How my little Margaret would look upon me then! She would say nothing, only in her face there would be an expression of disgust and her eyes would speak contempt. That was what I wanted—contempt, anybody's, everybody's contempt, but especially hers. I did not want forgiveness. I longed for punishment—the acute sensation of a pain that would drown the torments of my guilty conscience.

I was near the door of my house. The little street was quiet and deserted. The air was cold and crisp and clear and stimulating. I thought of the woman. Where is she now? What can she be doing? Had she, too, I wondered, made hot haste to leave that place? It was not likely. In all probability she had laughed a good laugh and gone to sleep. But what would she do in the morning? Nothing in particular. She might spend a few days

in the metropolis to take in the sights. Or—she might cast about for an old lover. Such women had a supply in every large city. I was not the only fool. I thought of her innocent-looking, modest face and my blood became a stream of rage. I was now before the calm, colonial doorway of my house. I stopped and pulled out from my vest-pocket a little mirror, which a clerk at a cigar-store had shoved into my hand that evening and, striking a match, inspected my face. It was the same face I had seen yesterday, last week, last year. The hideousness of the soul was not written thereon. How strange! If only I chose I could walk the streets tomorrow a respectable and respected member of the community. I could enter people's houses, mingle with men and women, kiss children, contribute to the Association for the Moral Uplift, make speeches against vice, be a good husband, an honest man. Nobody would ever venture to suspect me. So much trust could be put into a face, into manners, into appearances. Appearances! That was it! I lived in a world which dealt in appearances. There was no way of penetrating into the interior of things. There was no way of analysing the soul while it bore the mantle of accepted appearances. Six months ago SHE was an angel. So was I. Tonight we were both devils and worse than devils by the side of the pure and saintly creature who now slept an unsuspecting sleep, slept—

As though a clammy serpent had entwined itself around my heart, my thoughts halted abruptly. Why had she made such earnest efforts to persuade me to go? She wanted to prove that she was a *woman*. Bosh! Had I not made the same efforts to persuade her of the importance of the business transaction which called me to New York? Had I not brought her flowers, candies, pictures and books? Yes, she slept an unsuspecting sleep. So might she think even of me at the present moment if she happened to be awake. It was a world of appearances, you see, and there was no way of gauging the



soul while it bore the mantle of satisfactory appearances!

It was a dirty world!

And the cold serpent coiled itself tighter about my heart.

I walked up the three stone steps on my tiptoes, cautiously slipped in the latch-key and slowly, slowly turned the knob. The door opened without the least noise. I entered the dark hallway, feeling with my hands. I pulled off my coat and tried to hang it on the rack. There was something on the rack that had not been there before—a stiff derby hat. I had no man-servants. There was something else on the rack—a heavy coat with a fur collar. It was not a woman's coat.

For a moment I was quite paralyzed. I felt the blood leave my face. My knees shook, my legs gave way under me and I grasped the hall-rack for support. The next moment a score of sledge-hammers were beating in my chest. My muscles grew tense, I gnashed my teeth. I stood there with my fists clenched, my arms raised high in the air. A powerful desire obsessed me to rush forward, screaming aloud, to upset, to break, to destroy everything in my way, to clutch at the throat of the perfidious creature. Oh, if it were not for my own black deed, how I would riot in her blood!

My fury was now struggling with my guilty conscience, and the latter was winning out. My muscles grew lax and my arms lowered to my sides. A large lump was rising in my throat. I fought against an impulse to burst into tears.

It was a dirty world of appearances and the way to get behind the appearances was to appreciate the fact that you yourself were but a thin shell of appearance. As soon as you understood that you had the key to the whole situation. It was like a knitted string with yourself as the first eye. As soon as you loosened the first eye you could draw out the whole string into a thread. What mortified me just then was the fact that I had lived thirty-five years in utter blindness to my essentially filthy environment—an environment

knitted of falsehood, of hypocrisy and dyed in the brazen colors of convention. And I had considered myself a man of intelligence and penetration above the average! To think that I should have labored for weeks at the execution of a single act of perfidy—planned, conspired, wracked my brain for possibilities and turned over in my head a thousand foolish details, as if I had intended the conquest of a continent! I—the sound and sober man of affairs! While here was a weak little woman, with as much capacity for a business transaction as a butterfly—how easily and smoothly she had gone about it! She had made not the slightest exertion. She had deceived me with the same ease that she carried a flower to her nose or a candy to her mouth. And who knew how long that sort of thing had been going on? What kind of a fool was I? I had committed a single act of infidelity and was ready to expiate it with the torments of hell itself. While here were women—but what cared I about the other women?—here was a woman with whom I had lived for five years, whom I had taken for the very incarnation of innocence and virtue—a clinging, delicately tinged and tender flower—a woman who would be shocked by the mere mention of the word infidelity—who went about the abominable business with the utmost ease of conscience and with a degree of composure that was utterly beyond my comprehension! Compared to her, or to HER, or to the other men, I was indeed a paragon of virtue.

I remembered her cunning little smile and the manner in which she had parted from me in the afternoon. "She is putting on a brave front to avoid breaking down," I had said to myself as I watched her running up the stairs. It was all clear to me now. Her cheerful smile, it had simply meant: "Go, you little ass, betake yourself quickly about your money business!" Yes, little Margaret needed money. She loved pretty things to wear, and she loved dainty foods and idleness. Her objection to sending a clerk to attend to the busi-



ness matter was now plain—oh, how very plain and simple! Was there indeed an idiot abroad who would not have understood so simple a thing? She wanted to be rid of me and she wanted the money that would be gained by my personal attention to the business. It was killing two birds with one stone! It was mortifying. And to think that I had come with the intentions of a saint and a martyr! Just suppose I had not made the discovery! I should have humiliated myself to an extent that no martyr had ever done before. It had been my purpose to impose upon myself the torments of hell in order to drown in them the consciousness of crime. And she would have looked on sympathetically, she would have said that she forgave me. She would have sat upon her throne of virtue and viewed me from its giddy heights a mere worm writhing in the dust!

A disgusting world!

I walked on tiptoe to the servants' room and, looking in, found no one there. The two beds were covered and in trim. Evidently she had sent them off for the night. That was a bold thing to do. What if I had found out later that both servants had been sent off for the night? What excuse could she have offered? Ah, well, she would have found some excuse plausible enough for such a fool as I—most probably that she was afraid to be at the mercy of the servants—murders and robberies were so frequent—and preferred to be alone.

I walked back to the hallway and remained for some moments before the familiar green curtain which hung over the entrance of the living-room. I thought I heard her voice. I entered and stood on the thickly carpeted floor, in the dark, behind the door that led into the dining-room. I listened. Yes, it was her voice. She was giggling quietly over something, and I heard a man's voice reply with a laugh. There was a light in the dining-room; I saw it streaming from under the door. My first impulse was to look through the

keyhole, but on second thought I decided that I would not degrade myself to that extent. I stood and listened. Suddenly I heard a commotion.

"There is someone there!" she exclaimed.

"Nonsense," replied the man.

"I tell you there is!" I heard her walk swiftly towards the door behind which I stood. Suddenly the door opened wide. I was behind it.

"Who is there?" she exclaimed. And she pressed the door against me, jamming me between it and the wall.

I did not reply. She held the knob and craned her neck around the edge of the door. I saw her hair appear over the edge, then her forehead, then—her eyes! Then, with a swift movement, she shut the door.

"It is he!" she said in an intense whisper. "Quickly, go!" I heard the man enter the library.

I waited a few moments, then deliberately opened the dining-room door and entered. My wife, all innocence, in her best blue evening dress, sat at the foot of the table with a book in her hand.

"Good evening," I said, "or rather good morning, my dear." I knew that there was no exit from the library—the only window was a skylight. I was sure of the man and could afford to take my time with her. "I see you are not in bed yet," I said. "Perhaps, after all, it was not so easy to be without husband as you had supposed." I smiled cruelly. "Do you still think you could get along without one for three years?"

She said nothing. "Why don't you speak, my dear?" I asked.

She hesitated an instant, then arose to her feet. "You—you are so—unnatural!" she stammered. "What has happened?" And she approached me with open arms.

I stepped back. "So you did not go, after all?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, I went," I answered. "I completed the deal hastily and took the first train home. I was so anxious about my dear little wife that I could



not stay away any longer. Aren't you glad I came?"

"Of course," she said drawlingly. "But you are not looking well. Poor boy, it *was* kind of you to hurry so. But you look so tired. Come, let us go upstairs." She put away the book on the table and took me by the arm.

"Not at all, not at all," I said. "Let us sit down and smoke a little." I pulled out my cigarette case and offered her a cigarette.

"No, thank you," she said, "I don't feel like smoking. I'm so glad that you have come. I thought I should not sleep all night."

"Really?" I asked dryly. I sat down at the head of the table and lighted a cigarette.

"You are looking so strange!" She exclaimed. "What has happened?"

"Nothing, nothing, my dear." And I puffed away at my cigarette. After a minute of silence I rose abruptly, approached the library door and turned the knob. The door was locked. "Have you the key?" I asked.

"That foolish girl, Jennie, must have taken it with her," she said casually. "I have sent her off with the cook for the night."

"What?" I exclaimed. "Why?"

"They—they—" and she hesitated. "I did not care to tell it to you before, dear, because I thought you might be anxious, but I was always a little afraid to be alone with the pair of them."

"Too bad," I said. "I wanted something from the shelves."

"Oh, well, we are going to bed now. It is late. You'll get whatever you want tomorrow. If Jennie does not come in the morning you can get a key from the hardware store around the corner."

"Yes," I said, "but I want it now!" And I pushed the door with my shoulder forcibly. "That lock isn't strong," I said, "the screws will give way. I can easily mend it tomorrow." And I pushed with all my might.

"Oh, don't, don't, please don't do that!" she entreated, pulling me by my arm.

I shook her off roughly.

"What's the matter?" she exclaimed.

"None of your business," I said. "You go upstairs. I'll talk to you later."

She pulled me by the arm with all her strength. "Oh, don't do that!" she cried.

I let go the door and turned on her abruptly. She wanted to spare the man! And she looked so innocent—the hypocrite! "Come here!" I commanded. "Stand there!" And I pointed to the corner opposite the library door. I opened the desk and pulled out my revolver. She watched me curiously from the corner. Then a strange thing happened. She smiled!—the same brazen, cunning smile I had seen at the time of my departure.

"What are you going to do?" she asked cheerfully.

I approached her. "Can't you see what I am going to do?" I hissed between my teeth, as I pointed the revolver at her.

"You are very silly, dear," she answered. There was a note of anger in her voice, but beyond that neither fear nor anxiety. She then reached out for the book, sat down and proceeded to read.

I was completely dumbfounded. So that was the sort of creature I had married. She must have gone through many such an experience! I snatched the book and threw it to the floor. "Stand up!" I commanded. She obeyed. "You have three minutes within which to make your confession. Three minutes! Have you anything to say?"

"No, nothing."

"You are a vile, lewd, brazen creature! How long has that sort of thing been going on?"

She hesitated but an instant before replying. "Does it make any difference?"

The creature spoke as though the object of my question were an ordinary household matter. She exhibited not the least emotion. "Does it make any difference!" I hissed, "I'll tell you what difference it makes—the difference



of your life! True enough, not much of a difference as far as I am concerned or as far as the world is concerned! How long has this sort of thing been going on?" I shouted.

"Well, then I'll tell you—a long time; a long, long time; as far back as I can remember."

My hands dropped to my sides. A sense of disgust amounting to a nausea took possession of me.

She saw disgust written on my face and repeated: "Yes, a long time; ever since I can remember myself as a child. I'm afraid I am incorrigible. What has happened tonight is certain to happen again in the future over and over."

I gazed at her for a moment, uttered a low moan and sank into a chair.

"Well," she said, "why don't you shoot?"

"It is too dirty," I exclaimed. "Too horribly dirty! The idea of soiling my hands in your blood is nauseating!"

"Why?" and her voice and manner were quite matter-of-fact. "It really ought not to be so *to you!*"

I jumped to my feet in a fury. "What?" I cried. "It ought not to be so to me? Why ought it not to be so to me? How dare you say anything like that! Compared to you I am an angel of virtue! At least—I have a conscience!"

"At least—"

"Yes, at least! What I have done I was ready to expiate at the price of my life. And I have sinned but once!"

"Once only? Think again."

"Only once—I swear by everything that is holy—only this once! And coming home a while ago I planned to make my confession to you in such a manner as to impose upon myself the utmost possible humiliation. I did not want forgiveness; what I wanted was punishment—painful punishment to drown the sufferings of a guilty conscience!"

"I suppose you think now that you have been sufficiently punished?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes! The punishment is altogether incommensurate with the offense! And, what is worse, I am conscious of a downfall, a moral degrada-

tion! An hour ago I thought I was a criminal; I now consider myself a saint. Sin such as I have committed no longer inspires me with horror. I look upon my former virtuous self as foolish, idiotic, criminally blind! I am indeed a saint compared to you, to that man, to that woman—"

"What woman?"

"That woman—your trusted friend—" And I named her. For I wanted to hurt the callous creature to whom I now spoke, to stab her to the quick. To my utter bewilderment she only smiled—a sarcastic smile. But I accounted for it readily. No doubt she knew all about the woman, and the woman knew all about her. A pair of true friends they were.

"A saint indeed—" she muttered.

"By the side of you—yes; for I still retain something of the moral sense—you have none! My one sin was an event in my life—you do that sort of thing as a matter of course!"

She was now leaning against the mantel and I noticed that she was fumbling some object behind the clock. I immediately knew what it was and made a rapid stride towards her. In her hand sure enough was the *key*. She quickly slipped it into the bosom of her dress.

"Take it out! Take it out!" I cried.

"Come now, hurry!"

"I shall if you promise not to hurt him."

"I promise nothing!" I cried.

"Then you shall not have the key," she declared firmly.

"I shall have it!" I insisted violently.

"You shall not!"

"Aren't you afraid of death?"

"That is my affair."

Her brazenness stunned and disgusted me. It was plain the woman had been through thick and thin and had lost in the process not only all moral sense but all sense of fear as well. She suddenly changed her voice and said softly:

"Why do you wish to hurt him?"

I became infuriated. "Why?" I cried. "Because he came into my house



like a thief, to rob me of what was dearest to me in life!"

"But then you know he has really robbed you of nothing."

I thought a while. She was right. One man more or less could make no difference. "Give me the key," I said. "I shall not hurt him." She gave me the key.

I approached the library door and listened. I thought I heard a strange sound coming from there. I quietly unlocked the door, opened it and pushed the electric button within. The room became brightly lighted. I cast one glance at the man who reclined in the Morris chair. I saw him raise his hand to his eyes—an instinctive motion of the sleeping to shut out the glare of the light. It was only a matter of a second. I then pushed the lower button by the side of the door to shut off the light, quietly closed the door and was once more in the dining-room.

I was trapped.

I stood for some moments bewildered. My wife was at the other end of the room with her back turned to me, supporting herself against the mantelpiece. I sat down and waited. I must have waited a long time. It seemed ages. My will power was completely gone. I was tamed, broken in, deeper than ever in the mire of disgrace. Suddenly I became aware of the revolver in my hand. It offered hope, it offered the only chance of honorable escape. I turned it against my temple and pulled the trigger. It did not go off. I pulled again and gain. It would not go off. I inspected the cylinder—all the bullets had been removed. I was trapped indeed.

"Margaret," I said, "tell me, how did you know?"

She turned round and smiled. "You are a bungler, my boy," she said, "a bungler in the ways of sin. And because you are a bungler I shall forgive you without the asking. That is—in time. You may stay in the house, but you must be willing to serve a three months' probation. You cannot blame me for that. If at the end of that time

you can prove to my satisfaction that you have not already been punished 'unto the third and fourth generation,' you shall have my forgiveness in full. Are you willing?"

"Margaret," I said, "dictate your own terms. Don't be afraid to lay it on thick. But tell me, how *did* you know it all?"

"My boy, you overdid the thing tremendously—flowers, candies, pictures, books every day, and affectionate embraces and kisses in unfamiliar profusion—"

Her words were daggers in my heart. "But how could you bear it, Margaret?" I cried. "How could you endure kisses if you knew they were a sham?"

"Well," she said mildly, "I suspected they were a sham, but still—they felt good—"

"You only suspected, then, after all?" I exclaimed, much mortified.

"Of course. How could I have known with certainty? Your behavior, to be sure, did seem very strange, and so I resolved to put my suspicions to the test by urging you to go."

"But if you suspected that I was going on the path of sin, why did you not ward me off?"

"Ah, well, you know, that is quite impossible. When a man has made up his mind to sin, any interference with his plans is certain only to stimulate his craving. The best way is to let him try it out. If he is worth anything, he will not sin much, and return quickly to the path of righteousness. If he is worthless, he might as well keep it up and go the way of the devil."

"Why did you send away the servants?"

She pouted. "Well, I did not care to have my troubles advertised. I resolved to do my own housework until the storm blew over one way or another."

"Who removed the bullets from the revolver?"

"I did, of course. In times of quarrel an ounce of disarmament will prevent a ton of war. I hope this in-



cident will at last induce you to throw that disgusting revolver into the garbage can where it belongs."

"Margaret," I said, "there is one thing which puzzles me. Knowing HER character, how could you admit her as a friend into your house?"

For the first time a flush of indignation mounted to her cheeks. "Are you mad?" she cried. "How could I have known her character?"

I jumped to my feet. "You didn't really know it!" I exclaimed.

The innocence of my surprise mollified her and she smiled.

"I really didn't. If you hadn't told me I might never have known. I said

you were a bungler in the ways of sin. Otherwise would you have put me on your track beforehand and told me of your adventures afterwards?"

I stared at her completely flabbergasted. For I *had* told her everything, had I not?

"It is quite late now," she said, running up the steps. "I am going to bed. You and James will have to get along as best you can in the spare room. You understand, of course, why I telephoned for James?"

And before I had time to answer I heard the click of a lock from the floor above.



## A MOOD

By Glad Madone

AND, for the time, I am stripped clean of sweetnesses—  
Those little bubbling joys that girlhood knows—  
And am grown strange, too wrought with many passionings . . .

I have forgot the fine and personal things :  
The waterlily op'ning on the lake,  
The vagrant breeze that blew that summer night,  
And home, and you.

And I am like some thing in which great force  
Crashes and leaps and gnaws. I am the sow  
Whose blood cries in the reeking slaughter house ;  
I am the strumpet who has had her dream  
And her despair.

I am the wife who waited ; and the girl who lost  
Her love through some slight trick of fate.  
I am the mother who has lived too long,  
Who sees, in double agony, both birth and death.

I am one-half the world,  
Its curse, its glory, its awakening.  
She-brute in anguish, girl, mother, wife,  
For one short while I am The Woman everywhere,  
Questing alone, heartbroken, incomplete.



# SOME THOUGHTS ON LOVE

By Stepán Boecklin

*Hamlet (aside): "Wormwood, wormwood."*

## I

LOVE, like simplicity, like morality and religion, is a product, not a principle, of existence; the result of forces, not their origin.

## II

LOVE is the mother of all illusions, and illusions are the food of the soul.

## III

LOVE is a superior kind of prostitution, in which animal hunger feeds on spiritual ecstasy and lust fattens like a young pig on the carrion of desire. Religion, finding it necessary to exalt and sanctify what it cannot abolish, has instituted marriage. The priest is a pandarer licensed by God.

## IV

IN order to convince himself that he is truly possessed with the grand passion a man must honestly answer this question: "Can I be in her presence day after day and not feel hurt at the thought that she lives, dreams and plans as though I did not exist?" If your entire being replies, as with one voice, "yes!" then rest assured that your love, even if hopeless, is what the centuries mean by the word. If not—your love is of a piece with that stupendous vanity by which every living thing conceives itself to be the center of the universe.

## V

LOVE commences with the effacement of the world and ends in the attempt to become reconciled with it. That pas-

sion which reverses the process is a monstrosity, born of over-training in the moral faculties; that is to say, of a "bad conscience."

## VI

LOVE becomes an Alexander when it has ceased being a Diogenes. The most passionate and expansive natures embrace cynicism in self-defense.

## VII

To be aware that one's personality exults in the pain inflicted by another—this is the first symptom.

## VIII

WHEN a woman begins to be conscious of a man and of a desire to possess him for herself, her first triumph is in the discovery of his jealousy, which she deplores with her lips and exults over in her heart. For jealousy is always the sign that the affections are becoming concentrated on one object—herself—and resent being wasted on an indifference which expresses itself as an affection for another.

## IX

JEALOUSY increases in the direct ratio of success, provided also the desire augments in proportion.

## X

MODESTY is the damp wood by which woman tests the vigor and persistence of the flame which seeks to consume her. It is her will manifested as sex, and when, in the presence of a lover it becomes self-conscious, it signifies the transition from nay to yea.



## XI

THE first stage of love is to gratify, in the most subtle ways possible, the dormant vanity of its object. The second stage is the cosetting of its own vanity, rendered easier by the delightful sense of being under the domination of another who is in turn the unconscious subject of your will. The third and last stage lies in the harmonious blending of the two vanities, at the conclusion of which psychological process the relation assumes the pleasant character of an idealistic selfishness.

## XII

LOVE will perhaps be thoroughly understood only when it is discovered that a fixed number of sensations, bodily and mental, are capable of an infinite enjoyment. That is to say, when the passions, inspired by the inexhaustible cravings of the spirit, become so tranquil, so steady and reverent that each repetition of an old pleasure, howsoever often it may have been experienced before, is welcomed by the lovers, not as a newcomer, but as an exile whose return is invested with the singular charm of something long familiar yet indescribably different.

## XIII

SATIETY is the result of over-emphasis on one or the other elements of love—by tradition, chiefly on the physical. It is held in derision by the young and the inexperienced, who, nevertheless, are most subject to it, never understanding that it is possible to enjoy the fruits of love after the first delirious sensations are gone.

## XIV

IT is the love which respects the future—shrewd enemy of all lovers!—that smiles gaily at the word: aftermath.

## XV

THE tendency of love to ignore society has given the latter a bad conscience on the subject. To "save its face" society was compelled to institute "moral laws."

## XVI

WHEN the natural instinct of lovers to *ignore* society (an instinct expressive of an equally natural suspicion and hostility towards its blind and inflexible ethics) becomes labored, deliberate, *conscious*, there begins to be manifest in their relations a sense of shame, at once painful, unwholesome and clandestine; a feeling of spurious honor, by which the hitherto unquestioning love-passion seeks to defend itself, to exonerate, even excuse, the fact of its existence; subjected as it has been to the corrosive action of that insidious, filthy poison of "public morality," whose venom is lodged in the three words of the negative commandment, "Thou shalt not!" . . .

The whole pitiable process of intimidation and "shaming" of the *natural* bears a striking resemblance to that tragedy (so frightfully common in our modern "enlightened" society) of adolescence, in which young men and women, on the very border line of seething curiosity and sex-ferment, are confronted with the most ambiguous and surreptitious looks and expressions whenever they give a demonstration of the tremendous nerve forces at work within them or express a naïve (otherwise "unblushing," "shameful") wonder or bewilderment at the problems of sex-consciousness they now confront for the first time. The bad odor in which they find such things to rest encourages in them, formerly of the purest thoughts on this shadow-veiled subject, ideas of the most despicable and vicious character; the moral sully of the concepts "pure" "chaste" reacts upon their minds in such a manner that it becomes all but impossible thereafter for them to be anything but *subterranean*, "inside-lipped," on all matters in which their emotions spring out to embrace a person of the opposite sex. . . .

The face of love assumes the frightful and morbid aspect of a Caliban on Setebos; every impulse which knocks reverently on the portals of their hearts



arrives coated with the shamefacedness which they have been trained to experience by their parents, their teachers, their subsidized clergymen and reformers, and which they even find reflected in the last refuge of all youth—youth itself. And all this stew of perversion, over which we imagine the three witches in Macbeth to mutter their damning shibboleth, "Fair is foul and foul is fair"—all this deliberate negation of instinctive morality by the morality of "the greatest *security* for the greatest number" has made of love, of woman, of sex itself, a "*monstruum horrendum, in forme, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*"—and today we have so great need of Virgil's Eclogues! . . .

## XVII

WE *profane* love at the instant of expressing a morbid anxiety of its "sacredness." The sweetest passions are made automatically "illicit" by submitting them to the judgment—not of Paris—but of the bad consciences of others.

## XVIII

OTHER things being equal, love is only intensified by the barriers of reserve. Between a man and a woman who are secretly a-tremble with passion there is no more dangerous an intimacy than that which fears to express itself.

## XIX

It is only when the love-relation can become intimate without sentimentality, trustful without suspicion and conciliatory without resentment that it will be manifested in strong natures—which, like the horses of the sun, require the utmost restraint in order not to plunge their charioteers into ruin.

## XX

THE more intense a woman's capacity for loving, the more need has she of being suspicious—and the more need of understanding when *not* to be suspicious. "There is a time for every-

thing"—even for being drunken; nay, for more than aught else is there a time for being drunken: when the wine comes from the right flask. And in matters of the heart woman is at a terrible disadvantage, for while with men in this respect "all is wine that comes in season," with her there is but *one* wine—and *one* season.

## XXI

MODERN love has substituted for the savagery of a consuming but honorable desire the far greater savagery of *cultivated*, stealthy and insinuating desire. Civilization has made love perhaps more *refined*, but it has made it likewise more conscious, more subtly *cruel*.

## XXII

IN her hands Love bears a magic phial of clear liquid, of itself tasteless, odorless, and without promise, either for good or evil. With a smile full of the sadness and irony of this world she journeys hither and thither among men with her inexhaustible treasure, like a harlot whose spirit is full of resignation, despair and eternal hope. And we drink of the liquid in the phial, and our lips taste of it as our hearts have dreamed, and to it we give the color and the perfume of our lives. . . . How strange a thing it is! that that which is the same for all men becomes for each a phantom or a spectre, a demon or a god; now that which poisons and corrodes, now what invigorates and makes wonderful—yet always that which disturbs, amazes, transforms, embitters and exalts! . . . And for how many of us who have drunk too deeply and too passionately does the time come when we hurl the phial away and cry, "It is enough!" Oh, fools, sunk in the mire of your vanity and pride, have ye never heard the sorrowful and patient voice of the harlot rising above your own, chanting as though with the memories of many centuries that song which, of all that lives and suffers in the universe, she knows the best of all: "It is enough!" . . .



# THE CREAM OF LOW COMEDY

By George Jean Nathan

FROM time to time, the journals to which I am critic of the drama are severally made recipient of meaty documentary grumbles issuing from *bambinos* theatrical whose little balloons I, in the course of an homely duty, have been constrained to puncture. These indignants, smarting under my transparently unjust and prejudiced prickings, beseech—aye, command—my immediate decapitation, decree that I be cast instanter into a huge seidel of hot oil, that my ears be lopped off, that the boss bite me in the neck—in short, that I be turned out of house and home, that my babies shall starve, that I shall grope my outcast and shivering way through the snow, to die, mayhap, a repentant sinner up against the façade of some remote poorhouse.

The latest such pronouncement against me and my babies was delivered to the rectors of this particular magazine at the commencement of the current theatrical semester and was then, following an ancient custom, deftly interred by them in the waste-paper sarcophagus. The bulletin of excommunication bore the signature of one Johnson, press agent to the Princess Theater, and proclaimed as follows:

"Mr. Comstock has asked me, several times, to speak to you about Mr. Nathan's attitude toward the Princess Theater, the players, and all Princess undertakings. Mr. Comstock is one of the best friends the New York critics have \* \* but he does feel, and I feel, too, that since the summary rejection of Mr. Nathan's play, 'The Eternal Mystery,' here at dress-rehearsal time last October, Mr. Nathan has allowed few chances to escape him in which he was offered an opportunity to slur or sneer at the work of the Princess Theater, its writers and its people. Mr. Nathan has allowed few

chances to escape him to show his dislike of the whole institution. Please keep this communication private. Mr. Comstock has—and I have, too—the deepest respect for Mr. Nathan's keen, timely, entertaining reviews; but let us bury this hatchet of resentment which Mr. Nathan may hold against, etc."

Now let us be perfectly fair and penetrate dispassionately into the merits of this typical communique. In the first place, the despatcher observes that "Mr. Nathan has allowed few chances to escape him . . . to slur or sneer at the work of the Princess Theater." Here, at the very outset, a manifest misstatement of the facts. Mr. Nathan has allowed *no* chances to escape him to slur or to sneer at the work of the Princess Theater. What is more, until the Princess Theater makes of itself something other than it thus far has disclosed itself to be, Mr. Nathan is not *going* to allow any chances to escape him critically to treat this ridiculous and spurious institution as it should be treated, either in this magazine or in any of the numerous other daily, weekly and monthly brochures whose pages he enriches.

In the second place, the despatcher subtly pretends to solve the inception of Mr. Nathan's critical hostility toward the Princess Theater in the repudiation by that august salon of his play, "The Eternal Mystery." In this, the gentleman is but part way correct. In this magazine Mr. Nathan wrote, on April 15, 1913—after the inauguration of the theater and long before the birth of "The Eternal Mystery"—of the failure of the theater in point to live up, in its very first bill of plays, to its pompous "idea" promises quite as pompously



printed atop each of its programs. When, some time later, the Princess Theater abruptly tucked its tail between its legs and scooted to cover because the central idea of a play by Mr. Nathan was discovered at a dress rehearsal to be unintelligible, and therefore offensive, to the deep thinkers of Broadway—a philosophy which previously had been launched at the Comédie Française in Brioux's drama "La Foi" and which since has been promulgated anew by Andreyev in his remarkable "Savva"—it was but natural that Mr. Nathan's critical disgust with this beauty parlor increase. Mr. Nathan is paid to be a critic, not a handshaker.

In the third place, what means the despatcher by his words "Please keep this communication private?" What sort of slapstick comedy is here? Was it to be hoped that Mr. Nathan's "attitude toward the Princess Theater, etc.," would be influenced through the boss working darkly, mysteriously, upon him via vague hints, fine cigars and the like? Or was it the notion to have Mr. Nathan's dinner-pail secretly poisoned by little Rochambeau, the office boy; or to have Mr. Nathan won over through some coy intrigue on the part of the telephone girl; or to have the boss's dog Bruno howl ominously by night underneath Mr. Nathan's boudoir window? What O'Sullivan mafia work was in mind, what suave and fell stroke of cunning? Did not the despatcher and his people know that Mr. Nathan is susceptible both to cigars and telephone girls—when they are not too dark? And were they not so taking an undue advantage of his weakness?

But now come we to the main business of the meeting. Leaving Mr. Nathan's attitude out of the question for the moment, let us lay eye to what account of itself Mr. Comstock's viaduct of dramatic art gave following the receipt of the fiat. The facts (see the daily newspapers) follow. After depositing the allegations as to Mr. Nathan's cruelly unjust and unfair view of the Princess, the eminent directors of that drama asylum went into the throes of

prolonged rehearsal and presently opened up their house once again with a new bill of five one-act plays. These plays were, in the main, so antiquated, so cheap and so supremely bad that the directors within one week after opening had to reduce the bill to four plays and three weeks after opening had to send the balance, bulk and bustle, to the storehouse and close up shop. And yet in the face of such self-confessed incompetence and ignorance, the directors still, remember dear ones, had requested that Mr. Nathan be prevailed upon to alter his uncompromising attitude toward them.

The new (sic) plays projected on this occasion by the Princess—the loftily advertised home of "the best and newest in the one-act drama"—embraced the melancholy and strained "Phipps" of Stanley Houghton, produced originally in 1912 at the Garrick Theater, London; "The Goal," a ranting actor's delight à la "Waterloo," written by Henry Arthur Jones seventeen years ago; a revival of Chester Bailey Fernald's especially bad pseudo-Chinese piece, "The Cat and the Cherub," originally presented in New York in September, 1897; a nondescript tear brewery called "The Forest of Happy Dreams," which had as its thrilling new coup an appropriation of the dying-boy device used by Mr. Belasco in "The Return of Peter Grimm" and used before Mr. Belasco by von Hofmannsthal in "Death and the Fool"; and—and here was the only trace of novelty vouchsafed—the play "Little Face," by Roland Oliver, originally published some time before in the pages of the SMART SET.

I repeat, therefore, what I have several times written. Let the Princess Theater devote what time it now wastes writing letters telling me what to think of it and its plays and its players to the procuring of plays that shall be something above the grade of the cheap vaudeville turns it has been in the habit of offering. Some time ago I magnanimously printed in these pages two complete programs of plays that might



serve; my extensive library, furthermore, shall be open to the directors at all times; and I shall, to boot, provide my services gratis in the matter of translating the best of the foreign one-act dramas which, in their original tongues, may be somewhat unintelligible to the directors. Let the Princess Theater give ear to its Mr. Gest, who has acquired a sound and decent, if sometimes misguided, regard for what is best in the world of art and letters and to its Mr. Brady, who is at once a man courageous and discerning—and let it sidestep the valiant but dim-noodled deities who currently direct its wobbly rudder toward certain oblivion. Unless the Princess does this, unless it ceases to believe that anything which keeps a curtain up twenty minutes is, perforce, a one-act play, that purple moonlight streaming through a window at left center constitutes tense drama and that a handsomely embroidered kimono and some incense wafted across the footlights comprise a study of Oriental character, the Princess Theater is destined to rise to the estate of a moving-picture house. As it has presented itself to the community up to the time of writing, the Princess Theater is on an artistic level with the Columbia burlesque theater. So in the future, pray let us have fewer "letters to the editor" and better plays.

Once let the Princess show some one-act plays half as good as, say, John Palmer's "Over The Hills," as one of Dunsany's, as Barrie's "Rosalind," as Thoma's "Lottie's Birthday," as Giacosa's "The Strings," as Tchekhov's "The Bear," as Max Beerbohm's "Happy Hypocrite," as Molnar's "Actress," as "Lieb' Vaterland," from the recent bill of the Irving Place Theater, as Eulenberg's "Paul and Paula," as the mirthful "Matérielle" from the late bill of the Guignol, as Rip and Bousquet's "Habit of a Lackey," as Patterson's "By-Products" or as the droll "Nick Carter" of Tom Barry of the American vaudeville, and the so-called hatchet of resentment will be buried quickly enough. As the Prin-

cess stands on this nineteenth day of November in the Year of Our Lord nineteen hundred fourteen, however, the only things about the institution which I can endorse are the looks of the young blonde who does usher duty in the center aisle.

\* \* \*

The play which Mr. Edward Sheldon has derived from Sudermann's novel "The Song of Songs," recently envisaged in Philadelphia, is in several ways a noteworthy piece of dramatic writing. By all odds, it discloses the most significant work Sheldon has so far done; and I am inclined to distrust no grievous over-statement when I say that, allowing still for its every obvious absurdity, its every glaring rough spot and treachery compromise with common public taste, the play amounts to a photograph of its particular ingredients as admirable in its shamelessness and as genuinely artistic as Gorky's "Night Refuge," as Wedekind's drama cycle of the bawd Lulu, or as "The Amorous Woman" and "The Old Man" of Georges Porto-Riche. Although, even as the play now stands, it remains in many ways a fine study of the vulgarities to which flesh is heir, the Sheldon manuscript must have been doubly notable before stage plumbers began to visit upon it their usual, and here quite patent, dirty work.

Here is a holding of the mirror up to nature which must win the critical connoisseurs and champions of that mirror or compel them forevermore to hold their peace. Transplanting the Lily of Sudermann and making of her a gutter brat in East Fifty-ninth street, Sheldon, avoiding all nonsensical "psychology," has sketched the blunt, unreasoned episodes in the career of the ignorant, sentimental, untitled Countess Julie in frankly blunt and unreasoned manner. There is no mush (save where the hand of some meddler with the manuscript plainly obtrudes itself); there is no spurious attempt to connect the separated transgressions of miladi; there is no apology on the grounds of



innocence, the soft scent of the roses and analogous mendacities; there is small hypodermic injection of "sympathy"; there is no heavy exercise of the adroit flapdoodle which so regularly "makes a play hang together." We see Lily first, a pretty, vapid baggage of seventeen, in her parents' cheap flat. A smooth fellow from the thitherward Avenue has just attempted to pick her up on the street. She runs away from him. He follows. Her father, a poor musician, is humble before the fellow's fine air and manners. The following August, Lily is discovered working in a boardwalk shop in Atlantic City. Her father has deserted her mother, the latter has been forced to take a job out of New York and Lily has been cast on her own. She is still a good girl but the smooth one has not forgotten what she looked like. A wealthy old rascal, unable to get Lily in any other way, marries her. A year passes and the old boy, suspicious of the girl's actions, kicks her out of his house. Some more years pass and Lily is now mistress to the smooth bloodhound of the Avenue. Also to several others. Presently she falls in love with still another, a very young man. The latter persuades himself to look easily upon the lady's past misdemeanors, is boyishly romantic, says what has been has been and is now all over with and asks her to marry him. Then he learns that what has been is not yet all over with by a long shot, and clears out of town. And Lily, of course, ends up again in the comfortable boudoir of the Avenue fellow.

Banal stuff, true, in the skeleton. But redeemed a hundred-fold in the treatment of many of its individual scenes and episodes. The scene between the man and mistress upon their first quarrel, and the scene in the private supper-room wherein the boy is disillusioned, are of smashing effect; as raw as freshly cut rump steak, yes, but nonetheless sound dramatic art because of this appropriate and uncompromising rawness. You may personally fail to admire this species of dramatic litera-

ture. But there it stands, dramatic literature all the same.

In my criticism of this play, I am, as I have sought to indicate, deliberately overlooking its numerous defects and injections of stall-slush in the form of ubiquitous proposals of marriage. I cannot but believe that these came into the play from other hands than those of its author. But even so, the spectacle of a piece of work in the American theater at once so unpetty and so brave, so courageously wrought and so antidotal to the current soft smear of *bar le duc*, is a sufficient excuse, I take it, for any intemperate exaggerations of its merits into which I may, with unseemly carelessness, have led myself. The play reveals two excellent performances. Miss Irene Fenwick is surprisingly proficient in the rôle of Lily; her performance a feat of discretion. And seldom in the American theater does one engage with so able a piece of actor work as is provided by Mr. Thomas A. Wise.

\* \* \*

We now once again jump off the cliff, dear reader, and land in the usual morass of sweet shufflings and quackery. This time it bears the name "Experience," is from the brain of Mr. George V. Hobart, and is still another grand function over the corpse of the ancient morality play. The parade of platitudes begins at eight-fifteen sharp when Youth (a sort of Broadway Tytyl) heeds the call of Ambition, deserts Love, and goes out into the world; taking three hours to pass the given point where Youth, footsore and weary, hears the Church-Organ-By-Moonlight, is reminded of His-Dear-Old-Mother and reforms on the Spot. The literary, dramatic and imaginative quality of the opus is to be detected in the following soupçon of dialogue:

Work (a big and powerful man who carries his coat over his arm, his sleeves rolled up. He is mopping his perspiring brow and is in a hurry. To Youth)—Oh, I know; you expected to find me looking like a picture of a new suit of clothes. Well, you've got the wrong idea, boy. I'm old Work—the



original—and I have no spare moments to put on boiled shirts and *fol de rols*. Maybe it is one of my sons you expected to meet—I have five of them. Now, there's my oldest son, Job. He takes after me—he's rough and ready and willing, Job is. Then there's my twins, Position and Employment—fine boys, but a little unsteady sometimes. Then there's the pride of the family, Profession. I sent him to college and he made good. He's all right; he's a credit to his father and mother. And then there's *Sinecure*—he's the black sheep of the family, *Sinecure* is. He's drolled up all the time, and he travels around with a loafer by the name of Graft. I don't know why I'm wasting my time standing here to tell you all this—but you're a kid and there's only one way to start right, and that is through me. If you're with me I'll take you home and let you meet my missus. Her name is Content. She's a mother to all my boys, Content is—she'll be a mother to you—and she's the finest, grandest mother in all the world.

After beholding Mr. Hobart's drama, go home and read Andreyev's drama, "The Life of Man." The latter will automatically criticize Mr. Hobart's play for you.

A second morass bears the name "That Sort," is the joint work of Mrs. Henry Wood, Alexandre Bisson and A. W. Pinero (here calling themselves Basil Macdonald Hastings), and—as suggested—is a cabaret chant over the more familiar portions of the remains of "East Lynne," "Madame X" and "Tanquary." In this month's version, we are presented with Lady Isabel Nazimova suffering the usual stage longing again to grasp her child in a mother's aching arms, and with her entrance into her former husband's home as governess. Here Madame X Nazimova seeks to wipe away memory of the stain of sin that has branded her, but lo! here then does Paula Nazimova meet, in the person of her daughter's young man, a lover of other days. Mr. Hastings has reboiled this ancient business with not a trace of the humor he disclosed in parts of his "New Sin" and "Love and What Then?" Of course, Hastings, as many other British playwrights, has been greatly over-rated by Americans. The to-do over his "New Sin" on the part of the local

burghers is still a matter for the considerable amusement of English writing men. Sagacious press work, which settled about the head of the play a sort of intellectual halo, together with the freak of a womanless cast, contrived to beguile the locals in much the same degree as the latter were beguiled in the instance of Stanley Houghton and his "Hindle Wakes." The so-called philosophy of the ethical and economic phase of suicide which Hastings discharged with much noise was merely a prosy version of Robert G. Ingersoll's lecture on the subject. His exclusion of women characters from his play, a perfectly patent and hollow theatrical trick. (Compare, in this direction, "The New Sin" with "Professor Bernhardi.") His dialogue, in regard to the cleverness of which so much was written, consisted of such abnormally witty observations as "Big talk of any description hypnotizes the uneducated," as "A man's got to be well-bred nowadays to get a novel published at six shillings with a picture cover," as "To say Hilary is drinking himself to death because he occasionally gets decently drunk is as bad as to say that a man is eating himself to death because he occasionally sleeps after his luncheon." A writer is to be judged not by his most happy attempts at wit, but by his least happy. We know and judge a man not by his best habits, but by his worst. The best bit of humor that Hastings has done is his sardonic final curtain to "Love and What Then?" His most awful, "That Sort." I do not even except his play "The Tide."

\* \* \*

A new intimate theater, by name the Punch and Judy, divulges as its first contribution Harold Chapin's "Marriage of Columbine." A firm friend to the little theater enterprises, each and all, and a staunch champion of the belief that in these small playhouses, if properly guided, rests to no small extent the cultivation of a better native drama and a better native public for such drama, I must, with many other of my colleagues, deplore such sad judg-



ment as is conveyed in the case of this latest solicitor of the better-grade theatrical public. The Chapin play is a travail of transparently fictitious perfumes and sweetmeats harbored under the convenient cloak of semi-fantasy. It is precisely the sort of play any little theater which hopes to be regarded seriously, if indeed at all, should *not* present. It is precisely the sort of play that has greased the native stage with those sweet loud smells of sentimentality which have contrived so auspiciously to reduce the native stage to the thing it is—an asylum for the delectation of the half-witted, the half-drunk, the cry corps, the Cinderella slobberers and other such mental mugwumps. It is the sort of play, in short, that confuses fibbery with fantasy, that makes a brave hero of a profound numskull and a heroine of a woman who is so ignorant she knows not even what a girl of twelve knows, that seeks to filter a philosophy of happiness and of "uplift" through a set of ignoramuses (hence "lovable" according to the stage ritual), that hopes to conceal its intrinsic absurdities by decking out its characters in the toilettes of the last century. The author, estimating him from two or three of his passages, possesses a certain knack of observation. But this talent he has painstakingly fought off in the editing of the bulk of his current offering. His play purports to present the family life of a guileless circus troupe and the havoc wrought amongst it by the intrusion of the outside world's nose-y morality. A ground rich in possibilities, fertile in satire. But Mr. Chapin has looked at his materials with the eyes of a youngster. Barrie should have written his play. Forsooth and so he did—in "Pantaloen."

There is a place for the Punch and Judy theater. Why not let it make an excursion into such interesting plays as Rittner's "Man in the Prompter's Box," Vosberg's "Generalprobe" ("The Dress Rehearsal"), Bahr's "Principle," Carl Hauptmann's "The Poor Broom Binders," Chesterton's

"Magic," one of Lothar Schmidt's delightful comedies—"Only a Dream" or "Venus with the Parrot," say—, something of Bracco's, a comedy by Paul Apel? Or Rittner's Don Juan satire "Unterwegs," in which Don Juan is killed by the man whose wife he has betrayed and in which, when the woman bends over his body and presses her lips to his, he quickly sits up again and kisses her right back—symbolizing the Don Juan spirit in man that never dies? Or something by Sil Vara, the imaginative Hungarian? Or von Scholz's funny burlesque "Bartered Souls"? Or Enking's "The Child"? Or Karl Ettlinger's "Hydra" with its satirical criticism of the bigger commercial theaters? Or Birinski's "Fool's Dance"? Or Adolf Paul's "The Devil's Church"? Or the Berlin success of five or six years ago, "Gelbstern"? Or "The Evil-doers of Good Works," by Jacinto Benavente, the Spanish cynic? Or a sample of the work of the Russian Prince Sumbatoff? Or the Swedish Ernst Didring's "High Stakes"? Or the Japanese classic "Sandaihagi"? Or Schnitzler's "Marionette" cycle—or any other work of his? Or Tchekhov's "Three Sisters"? Or Galsworthy's "The Mob"? Or maybe—is it too much to hope?—something good by an American writer? Certainly there is far better stuff to be had than "The Marriage of Columbine." Why not encourage some of our younger native dramatic writers, as yet comparatively unheard of because unlistened to—as, for example, Tom Barry, Zoe Akins, Harrison Rhodes and such like? They may fail, true, but would it not be infinitely better to fail with such pieces as Barry's "Upstart," Miss Akins' "Papa" or Rhodes' "Old New Yorker" than to succeed with such a placeless specimen as the Chapin contribution? So far on the books, the Punch and Judy theater is Judy without the Punch.

\* \* \*

It is one of the peculiarities of the serious theater that it regards the harlot as one of two hard and fast institutions.



Either she is an institution for the complete spiritual and physical annihilation of man or she is an institution for his complete spiritual and physical redemption and uplift. The drama, it would appear, recognizes no middle ground. It is able to conceive of no less positive effect one way or the other. It must be the bass drum or the zither, the mud puddle or the swan pond, pigs' knuckles or terrapin. One rather comes to the conclusion that in the more temperate and dispassionate approach of the problem in the farce comedies which have handled the subject is to be found the best proof that our farce comedies are often our best serious plays. And the other way round. Compare, for example, the profundity of much of Brioux's farcical "Les Hanneçons" (incidentally that dramatist's finest work) with the comicality of much of D'Annunzio's dramatic "Gioconda." Compare the thoughtfulness of flippant "Anatol" with the frippery of Sutro's paunchy "Two Virtues." Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, being an Englishman, views the harlot as an uplifter. To him the nude ascending the staircase is a mixture of Billy Sunday and hair tonic. In his latest play, "Outcast," we are betutored with the picture of one of the ladies negotiating the usual redemption business. But Davies can write a bad play with such distinction that he becomes a pleasant theatrical evening. No theatrical Briton of the day, excepting only Galsworthy and Barrie, is quite so facile as he in the trick of adroit and nicely varnished dialogue. What is more, he is a writer of detached scenes of a quality far above the quality of his plays as a whole. In another direction of dramatic form this is true, too, of the American, Mr. Sheldon. Let the latter build a play in its entirety of such sterling material as the organ-grinder scene in "Romance," the priest scene in "The Boss," or the private supper-room scene in "The Song of Songs," and he will strike a notable date into the calendar of dawning American drama. Let Davies write a whole play of the sort of material in-

dicated by two or three scenes between the woman of Piccadilly and Geoffrey in "Outcast," and he will deserve at least a portion of the encomiums which some of my colleagues have already bestowed upon him.

\* \* \*

As to the merits of the different music shows current in New York at this writing, I append a confidential guide:

"Papa's Darling" (*New Amsterdam*)—(1) Second on extreme right at rise of second act curtain; (2) First in line in "Midnight Sun" dance.

"Chin - Chin" (*Globe*)—Hilda Allison, Claire Bertrand, Cecile Conway, Harriet Leidy, Cassie Qualters, Dorothy Richardson, Grace Beaumont, Bessie Burch, Olive Carr, Marion Davies, Isabel Falconer, Anna Ford, Marjorie Graham, Mazie Leroy, Loretta McDonald, Selma Mantell, Lydia Scott, Dorothy St. Clair, Marguerite St. Clair, Anna Berry, Julia Berry, Sarah Berry, Andrea Cresson, Rose Douglas, Helen Ellsworth, Esther Herrick, Irene Kearney, Marie Kennedy, Victoria Meyers, Vivian Morrison, Margaret O'Neill, Marion O'Neill, Josephine Taylor, Betty Wales, Helen Ward.

"The Only Girl" (*Lyric*)—No chorus.

"Suzi" (*Casino*)—Esther Rutland, Laura Hoffman, Dorothy Bertrand, Louise Hardy, Marie Hampton, Ara Martin, Adele Christy, Carrie Monroe, Adelaide Vernon, Gene Drake, Lillian Francis, Pauline De Lorme, Elsa Reinhardt, Georgie Cummings, Natalie Vincent.

"The Lilac Domino" (*Forty-fourth Street*)—The sort of chorus, alas, that can sing.

From this unprejudiced guide it may readily be deduced that the merits of "Chin-Chin" are vastly greater than those of the other shows.

Again pretending to be a dignified and uninteresting critic, I may record that "The Only Girl," with a highly agreeable score by Victor Herbert and a libretto expertly drawn by Henry Blossom out of Fulda's "Friends of Our Youth" (admirable comedy, that!), provides for much respectable amusement. The book of "Papa's Darling" is rather good and the music of "Suzi" is listenable. But—trust to the guide! So far as that is concerned, I promise you that as a critic I am unimpeachably flawless.



# A GAMEY OLD GAUL

By H. L. Mencken

CONSIDER now, beloved, Monsieur Jacques-Anatole Thibault France *de l'Académie Française*, an ancient of three score and ten, a veritable patriarch of letters, the *doyen* of French authors, but still full of the joy of life, the Old Adam, the unquenchable gayety of the Gaul: as Nietzsche would say, still fit for dancing with arms and legs. Old Anatole, indeed, goes back to the dark ages, almost to the crusades. He was a boy of four years, and perhaps already reading Rabelais, when Louis Philippe escaped from France under the name of Mr. Smith. He was old enough to take a hand in the mafficking when they brought the glad news from Solferino. He was a young literary buck, engaged upon his first book, in the palmy days of Hortense Schneider, and no doubt loved her in a distant and respectful manner. He was a famous man before Zola, to wit, in 1871, when "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" did the business for him. When he got his lift into the Academy such men as Octave Feuillet and Émile Augier were just dropping out. He is actually a year older than Sarah Bernhardt, impossible though it may seem.

And yet, as I say, the fires of youth are still in the veteran. His Indian Summer is pert, sunshiny, Spring-like. He leaps and cavorts. One heard of him, a month or two ago, making demands on some astonished recruiting sergeant that he be enlisted, armed and sent to the front, there to do summary execution upon the invading Goths. He prayed for the proud privilege of cutting off the Kaiser's ears, of being the first upon the walls of Berlin, of diving headlong into a lake of Tedesco blood. All this,

it appears, was denied him: he was put to the more sober job of adding up figures in the Paymaster's office. But no denials, you may be sure, will ever cure him of the *cacoëthes scribendi*; he will keep on writing until that dark (and, let us hope, distant) day when the inexorable embalmer casts upon him a sinister and appraising eye. In proof whereof here is the last fruit of his fancy: "THE REVOLT OF THE ANGELS" (*Lane*), the liveliest and most delightful piece of fooling that I have seen in many a long day, a book of waggery and gusto all compact, a literary *scherzo* that warms the cockles of the heart.

It is the angel Abdiel who gives the signal for the revolt, or, as he chooses to be called on the earthly plane, Arcade. This Arcade is guardian angel to young Maurice d'Esparvieu, a somewhat frivolous, and even loose fellow, but nevertheless a faithful son of the Church. The house of d'Esparvieu, indeed, has long basked in the radiance of the faith. From the Concordat of 1801 down to the fall of the Second Empire its devotion, perhaps, was more formal than real: its first aim, during those years, was to set a good example. But the rise of the Third Republic sent it genuinely to its knees, and in young Maurice, as in M. René, his father, and Madame, his mother, no doubt lingers. He finds it impossible, true enough, to maintain that personal rectitude which his spiritual adviser, M. l'Abbé Patouille, commends as ideal. There is, for example, the matter of his relations to his mother's maid, Mlle. Odile. There is, again, his affair with Mme. de la Verdelière. There is, yet again, his affair with Mme. Gilberte des Aubels.



There is, fourthly, his affair with Mlle. Bouchotte, the singer of Apache songs. And so on and so on—lamentable episodes, alas, of life in a large city! But meanwhile, you may be sure, Maurice does not forget his duties. He is often at mass in the morning. He serves as a stretcher-bearer at Lourdes. He is horrified by Socialists, Freemasons, atheists. He hearkens docilely to the Abbé Patouille. He inspires a considerable affection in his guardian angel, the aforesaid Arcade.

This affection, unfortunately, works Arcade's downfall, for it brings him frequently to the d'Esparvieu mansion in the shadow of St. Sulpice, and in the d'Esparvieu mansion, filling the whole of the second story, there is the famous library of Maurice's great-grandfather, Baron Alexandre-Bussart d'Esparvieu, Vice-President of the Council of State under the Government of July, member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and author of an "Essay on the Civil and Religious Institutions of Nations"—a huge collection of three hundred and sixty thousand volumes, embracing all the books worth reading, in all the sacred and profane languages, upon natural, moral, political, philosophical and religious science. This library, under the direction of M. Sariette, librarian, is kept up to the minute. Not only all the old books are in it, but also all the new ones of worth, each added as it is published. And it is because he unwisely peeps into these new ones, seeking entertainment and instruction while Maurice is in bed, that good Arcade takes into his soul the heresies of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Weismann, Harnack, Strauss, Renan and the rest, and so becomes filled with gnawing doubts about the divinity of that vasty Ialdabaoth whom he serves, and ends by flopping to a scepticism which bars him forever from the court of Heaven, and leaves him a starving and garrulous agitator in Paris.

Worse, there are more like him. For example, Prince Istar, a fallen Cherub, now a maker of bombs on the left bank of the Seine. And Zita, an ex-angel of

the softer sex, beautiful and full of plots. And Nectaire, the old gardener, once Alaciel, of the celestial hierarchy. And many another, male and female. They form a colony near Val de Grace. They hold a monster mass-meeting on the banks of the Seine at La Jonchère—watched assiduously by spies from the prefecture of police. They take an oath to "scale the mountain of Ialdabaoth, and hurl down the walls of jasper and porphyry, and plunge the tyrant of Heaven into eternal darkness." And then—

But I have told you enough. You see the way the chronicle is heading. I commend it to you again before leaving it. It is written with unfailing address, ingenuity and charm. The characters are well imagined; the incidents, for all their grotesquerie, still show an ingratiating reasonableness; there is a constant play of tart, Rabelaisian humor. Old Anatole, indeed, is the natural heir of François in our time. He has something of the same hand for elaborate, elephantine satire; he is full of the same amazing erudition, the same overwhelming allusiveness; he has the same keen eye for all that is empty and ridiculous in theological and ecclesiastical rumble-bumble. With it all, he is a far more delicate artist than Rabelais, though, of course, by no means so colossal a humorist. He never stoops to grossness, even in the midst of his most daring fooling. His urbanity never gives way to the staggering savagery of Pantagruel's creator. In its essence, to be sure, "The Revolt of the Angels" is one of the most impious books ever written, but you will search it in vain for any obvious violation of the decencies. It is, in brief, the clowning of an artist and a gentleman. Put it on your book list, by all means. Alone of all the volumes I have read of late, it belongs unmistakably to literature.

H. G. Wells' new novel, "THE WIFE OF SIR ISAAC HARMAN" (*Macmillan*), is an attempt to rewrite Ibsen's "A Doll's House" (with a fourth act) in terms of pre-bellum 1914. The result is 525 pages of dull and labored stuff,



the like of which one receives from the author of "Tono-Bungay" and "Ann Veronica" with something akin to astonishment. But, after all, is it really astonishing? Hasn't Wells been sliding downhill for several years? When he abandoned his Jules Vernes yarns, back in 1906 or 1907, and set up shop as a serious novelist, he arrested attention at once by the freshness of his point of view, the humorous sharpness of his observation, and the high potentiality (to borrow from electricity) of his writing. There was something magnificently assertive and iconoclastic about him; he seemed likely to put new life and vigor into the novel of manners. But his progress since then has been chiefly a retrogression. Once he had filled a book with ideas, he had but half a stock for the next one, and in the third he could do little but repeat what he had said before. His subsequent compositions have grown thinner and thinner. We are now familiar with his suffragettes, his tea-swilling London up-lifters, his smattering of quasi-science, his Thackerayan asides, his chapter sections, his journalistic raciness. And, being familiar with these things, we begin to grow a bit weary of them. "The History of Mr. Polly" was a comic interlude, a return to cleverness, a reprieve. But "Marriage" and "The Passionate Friends" were sadly lacking in the *élan* of "Tono-Bungay," and "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," for whole chapters, is unmistakably dull.

The fable, as I have said, is borrowed, in the main, from old Henrik of Norway. Ella Harman, like Nora Helmer, is married to a husband who is sincerely in love with her, and like Torvald Helmer, he does his best to make her happy. For a few years Ella shows no sign of discontent. She is by no means smitten by Sir Isaac's somewhat arctic and withered charms, but she has a keen appreciation of the creature comforts of her nest, and even the perils and worries of fourfold maternity do not arouse her to rebellion. But, then, of a sudden, she grows up, and the awakened woman looks back

with increasing wonder upon the easy acquiescence of the girl. A sentimental novelist, one Mr. Brumley (his Christian name, as I remember, never appears), is the inspiration of this metamorphosis. More by his attitude toward her than by any formal discussion, this Mr. Brumley fills her with the notion that Sir Isaac does not reckon her at her true dignity and worth. Why should she, a grown woman, a citizen of a free country, perhaps even one of tomorrow's voters, submit herself so supinely to a querulous millionaire with a big, pointed nose? What if he *does* own a whole chain of lunchrooms, and boss an army corps of slaves? What if he *does* give her ten pounds every time she asks for five? She wants something more. She wants *liberté, égalité, fraternité*—her own friends, the right to come and go as she pleases, an unaudited privy purse, a surcease of parturition, a chance to kick up a bit; in her own word, autonomy.

Sir Isaac is sternly against this autonomy, and in a fatuous effort to put it down by force he buys a country house and imprisons Ella in it. But in vain. Escaping to London, and impinging for a moment upon the orbit of the suffragettes, she borrows their weapon without formally adopting their cause. That is to say, she knocks a pane of glass out of a post-office window, and so forces a somewhat timid bobby to lock her up. What is more, she is brassy when she faces the magistrate next day, and he rewards her with a couple of weeks in the second division. The blow, of course, almost kills poor Sir Isaac. He is himself a bitter enemy of the suffragettes and all their works, and he is more bitter still in his enmity to rebellious wives. But what can he do? Divorce Ella? She has given him no legal cause, and besides, he loves her. Try force again? Alas, it will not work. So he offers a compromise as the only way out—a vague, nebulous compromise, to be sure, but distinctly a compromise nevertheless. It is understood that Ella is to have a looser rein henceforth. Just how far she is to go is not formally de-



cided, but upon the principle of the thing an agreement is reached.

At this point, I lament to say, Mr. Wells' story, tame enough already, begins to go to pieces. We have now reached the end of "A Doll's House" and proceeded a short distance beyond the end, for Nora has returned under a flag of truce. But instead of pursuing the conflict to a conclusion arising logically out of its nature and terms, the author now evades the whole issue by inoculating Sir Isaac with a fatal disease, apparently diabetes. This, of course, is a plain begging of the question. Instead of seeing a stand-up fight to a finish, we have one of the contestants condemned by medical survey, and the technique of the other thus goes unrevealed. We never find out whether Ella is cleverer than Sir Isaac or less clever. Instead, we see her standing idly by while Sir Isaac gradually wheezes his way to the golden shore. Once he is underground, the sentimental Mr. Brumley enters for the final scene. For a moment or two Ella has doubts. Perhaps it would be better, after all, to remain a widow. But Mr. Brumley quickly overcomes this half-hearted resistance, and as the curtain falls we see Ella "crouch down upon him" and "take his shoulder in her hand" and "kiss him full upon his mouth" . . .

Poor stuff, indeed. Wells, the erstwhile revolutionary, at a job worthy of Robert W. Chambers. But let no one be too much amazed by his decline and fall. Isn't his route one that many another promising young English novelist has trod? For example, Arnold Bennett? Bennett, too, began as a popular hack; Bennett, too, aroused himself to truly distinguished work; and Bennett, too, has been slipping backward ever since. England is always full of novelists who have done one or two good things, and then blown up. Four or five new geniuses pop up there every year. One reads lavish praise of them in the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*; one hears that this or that American publisher is bringing them out over here; one finds them genuinely clever

and amusing—and then one hears of them no more. Bennett, Merrick, Locke, Galsworthy, Walpole, Wells: all of them have followed good work with empty work. Is it that the English, in fiction, lose their old pertinacity, their traditional staying quality? Surely this quick exhaustion is a phenomenon worth looking into. The two English novelists of today who go ahead at full steam, doing good work year after year, widening their intellectual scope, mellowing and improving their method, are Joseph Conrad and Henry James—the one a Pole and the other an American!

Three novels of appreciable merit, but each burdened by a considerable improbability: "THE PASTOR'S WIFE," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" (*Doubleday-Page*); "THE ENCOUNTER," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (*Century*), and "THE RISE OF JENNIE CUSHING," by Mary S. Watts (*Macmillan*). In the first the imagination is given a pair of stretches by two escapades of Ingeborg Bullivant, daughter to the Bishop of Redchester. *Imprimis*, she sneaks off to the Continent on a Cook's tour, meets a stodgy East Prussian pastor on the train, succumbs to his bovine lovemaking, and forthwith marries him. *Zum zweiten*, after living with him at far-away Kökensee for seven years and bearing him six children, she elopes to Italy with Mr. Ingram, the eminent English artist, returns in a week with her wifely fidelity unscathed, and so settles down again with her pastor. But though the framework-scenes of the book, as the French say, are thus hard to get down, it is extremely amusing in detail. The conflict between the English and German points of view, particularly as to domestic customs, is presented with a reasonable accuracy and much humor, and the result is a story that is at least eminently readable.

In "The Encounter" the principal character is Ludwig Wehlitz, a wild German philosopher, preaching the doctrine of force: we are given plainly to understand that he is Nietzsche thinly disguised. This Colossus of the meta-



physic falls in love with Persis Fenamy, an American flapper, and into the same cauldron of amour go his two disciples, Conrad Sachs and Graf von Lüdenstein. The result is a three-cornered affair which costs the near-Nietzsche his reason and leaves Persis without any beau at all, for Conrad chivalrously withdraws and Lüdenstein is chased away. The story is cleverly written, but in the main it fails to carry. The genius in fiction is seldom credible. The causes behind that fact I expounded at length at a former meeting of this club. Suffice it for the present occasion to repeat the fact.

Mrs. Watts' story of Jennie Cushing, like everything else she has done, is full of excellent writing, and I, for one, have read it with much pleasure, but in the last analysis she never quite accounts for Jennie. It is hard to believe that the woman we see in Part IV is the same who passed her childhood in Countess Paolini's sordid brothels. She has shaken off her youth just a bit too completely; her renunciations and self-sacrifices, indeed, are so nearly angelic that they cut her off, not only from her youth, but also from common human frailty. But, forgetting this, the story shows a feeling for atmosphere, a sense of character, a sound workmanship. This Mrs. Watts, I believe, is an American novelist of whom very respectable doings may be expected. There is a fine spaciousness in her point of view. She is far above the common run.

The war has had the happy effect of reducing the production of literary trade goods, but I regret to say that it has not paralyzed the industry altogether. Such diligent manufacturers as Louis Joseph Vance, Harold MacGrath and E. Phillips Oppenheim have abated no jot or tittle of their diligence. Mr. Vance's contribution, "THE LONE WOLF" (*Little-Brown*), is a spine-vibrator in his customary workmanlike manner, with a hero who appears to be an eminent criminal and a heroine who falls into his arms with the inevitable "low cry" on page 315. Some day this Mr. Vance will turn from such garbage

and give us something worth reading: his "Joan Thursday" showed us the way he might go if he would. In "THE HONORABLE PERCIVAL," by Alice Hegan Rice (*Century*), a stage Englishman lays siege to the heart of the usual brisk and impudent young Américaine, but without the usual result, for she refuses him on page 266, and nine pages farther on she promises her old father to marry Mr. Hal Ford, of Wyoming. In "THE GAY AND FESTIVE CLAVERHOUSE," by Anne Warner (*Little-Brown*), we meet anew our old friend, the hero who is told by an eminent specialist that he has but six months to live, but who nevertheless has a girl's arms around his neck on page 216. "THE RIVER," by Ednah Aiken (*Bobbs-Merrill*), is a melodrama of the gorgeous Southwest, with a heroine bearing the strange given name of Innes. "THE WARD OF TECUMSEH," by Crittenden Marriott (*Lippincott*), is an historical romance of a century ago, with plenty of Indians and villainy in it. "PERSONS UNKNOWN," by Virginia Tracy (*Century*), is a tale of young love, its obstacles and its triumph. "THE NIGHTINGALE," by Ellenor Stoothoff (*Houghton*), introduces us to a Bambi heroine who invades Europe *a cappella*, driving her own car. "VALLEY OF A THOUSAND HILLS," by F. E. Mills Young (*Lane*), is a tale of South Africa, with a Boer girl at the apex of the triangle and two Englishmen at the other corners. And so on and so on: old situations, time-worn stuff. At the end a few far better ones: "THE WITCH," by Mary Johnston (*Houghton*); "PRIVATE AFFAIRS," by Charles McEvoy (*Houghton*); "GRAY YOUTH," by Oliver Onions (*Doran*); "ON THE STAIRCASE," by Frank Swinnerton (*Doran*); "THE PRESENTATION," by H. De Vere Stacpoole (*Lane*); "BEL-LAMY," by Elinor Mordaunt (*Lane*). Not masterpieces, to be sure, but still intelligible and readable, still vastly superior to the trade goods.

A few books of an illuminative and hortatory character come drifting in from time to time. The best that I have seen of late, and by long odds, is "THE



SMALL FAMILY SYSTEM," by C. V. Drysdale (*Huebsch*), a powerful argument in favor of that reasonable limitation of offspring which all civilized peoples practise, but which all professional moralists and mountebanks — *e. g.*, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt — denounce as of the devil. There is, of course, not much chance of such a book getting serious notice in the United States — nor in England, the country of its origin. The respectable middle classes of both these lands have been so long immersed in that putrid and saponaceous hypocrisy which passes among them for Christianity that they have quite forgotten how to face the facts of life squarely and honestly. Realizing dimly, in their clumsy, muddled way, that something ought to be done to cut down the annual crop of ward heelers, petty rogues, moving picture fiends, comic supplement readers, revival converts, lodge brothers, patent medicine souses, spiritualists, Socialists and other such *ignobile*, they proceed to the business with characteristic stupidity. On the one hand, they pass laws providing for the unsexing of that infinitesimal minority of the unfit whose unfitness amounts to criminal lunacy; and on the other hand they burden the statutes of a few peruna-swallowing States with so-called eugenic marriage laws, thus promoting trade for the reverend clergy in the States next door, where free trade prevails at the altar, and paretics and the scorbutic are cheerfully joined together in the name of God. Meanwhile, the easiest of all ways to limit the multiplication of the unfit is overlooked, namely, the simple device of showing the unfit themselves how to manage it.

I say overlooked, but the word, of course, is not quite accurate. The thing is not actually overlooked; it is sternly prohibited. It is a felony in our fair republic to instruct a poor farmer's wife with twelve children in those horrendous arts which will deliver her (and posterity with her) from the curse of a thirteenth. Even a physician may not lawfully do it. The result is a vast annual overproduction of human

ciphers and vacuums. The poor, you may be sure, do not want so many children; every new addition to the mouths to be fed is a calamity to them; they seize with pathetic eagerness upon every promise of relief from that perennial affliction; they are ready prey for quacks and murderers of the most abominable sort. But if any person of intelligence and decent repute were to venture upon their rescue, the virtuosi of virtue would fall upon him with deafening screeches, and he would be jammed into a jail with at least two hundred locks. Such is the weight of bogus righteousness upon the American chest! Such is government by the chemically pure! Where is there an American town without its pious league of sex hygienists, unctuously parading a smutty pseudo-science? And where is there an American town in which the gendarmes would fail to fall upon one who discoursed upon the malaises of sex frankly and intelligently, showing those who need the knowledge exactly how all such plagues and murrains may be avoided?

I commend Dr. Drysdale's little book as an honest and courageous effort to set the facts against a mass of platitudes, puerilities and evasions. Another volume marked by the same rare qualities is "GERMANY AND ENGLAND," by the late Prof. J. A. Cramb, of the University of London (*Dutton*). Here, at last, we have the naked truth about the current blood-letting in Europe — not a vapid spat over what the Kaiser said to the Czar and did to the Belgians, or what passed between Vienna and Belgrade, or who was to blame for the shelling of Rheims, but a bold striking down to fundamentals, a brilliant and accurate statement of the real causes of the row. In my capacity of lieutenant-editor of *THE SMART SET* I have strictly forbidden myself, as an old and valued contributor thereto, to enter upon any discussion, however academic, of the war. But even so, as a neutral of the purest ray, I may yet tell you that Professor Cramb's extraordinary fragment (he left it unfinished at his death)



is worth all the other war books put together, and then some more. And so, parting from the delicate subject, I express the virtuous hope that the good Lord will give the victory to the side that deserves it, and depart from the scene yelling "Remember the Maine!"

"THE WILLIAM J. LOCKE CALENDAR," compiled by Emma M. Pope (*Lane*), is a collection of saccharine and harmless platitudes by the eminent English sentimentalist. It is the fashion in the United States to call such a fellow as Locke a philosopher. By this term is meant, not a seeker after the truth, but a merchant of the comfortable and soothing. A philosopher is one who maintains a hopeful gayety in the face of disagreeable facts. If he misses a train, he whistles "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott" while waiting for the next one, instead of swearing like an arch-deacon and denouncing the railroad company, as you and I would do. If his wife runs away with the iceman, he rejoices that it wasn't the beer man. And if, being literary, he writes a novel, there is always a hero in it who wins the millionaire's daughter in spite of his lisp and his broken nose, or a heroine who recovers miraculously from cerebro-spinal meningitis in the last chapter and is carried off to Capri by a yachtman seven feet in height, who has loved her secretly for sixty-five years. To the illumination and elucidation of this philosophy the philosopher brings a wealth of sententious wisdom—for example, "Love will find a way," "True hearts are more than coronets" and "While there's life there's hope." Or, as Locke puts it:

It is not so much the thing that is done or the thing that is said that matters, but the way of doing or saying it.

In everything there is a time for silence and a time for speech.

Opportunity makes the saint as much as it makes the thief.

A man is as God made him, heart and brain.

You have never seen ugliness in a happy face.

Such is philosophy, that caressing

science. From it we turn to its enemy, anarchism, in "THE SELECTED WORKS OF VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE," edited by Alexander Berkman (*Mother Earth Co.*). But the anarchism of Voltairine, alas, is almost as vapid as the philosophy of Locke. I can find nothing in her thick volume (it is posthumous: she died in 1912) save thirty or forty bad poems, and a dozen or so superficial essays upon sex slavery and other such themes, and a few tedious short stories. The only American anarchist whose writings I can read with pleasure is Emma Goldman.

A few more volumes, and I'll call it a day. "DELIGHTFUL DALMATIA," by Alice Lee Mugué (*Funk*), is one of those illustrated travel books that lure the American tourist (or used to, for he is now temporarily extinct) into the charming by-ways of Europe, and there get him poisoned by goat mutton and bad water, and hideously gnawed by the *Cimex lectularius*. As such things go, it is briskly and entertainingly done. "SYMBOLIC TEACHINGS, OR MASONRY AND ITS MESSAGE," by Thomas M. Stewart (*Stewart-Kidd*), is a tedious mixture of quasi-religious piffle and occult balderdash. "A TRAMP THROUGH THE BRET HARTE COUNTRY," by Thomas Dykes Beasley (*Elder*), is the record of a pious pilgrimage to Angel's Camp, Jackass Hill, Nevada City, Marysville, Colfax, Tuolumne and all the other immemorial places, with the empty anecdotes of ancients who profess to remember Harte and Mark Twain. Finally, there is "THE ENCHANTMENT OF ART," by Duncan Phillips (*Lane*), a stately book of essays on the nature and function of beauty, with illustrations chiefly drawn from the art of painting. And by way of appendix there is "THE JOYFUL HEART," by Robert Haven Schauffler (*Houghton*), a volume devoted to the reactionary and unAmerican doctrine that it is a good citizen's privilege, and even his duty, to have as good a time as he can in this life. Let this Mr. Schauffler beware! Has he never heard that pleasure is the devil's snare? (Ecclesiastes II, 1-12.)



# IN THE SHOPS OF THE SMART SET

By Marion A. Rubincam

THE SMART SET SHOPPING DEPARTMENT, now re-inaugurated, will be glad to answer questions regarding shopping and the New York shops. Readers of THE SMART SET inquiring where articles described are purchasable should enclose a stamp for reply, and state page and month. Purchasing done free of charge. Address: "EDITOR, SMART SET SHOPPING DEPARTMENT."

SUCH shopping crowds as the Avenue holds these crisp days! Madame or Miss New York, as the case may be, is out to find the very prettiest gift in town for the very best friend in the world. So, wrapped in the warmest furs, she is searching out this prettiest gift in big stores, medium-sized stores and in little specialty shops of great daintiness. If she does not find the prettiest gift, it is no fault of hers. Nor is it the fault of the shops, for never were they more temptingly spread than now.

There is a slogan the daily journals have dinned into our ears for some time past: "Do your Christmas shopping early." Madame New York does—she also does it late. And so long as she remains truly feminine, there will be a flutter and bustle just before the holidays. Why should she do her shopping months ahead? The August sun is no incentive. Whoever, anyway, saw an ill-natured Christmas crowd? Besides, the shops bow with all their prettiest things just a few weeks ahead of the holidays.

## A SHOP WITHIN A SHOP

One charming store has hit upon a capital way to show its Christmas gifts. It has opened a shop within the regular store, a place that is quiet and away from the crowded aisles, a place where all things beautiful and "givable" are collected. Dainty pieces for a dainty lady's desk are here, artistically boxed

perfumes, vanity purses, French novelty boudoir pieces, toys, jeweled trinkets, babies' sets, everything, in fact, that quick minds have conceived for holiday giving.

The perfumes are particularly alluring. One brand, with the faint elusive fragrance attached to the heroines of all proper—and improper—novels, comes with the head of a long-lashed, Oriental demoiselle by way of a label. The prices run from 50c for the soap to \$6 for the extract, and between is every toilet dainty a woman could desire.

It is the thing to disguise one's 'phone nowadays—why, it is not known, but everyone considered smart does so. So it is hidden beneath a China lady with a spindle waist, whose spreading silken hoop skirt is garlanded with roses and looped with lace. Mademoiselle is of a most obliging disposition; she will hide the phone or keep a teapot warm, conceal the jewel box, cover anything unsightly to the boudoir, medicine bottles and the like, and even soften the glow on an electric nightlight. Such varied service may be purchased from \$10 up.

## OTHER FRENCH NOVELTIES

It is the capacity for taking infinite pains that makes these French art novelties so charming, the patience to piece together bits of tapestry and lace, beads and roses, and after hours to evolve a pin tray or a powder box that is a work of art.

Quite large boxes for handkerchiefs,



gloves, jewels and odds and ends are priced at \$6 and higher, opera bags with mirror bottoms—where one may inspect oneself casually as the bag lies in the lap—are \$5.50 and up, glass-lined trays are \$2, and pin baskets \$1.50.

In this same gift shop is an array of toys that would make glad the heart of any youngster. A whole menagerie of stuffed animals who go through life on wheels are priced at \$1.25 to \$14.75 apiece, while character dolls whose quaint faces express every mood of a living baby are 50c to \$8 each. Garden sets are the newest luxury for milady doll; these consist of four enameled metal chairs and a table topped by a gay-colored umbrella. These are \$3.50.

#### GIFTS JUST FOR MEN

When one thinks of a gift for a man, one thinks of something connected with smoking. There are some very acceptable gifts along these lines this year, for instance, a cigarette holder that presents a cigarette when the lid is lifted. These things are called "pick-me-ups"; an arrangement inside the lid raises a cigarette automatically. The principle is like that of the straw-containers found at some soda fountains. These cigarette holders are \$7 to \$16, made of silver and wood.

A square bronze box, lined with wood, with a design of crossed stripes bordering the lid, is also made to hold cigarettes. This is \$3.25. Pipe racks, holding the pipe with its stem up, may be had in artistic forms, with designs of brass inlaid in wood. These average \$15 in price, and hold four pipes.

#### FOR SMOKERS

Speaking of smoking and such, there is a new cigarette on the market, so dainty its use will not be confined to the masculine sex by any means. The tip is not the usual cork or paper, but a rose petal, pink and fragrant. The flavor of the cigarette—a high-grade Turkish blend—is not affected by this, but a dim suggestion of rose gardens somehow gets into the smoke. These are \$5 a hundred.

To return to men's gifts, a jewelry shop is showing black ribbon fobs with a single star sapphire hung over the ribbon, of a plainness and elegance that will surely appeal to a man. Such fobs are \$350 and \$650, according to the stone. Moonstone scarf pins are quite inexpensive, though; they come as low as \$15, and beautifully cut cameo pins at prices starting with \$30.

#### FOR BOOK LOVERS

The tip-top of luxury is an easy chair and a book held in the right position for you to read. One shop shows book rests that sit on a table or a chair arm at \$3.50; or that stand upon the floor, adjustable to any height, at \$5. These are in dull brass, and even have an arrangement for holding back the leaves of the book.

Booklovers would also appreciate a set of book rocks, such as a certain Fifth avenue shop is showing. Rodin's "Le Penseur" has been made into miniature size for one set, a charming "Unfinished Sketch" makes another—a woman's figure, half carved from the rock. "Admiration" is a third—a nude figure of a young girl, admiring her reflection in the pool into which she is just stepping. These are \$5 a set. Gargoyles, holding electric drop lights in their grinning mouths, are made to fasten into walls, and are very decorative for a hall or library. These are \$17.50, already wired. These things are of a heavy bronze over a metal core, hence their low price.

#### THINGS FEMININE

Collar and cuff sets to be worn with a gown, guiltless of neck or sleeves, sound almost untrue. But they are true, and all the more feminine because of their illogical nature. They are simply bands or frills of black maline, trimmed with rosebuds or velvet that fasten high about the throat, and around the wrists—a boundary mark, perhaps, to show where the collar and sleeves would otherwise have ended. Certainly they form an original finish to an evening costume. Their price is \$4.50 a set.



A maline band that encircles the throat, with a great butterfly bow in the back and a rosebud beneath one ear, is also \$4.50. This, too, is for evening gowns—for afternoon dresses is a band of moire ribbon that fastens under the chin, with a frill of *cafe au lait* colored lace that falls down the back. Cuffs come to complete the set—which is \$5.95.

The same shop shows a flat pocket-book made to slip inside the muff. It is quite thin, and long, in soft black leather, with the necessary "fittings" inside, and may be had for \$5.75.

#### IRIDESCENT GLASS

There could be no better gift to the woman who entertains than a set of table glasses. In one shop I found sets of that delicate iridescent glass known as "soap bubble," five dozen goblets for water or seltzer, claret, champagne and liqueurs. The shape is an English bell, on a slender stem, with a narrow gold band around rim and base that sets off every tint of the glass. It is much lovelier to see than the hard, broken lights that make cut glass so glittering and garish. This shop offered the set at the special price of \$28—for the entire five dozen glasses.

The aureme glass to be found in another shop would make charming gifts, too, the rich gold color surface and the myriad shades of green, rose, blue and orange that play about on it give it a highly decorative effect. Nor is it expensive, for small pieces are priced as low as \$1; candlesticks with a bronze base are \$4 and \$5; tall vases for sweet peas, with a rippled edge top, are \$3 to \$5, and low, beautifully shaped rose bowls are \$5 to \$8.

#### JEWELRY

The gift of all gifts, of course, is a piece of jewelry. There are so many new and beautiful things in this line that one hardly knows where to begin describing them. For instance, a shop noted for its original creations is showing a watch bracelet with a flat, square watch mounted on a black ribbon strap,

with pointed edge and eyelets of gold. This is \$135. And among the less expensive pieces is a lavalliere of chalcidony exquisitely carved and ringed with tiny pearls at \$40. And this is one of the daintiest bits of jewelry I have seen in any shop.

A magnificent piece is a "Chanticleer" brooch, where the scene from Rostand's play that shows the cock hailing the rising sun is reproduced in platinum and diamonds. Even the details of the trees are worked out—the whole thing is a masterpiece—its price is \$350.

#### RIBBON NECKLETS

Ribbon bands around the neck, with jeweled slides, are the smartest thing in the matter of necklaces now. This same shop shows lovely ones for about \$150 apiece; the diamond slides average about \$50 apiece, and three usually go on a band. One necklace, though, has an odd bowknot in front, cleverly made of ribbon and diamonds, which may be had for \$95.

Silversmiths say that hammered silver will replace the highly polished silver to a great extent, but I have noticed that their hammered pieces are always reproduced in the bright finish. This is a matter of individual taste. A very charming flower stand, with a vase the shape of a flower pot, a saucer beneath and a holder to keep the flowers erect, comes in the hammered finish at \$11.50, and in the bright finish at a dollar less. But the hammered one has a shield fastened at one side.

#### WICKERWARE GIFTS

A certain little store specializes in wickerware and Hungarian china, and here some very novel gifts may be found. For a woman who entertains much there is an appropriate present of a wicker muffin stand whose shelves are gayly flowered plates of this Hungarian ware. These are \$7. They will be quite as useful in one's dining-room this winter as on the porch or lawn in the summertime. Wicker harmonizes with any sort of furnishings, while one



could not well put a mahogany muffin stand in an oak-furnished room.

Bonbon dishes made of a plate of this same Hungarian ware set in wicker, with a double wicker handle at the side, are \$1.50 each, and would add a very effective note to the tea table.

Quite as pretty as the silver fern dishes and a bit more novel are the mahogany fern bowls to be found in another shop. They measure 11 inches high and 11 inches across, having a deep bowl on a squat-looking pedestal, with a square base beneath. Another style is somewhat nearer the dish shape. It is only a few inches high and 15 inches across, with cane inserts on the sides, and ball feet. These are \$12 each.

A mahogany vase forms a decidedly attractive setting for flowers—it is 22 inches high, with a round bowl and a long, straight neck. Inside is a glass tube to hold the water, large enough for three or four roses and their accompanying greenery. This is \$13.

Speaking of ferneries, a Japanese idea is worth adopting. One little Japanese shop specializes in "Camphor Weed" centerpieces for the table—clumps of the weed attached to pieces of the coral rock from which it originally grew. They are easy to care for, and with their own private coral reef beneath and perhaps a few pebbles in the bottom of the dish; they are quite decorative. Moreover, they are easily mailed, and cost but \$2, \$2.50 or \$3, according to size.

#### A HONEYPOT AND OTHER GIFTS

A honeypot in Copenhagen art Fayence ware would make an alluring gift for anyone. The shape is something like a beehive set upon a dish, with a gayly flowered design beneath the hive. The bees that crawl over the hive have been skilfully hand carved, and painted in a deceptively life-like manner. These are \$4.75 each. "An appropriate gift for newlyweds," said the attendant who displayed it. Sweets to the sweet, no doubt.

A connoisseur in wines would welcome a set of real antique silver labels, to be found in a shop near the Avenue. The name of the wine is cut into the silver, wreathed about with a design of grapes and hung from the neck of the bottle by a silver chain. These are \$3 apiece. The same shop shows small plates of antique cut glass, in the cobbler's-nail design, for \$4. These are very quaint to look at, and come in just the size for bonbons, pickles, lemon slices or nuts.

#### GIFTS OF FURS

The sets and coats that a certain fur shop is showing are so artistic one cannot resist describing them. For instance, an evening wrap of Hudson seal has only one sleeve, but is so fastened and draped that it needs only one. This is collared with Kolinsky, and lined with exquisite brocade, and not a bit expensive at its \$475 price.

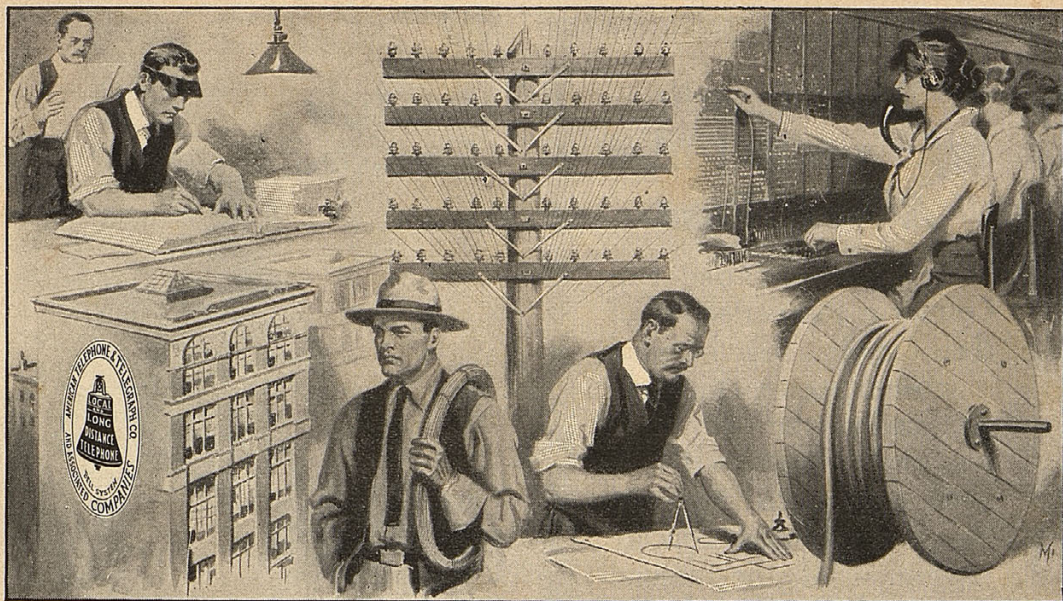
A set of blue fox—the leading fur of the winter among smartly dressed folk, is also quite artistic. The muff is combined with chiffon velvet with an end of the velvet falling at one side, balanced by a long tail that swings at the other. This is \$100, and the scarf that matches it is priced the same. Both these are suggested as ideal Christmas gifts.

#### CHRISTMAS RECORDS

Of course, it would not be thoroughly Christmas without some Christmas music. The days of the serenaders that tramped through the snow from house to house, are gone, but the songs have lived after them. And every home that can play a Victor record can enjoy "the old songs." There are two beautiful hymns, "When Shepherds Watched" and "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," by an oratorio chorus, that come together on a 12-inch record at \$1.25.

Gounod's majestic song, "Nazareth," and one of the most ancient carols, "The First Nowell," are together on a 10-inch 75c. record. Surely to give music would be to make an ideal gift.





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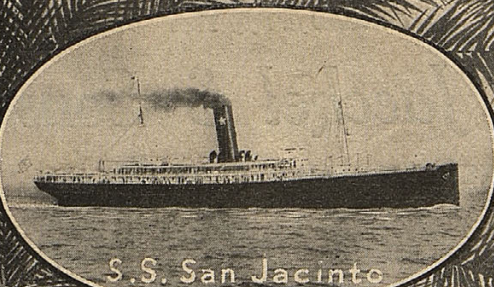
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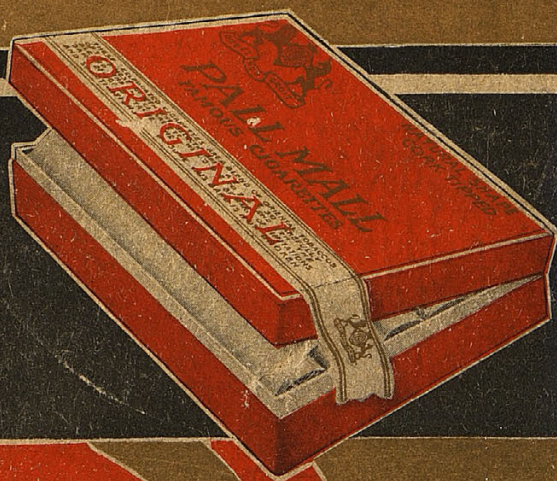
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